Flosculi Cheltonienses

TO

THE PRINCIPAL, THE MASTERS,

AND TO THE

OLD AND PRESENT PUPILS

OF

Cheltenham College,

THE EDITORS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE

THESE SELECTIONS.

Preface.

SOME arguments in favour of Latin and Greek Composition as an instrument of education might reasonably be expected from the Editors of Selections such as the following; but we leave the advocacy of this cause in better hands. The question whether verse-writing as a school exercise does or does not help towards sound scholarship and mental discipline, is ably treated in the appended remarks by the Principal of Cheltenham College, whose testimony in defence of the practice forms at once the substantial and appropriate Preface to the "Flosculi Cheltonienses." From us, therefore, only a few preliminary sentences are needed, in explanation of the immediate purpose of the Book and our connexion with it.

Owing to repeated applications from "old Cheltonians" for the College Prize Poems of former years, back copies have become scarce; indeed

the impossibility of obtaining any of them for the years previous to 1858 has given rise to much disappointment. Fortunately the College authorities possess a collection of the Poems from 1845 to 1858 in the volume presented by the late Dr. Cooke of Cambray, Cheltenham, one of the School's earliest and staunchest friends. It has, therefore, been suggested by the Principal that a Selection should be made, comprising the compositions of the last twenty years, and the making of this Selection we willingly undertook, especially as, for the reason just alleged, it seemed to us a work *diu multumque desideratum.*

That the College owns many "alumni" worthier than ourselves for the task (a sense of responsibility alone allows the term) is readily admitted by us; nor do we forget that in our present capacity,—there being no obvious reason why the editorship should have devolved upon us more than upon others,—we may provoke a certain amount of unfavourable comparison. But "good is best when soonest wrought," and doubtless the most distinguished of our number are busying themselves in work more congenial than the rescue of school exercises from oblivion. Our part—and we wish this to be clearly understood—has simply been the

revival of specimens of the talent and successful industry of past years, so as to place in the hands of those who have been, or are being, educated at Cheltenham College the most deserving of the Prize Poems now otherwise unattainable. We have not of course attempted emendations *, we have not even abridged or otherwise modified the originals; our only endeavour has been to choose the best samples, and secure a correct and neatly-printed text. Should our efforts to discriminate fairly and judiciously result in the favourable judgment of those to whom we beg leave to dedicate this volume, our labour will not have been bestowed in vain.

For years past the School has put forth in print its achievements on the river, in the cricket-field, the gymnasium, and the other arenas devoted to the triumphs of muscularity; and these notices are welcomed by hundreds of us as "Reminiscences" of the right kind, as calculated to foster a wholesome *esprit de corps*, and, in the "uncovered school-room," to kindle a spirit of generous emula-

* Except only in three or four instances, in which a phrase or construction of more than doubtful accuracy was discovered, and which we felt bound to alter; but in such a way as to make the *least possible* variation from the original.

tion. It is felt, however, that something is amiss when enthusiasm is awakened only by *physical* excellence; and in the present temper of the times, when the tide is already on the turn, and a storm is being raised against "the exaggerated cultivation of Athleticism *," we venture to express the belief that these productions will recommend themselves as the exponents of Cheltonian *intellectual* development.

The voice of criticism will scarcely, we think, be heard in loud denunciation, when it is understood that the selected pieces are given unaltered, to stand or fall by their merits, as School Exercises to which Prizes were adjudged, when the respective authors were *in statu pupillari*, and in many instances considerably under the customary age for proceeding to the Universities. Whether they suffer or not by comparison with other attempts of a like character, we earnestly disclaim any intention of putting these embryonic productions in competition with the scholarship of riper years. Nor ought it to be expected that in the translation of passages averaging sixty or seventy lines in length the same elegance and force of expression can be sustained throughout, as might fairly be demanded

* Vide "Edinburgh Review," No. 259, p. 139.

in the case of shorter extracts. In the rendering, for example, of "Bedd-Gelert" or "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the author might occasionally be allowed to stoop his wing or waver in his course; but in shorter flights, such as "The Poet's Song" or "The Beggar Maid," little indulgence would be extended, should he show himself *impar sibi* for a single instant. Therefore, although a publication such as this claims to be will necessarily contain weak lines here and there, and occasional inelegancies—errors to avoid, as well as examples to imitate—yet we indulge the hope that by doing this work we are serving the interests of our old School; for, by thus resuscitating and perpetuating the choicest "Prize Flowerets" exhibited by a former generation, we may in some degree help towards stimulating the present and future generations to such persistent strivings after still higher culture, that, as time rolls on, contributors to successive "Flosculi Cheltonienses" may win for themselves the fair renown

ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Hitherto we have been addressing ourselves chiefly to the present race of College boys, who are comparatively strangers to us, as well as to

that portion of the public, who may be induced, by whatsoever motive, to bestow their attention upon these pages; but now, laying aside conventional trammels, we heartily greet the "old boys," our own contemporaries, wherever they may chance to be in the great School of the World. We ask them to accept this book as a *memento* of "Auld lang syne" from Two Cheltonians who treasure up the recollections of the past, and set great store by the affectionate regard of their school-fellows.

Those "old familiar faces" wear a saddened look; for not long since died the Rev. W. Dobson, our great chief, our well-loved Head Master. Yes, *he* is dead, who did such noble work for us; he who for fourteen years had no thought but for the welfare of Cheltenham College; he who directed the huge machine with such marvellous capacity, his own strong shoulder ever at the wheel; confessedly *vir nulla non donandus lauro* amongst England's greatest Schoolmasters.

C. S. J.
T. W. J.

May, 1868.

The following remarks have been kindly added by the Rev. A. Barry, D.D., Principal of Cheltenham College, in compliance with a request made to him by the Editors:—

I HAVE been asked to add a few pages to the Preface, to express the willing consent of the College Authorities to the publication of these Selections from the Prize Poems; and I do so with great pleasure.

It seemed for many reasons advisable that the responsibility of selection and publication should be undertaken by those, who, though interested in the School, were altogether independent of it; and we knew that it could not have been placed in abler hands. But at the same time we felt that the School itself was greatly indebted to these gentlemen, and greatly interested in the work. We thought that the book would be not unwelcome, as a memorial of their school-days, to the large number of "old Cheltonians," now dispersed in all parts of the world; and that perhaps the compositions themselves might have some intrinsic value and interest, as specimens of ability and scholarship, which have in many cases borne the fruit of high distinction in after life.

It should be of course understood that the

book is not to be compared with such works as the "Sabrinæ Corolla," which contain the best specimens of School Exercises on short selected passages For it is clear that a long Prize Composition must be judged as a whole; and that it is not easy to maintain in it so high a standard of excellence, as may be attained in a short composition, on which the translator's whole attention is concentrated.

Its publication happens to take place at a time, when public opinion appears somewhat unfavourable to verse-writing as such, and when able men are found to declare, that compositions such as those here printed are a hindrance, rather than a help, to real culture of the mind. But I doubt whether this opinion, which marks a reaction against the excessive value formerly attached to Composition, both in School and University Examinations, will really stand the test of time and reflection. Many, if not all, the objections on which it is based apply almost exclusively to *original* Verse Composition, the use of which should certainly be far more restricted, than that of translation. And, when we consider the nature of the mental process involved in the rendering of a passage of English Poetry into Latin or Greek Verse, I think its value can hardly be questioned.

It requires that a boy shall be able to distinguish between the ideas of the original, which must be preserved, and the peculiarities of language and colouring, which must be altered. To seize firmly the essential point and beauty of a passage, while at the same time he clothes its idea in different idiom and form,—to catch moreover something of that peculiar spirit which belongs to classical poetry, learning thereby to discern what is essentially modern in thought, and incapable of actual translation, though inviting the substitution of some true classical equivalent—all this, which is involved in any good Verse Composition, seems to me no indifferent training, either of thought or taste.

Nor is it altogether unworthy of notice, that such composition necessitates the cultivation of the terseness, antithesis, and distinctness of expression, in respect of which the Prose Composition of young beginners, either in their own language or in any other, is often peculiarly deficient. Especially, I think, is this the case with the Latin Elegiac couplet, and the Greek Iambic verse. In fact the latter seems to be a kind of "glorified" prose, in which all the highest qualities of prose-writing are preserved, and animated by a somewhat higher spirit.

I do not believe that Verse Composition either ought to be, or need be (as has been said), a "tessellation" of passages, copied from classical authors, and servilely applied. There are those, who will copy without judgment or discretion in this, as in every thing else. But, as a matter of fact, the verses of any Sixth Form boy have as true an impress of individuality, as any other work that he does. We cannot expect, I am not sure whether we ought to desire, that the work of a boy of sixteen or seventeen should be in all points original in spirit. The attempt to make it so is often a strain, which the immature mind is not ready to bear. But, if verses are allowed to be a mere collection of borrowed prettinesses, the fault lies not in the composition in itself, but in the manner of teaching and of writing it.

Nor can I doubt that Verse Composition, even when it has no great power of its own, does foster some appreciation of poetic beauty, not perhaps of the highest beauty—the beauty of thought—but of the lower beauty of graceful and picturesque expression. There will be exceptions, glaring exceptions, to the rule here as elsewhere; but I speak merely of the average result. It is something to have even a vague idea that an expression may sin

against the subtler canon which we call "taste," as well as against the written verities of Grammar and Logic. It is something to be capable of conceiving the existence of a grace and elegance, which cannot be analyzed into formal rules.

And, to take the other extreme, and dwell upon the lowest use of Verse Composition, such as belongs to the lower as well as the higher forms of a School,—I believe that it teaches boys to read their authors better, and pronounce Latin and Greek in accordance with a standard, which, though it does not preserve the original pronunciation, at least has a rhythm and consistency of its own. I do not look upon a "false quantity" as an act of literary high treason, nor (what is often forgotten) ought all false quantities to be put on the same level of enormity. But accuracy in these points is surely a part of that accuracy, which is essentially the characteristic of Scholarship as such, and which certainly is not to be neglected in days of broad views and efforts after extensiveness.

It is sometimes objected that the time spent on verses is disproportionate to the result obtained, and that the burden of verse-making is to the generality of boys intolerable. But the objection here also seems to touch the method of teaching,

rather than the exercise itself. I think that, especially in the first stages, verses should be much more fully *taught* than is usually the case: much greater guidance and help should be given, both in the actual process, and, even more, in suggestion of method and principles. Perhaps this may be said of the process of instruction generally in our English Schools. The general principle (which has, I see, struck forcibly the French Commission of "Examination of the Secondary Instruction in England and Scotland") of making the boy work for himself, is undoubtedly the right one. But it may be, and I think it often is, carried much too far; boys waste hours of valuable time and energy in blind efforts to attain what a few minutes' teaching would have enabled them to seize intelligently. Especially however is this true of verse-making. It is often a task, which seems utterly hopeless to the beginner, and which yet, after the clue is once given, becomes easy and pleasant. Under proper circumstances I do not believe that the verses are by any means the bugbear of the lower forms. My own experience is, that in those forms boys take more interest in them, and mostly do them better, than the prose exercises, which go on side by side with them.

I have spoken, as I conceive a Schoolmaster is bound to speak, of the effect on the average boy, and so on the great mass of the School. Still it is not altogether right to ignore the claims of the few, in whom Verse Composition may awaken or foster some poetic spirit. The system is not to be constructed for them, but it is certainly self-condemned if it sacrifices them entirely; and, though it is easy to say that they should be treated as exceptional literary exotics, yet such a process is one of great practical difficulty in a School, and, in fact, some systematic training is often needed to discover the talent, as well as to foster it when discovered.

For all these reasons I think it would be an evil, if Versification were now to be as rigorously proscribed, as in the last generation it was rigorously exacted. How far it, or any other part of a School system, shall be invariable—at what point in the School the special idiosyncrasy of a boy shall be allowed to introduce variety—where, if at all, "bifurcation" shall take place,—all these are parts of a much larger question, which cannot be answered on theoretical grounds only.

The Universities, after all, must in some degree determine School-work, not so much by their own *curriculum*, for they have to deal with a

different class of minds and of conditions; but by their requirements for Entrance Examinations, and for open Scholarships. I do not at all desire to see Verse Composition a *sine qua non*, or to limit even these Examinations to linguistic excellence. Still more should I lament the failure of the attempts now being made at Cambridge to extend the scope of the Classical Tripos Examination, so as to test power of thought as well as power of expression. But till it has been proved more distinctly, that the study of language is not the best training for the young mind; that in this study Composition is not of primary importance; and that Prose Composition, either in our own language or in Latin and Greek, can be perfectly sufficient without the aid of Verse,—I trust that room may still be found for the kind of Composition, which is represented in these pages. I am inclined to think that Dr. Arnold's conclusion from experience on the subject is a true one, and that what seems to many, as it once did to him, a "contemptible prettiness of the understanding," may be found to have a real intellectual and educational value.

A. B.

CHELTENHAM,
May, 1868.

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Appendix.

ORIGINAL POEMS, ENGLISH AND LATIN.

English.

Latin.

FLOSCULI CHELTONIENSES

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

Act 3, Sc. 3.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY. LA PUCELLE.

Bur. Speak on, but be not over tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France.
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΒΟΥΡ. Δοκοῦντα σοὶ λέγοις ἂν, οὐδὲ χρὴ μακράν.

ΠΟΥΚ. Τοὺς καλλικάρπους εἰσόρα τῆς πατρίδος
ἀγροὺς, πόλεις τε νηλεῶς πορθουμένας
ἐχθρῶν ἀνοίκτων ὀλεθρίᾳ διαφθορᾷ.
βρέφος δ' ὁποῖα πάντρομος μήτηρ βλέπει
θνήσκοντος εὖτ' ἂν νὺξ ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖς πέσῃ,
τῆς σῆς πατρῴας εἰσίδου νόσον χθονός.
αὐτῆς τε τραύματ' οὐδαμῶς φύσιν κάτα
ἃ χερσὶν ἀθλίαισιν ἐμβαλὼν ἔχεις.
οὐκ ἐς φθόρον, κάκιστε, τοῦδ' ἀκμὴν ξίφους
τρέπων ἐπαρκεῖν τοῖς ἐπαρκοῦσιν θέλεις
ἐχθροῖς τε μᾶλλον ἢ φίλοις δοῦναι βλάβην;
εἷς γὰρ σταλαγμὸς πατρίδος ἐκ κόλπου πεσὼν,
μᾶλλον γένοιτ' ἂν, ἴσθι, σοὶ δακρυτέος
ἀνδρῶν ὀθνείων ῥευμάτων πολλῶν βρότου.
πρὸς ταῦτα κλαίων ἀξίοις δακρύμασιν,
ἄψορρον ἕρπε, καὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἄλλως σε χρὴ
τῆς σῆς καθαίρειν πατρίδος μιάσματα.

BUR. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

PUC. Besides all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation,
Who will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering Lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

B. Ἀλλ' ἦ σοφοῖς μέμηνέ μοι λόγοισι φρὴν,
ἢ νῦν τεθηγμένον μ' ἀπαμβλύνει φύσις.

Π. Καὶ πρός γε τούτοις πᾶν τὸ πατρίδος γένος
αὐτή τε πατρὶς λοιδορεῖ σε, τοὔνομα
ὑποπτεύουσα, καὶ τὸ κίβδηλον γένος.
οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ ποιεῖς; τῷ βοήθειαν φέρεις;
οὐκ ἀρχικῷ τε καὶ τυραννικῷ γένει
κέρδους τε συμμαχοῦντι σοὶ μόνου χάριν;
ὅταν δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς τῆσδε δυστήνου χθονὸς
Τάλβωτος ἐν κλυτοῖσι τεύχεσιν πρέπῃ,
πανουργίας τέ σ' ἐργάτην πλάσας ἔχῃ,
οὔκουν ἔπειθ' Ἕνρικος εἰσάπαξ μόνος
ἡμῶν ἀνάξει; καί σ' ἀτιμάζων πολὺ
χὼς δὴ κάκιστον δραπέτην ἀνδρηλατῶν.
σκοπῶμεν εὖ, καὶ τοῦτο μεμνῆσθαι σὲ χρὴ,
ὡς ἕν γε δῆλον ὧν λέγω τεκμήριον,
οὐκ ἐχθρὸς ἦν σοι ταγος ὁὐξ Αὐρηλίας;
οὐκ αἰχμάλωτος ἦν ποτ' ἐν Βρεταννίᾳ;
γνόντες δ' ἄρ' ὄντα τὸν σὸν ἐχθρὸν, αὐτίκα
ἀφῆκαν αὐτὸν, οὐκ ἄποιν' αἰτούμενοι,
αὐτοῖσι τοῖς φίλοισι τοῦ Βουργουνδίου
καταφρονοῦντες· τοιγαροῦν σκόπει τάδε
ὡς πρὸς πολίτας καὶ φίλους ἀνθίστασαι
καὶ συμμαχεῖς αὖ τοῖς ἀποκτενοῦσι σέ.
ἀλλ' οὖν κατέλθε, λίσσομαί σ', ὦναξ, πάλιν
τούτων κορεσθεὶς τῶν ἄγαν πλανημάτων,
Βασιλεὺς γὰρ αὐτὸς, καὶ τὸ πᾶν πλῆθος στρατοῦ
μένουσι νῦν σε λαμβάνειν ἐν ἀγκάλαις.

BUR. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

SHAKSPERE.

B. Ὄλωλ', ἔχουσί μ' οἵδ' ὑπερκόμποι λόγοι
πάντως διαρραίσαντες ὡς ἑκηβόλα
ἐκ πυρφόρου σκήψαντα μηχανῆς βέλη,
σχεδὸν δ' ὑπείκειν γονυπετῆ μ' ἠνάγκασαν.
πρὸς ταῦτά μοι συγγνῶθι τήνδ' ἁμαρτίαν
πατρὶς, φίλοι τε τῆσδε γῆς ἐγχώριοι,
ὑμεῖς θ' ὅσοι πάρεστε, κοίρανοι χθονὸς,
φιλοφρόνως δέχεσθε ταῦτ' ἀσπάσματα,
ὑμῖν δίδωμι παντελῶς ἐξουσίαν
ἤδη λοχαγεῖν τῶνδε θουρίων λόχων.
καὶ χαῖρέ μοι, Τάλβωτε, σοὶ γὰρ οὐκέτι
ἐγὼ τὸ λοιπὸν ὡς τὸ πρίν γε πείσομαι.

C. J. R. C., 1846.

PARADISE LOST

Book IV.

O thou, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell ; how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless
King :
Ah wherefore ! he deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

(*Satanas loquitur.*)

O TU, quem clari redimit clarissima cæli
Gloria, quique recens exortum, Numinis instar,
Despicis hunc orbem, cujus conterrita vitant
Sidera conspectum, te Sol, te nomine dico!
Non tamen ut concors nec amica voce locutus
Lumina sed testans quam sim tua fœda perosus,
Quippe animo revocant quæ nuper quantaque fata
Amisi, longeque tuum super inclytus orbem:
Donec agens fastus, fastuque Superbia pejor
Perdidit in cæli regem vana arma moventem.
Insanum! de me (fateor) non talia certe
Est meritus, de me pulchra quem in luminis ora
Qualiscunque fui, fecit, sua dona nec unquam
Cuilibet objecit, nec sors fuit aspera servis.
Nam quæ dura minus quam laudes reddere saltem,
Lene ministerium! facilesque exsolvere grates,
Quam meritas! sed corde meo fas illius ipsa
Fecit vel bonitate nefas; et honore potitus
Tanto servitium sprevi, rebarque vel uno

Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burthen then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspired . . . .
. . . . and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep

Me summum posuisse gradu, et sic funditus horæ
Solvere momento potuisse perennia gratum
Debita, solvendo tam debendoque molesta;
Scilicet oblitus præsentia dona ferentem.
Nec (miserum) scivi mentem, si munera tantum
Conscia debendi sit, non debere, sed usque
Pendere, pendendo inmunem: quid ponderis ergo?
O si fata Deûm Rex inferiora dedisset
Cælicolas inter, tunc fas mihi vivere læto,
Tunc inmensa meam non ulla superbia mentem
Spe lusisset adhuc—quidni? fors altera cæli,
Nec minus insignis, sperasset sceptra, potestas,
Meque humilem quamvis, æquo sibi crimine sontem
Duxisset—viden, at superest æqualis honore
Plurimus; internisque invictus viribus usque,
Constitit externa nulla superabilis arte.
Non adeo ista tibi est æque concessa facultas
Libera? quemne igitur licet his præsentibus, amens,
Incusare malis? Divi data libera justa
Dona manu tantum, cælique insontis amorem.
Sitque adeo maledictus amor, maledicta simultas
Grata mihi pariter, pariter nam quodque doloris
Pondus, et in vitam ducit plangenda supremam.
Sis maledictus et ipse tibi, qui ceperis ultro
Qualia jure manent seros lacrimanda per annos.
Quid misero restat? misero via nulla salutis,
Heu! premit ira comes, fugit spes ultima mentem.
Undique visa fugam obsepire horrentia Leti
Tartara, quin furit intus agens sub pectore Letum.
Imo quinetiam (infandum) sub gurgite gurges

Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery; such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep,
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead

Continua vice, mortifero minitatus hiatu,
Vastus ubique jacet, præ quo sub pectore Letum
Instar habens cæli potius ridere videtur.
Denique pæniteat culpæ : spes ultima tandem
Effugit? veniæ nulla est oblata facultas?
Nulla nisi imperiis iterum parere parato ;
Turget ad hæc animus, nec non fastidia subter
Formidat comitum, quos quam parere superbe
Longe alia incassum docui, et voce inrita jactans
Omnipotentem animo speravi vincere posse.
Heu minime, regem dum me venerantur in Orco,
Quam gravide hunc, rentur, patior sub pectore fastum,
Quam sub corde dolor pœna premit intus acerba!
Quo magis insignis sceptro et diademate regno,
Sic magis abjectus videor, mæroreque solum
Summus ego—menti sunt gaudia tanta superbæ.
Quid si pæniteat? si nunc revocare precando,
Quod prius accepi, liceat! non celsa redibit
Mens pariter celsis una, non fœdera franget
Quæ falsa est testata fides? jurata dolore
Vota quies penitus vacua et violenta resolvet ;
(Quippe etenim nunquam vincit concordia mentes
Queis subiit letale odium tam vulnere sævo :)
Quod magis in retro lapsum daret, inque ruinam
Verteret ingentem magis ; incolumisque parumper
Sic paterer solum triplici cum fenore luctus.
Nec latet ultorem hoc, ideo non ocior ille
Tendere, quam votis equidem conquirere pacem.
Speque ita dejecta, nobisque e limite cæli

Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

MILTON.

Expulsis, profugis, hominum genus adspice natum,
Delicias, gentique novæ nova regna creavit.
Spes igitur valeat, valeat Timor additus una,
Conscius ipse Angor valeat! Mihi cuncta bonorum
Effugit umbra, nefas fas nostro in pectore regnes!
Te duce par saltem teneam cum principe cæli
Imperium, duce te forsan majora tenebo,
Quod noscent homines, quod mox quoque maximus orbis.

H. A. J., 1846.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 1, Sc. 1.

MONTAGUE. BENVOLIO. LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared;
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part.

GREEK IAMBICS.

MON. Τίς ἦν παλαιὰν τήνδ' ὁ κινήσας στάσιν;
παρῆσθ', ἀδελφὲ, πρῶτον ἀρχούσῃ; φράσον.

BEN. Τοῦ σοῦ μὲν ἐχθροῦ, πρὶν μολεῖν με, πρόσπολοι
ὁρμώμενοι τοῖς σοῖσι πρὸς μάχην ὁμοῦ
παρῆσαν, εἶτ' ἔγωγε τὸ ξίφος χερὶ
πρόκωπον ἔσχον, ὥς σφ' ἀπ' ἀλλήλων βίᾳ
ἤδη καθέξων, χὠ Τύβαλτος εὐθέως
θρασὺς προσῆξε, καὶ καταρτύσας ξίφος
θοὸν, παροξύνων ἔμ', ἀμφ' αὑτοῦ κάρα
πρὸς τἄμ' ἐδίνησ' ὦτα, καὶ τὸν αἰθέρα
ἄλλως ἔκοψε, καὶ γὰρ ὥς γέλωτί τῳ
αἰθὴρ ἀθῷος ἀντεσύριξεν μόνον.
ἡμῶν δ' ἐχόντων τήνδ' ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις μάχην
κόπτοντες ὠθοῦντές τ', ἐπαΐσσουσι πρὸς
πολλοῖσι πολλοὶ, καὶ ξυναίρονται μάχην
ἄλλοι παρ' ἄλλοις, ἔς τε δὴ παρῆν μολὼν
ἄναξ ἑκάτερον ὃς διέστησεν μέρος.

LADY MON. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

ΔΕΣΠ. Μ. Ῥωμέων δὲ ποῦ 'στίν; ἆρα τήμερον σύ νιν
εἶδες τυχών; ἐγὼ γὰρ ἥδομαι σφόδρα
ἄποντος αὐτοῦ τῆσδε συστάσης μάχης.

ΒΕΝ. Ἄνασσα, πρὶν τὸ σεπτὸν ἡλίου φάος
σκοπίας ἑῴας χρυσέας λεύσσειν ἄπο,
θυμὸς ταραχθεὶς ὄρθριόν μ' ἀπήλασεν
πλανώμενον τότ' εὐσκίοις συκαῖς ὕπο
πρὸς τὴν ἀπ' ἄστεως ἑσπέραν ἱδρυμέναις.
οὕτω δὲ πρῷ σὸν υἷον ἀθρήσας, τάχος
σπεύδω πρὸς αὐτὸν, ἀλλ' ἰδὼν παρόντα με
ὕλης ὑπεισέδυσε τὰς πυκνὰς σκιάς.
κἀγὼ τὰ κείνου τοῖς ἐμοῖς μετρούμενος
θελήματ', ἄσχολ' ὄντα δὴ μάλισθ', ὅταν
χωρὶς μονωθέντ' ᾖ μάλιστα τῶν πέλας,
στέργων ἔθρεψα τἀμά γ' ἐνθυμήματα.
μεθεὶς τὰ κείνου, κᾆτα τὸν φεύγοντά με
ἔφυγον ἑκὼν ἑκόντα.

ΜΟΝ. Πολλάκις γ' ἐκεῖ
ἐκεῖνος ὤφθη, πρῷ μάλ' ὑδρηλὴν δρόσον
πικροῖσι μέλλων αὐξάνειν δακρύμασιν,
ἄρδων βαρυστόνοισιν ἄσθμασιν νέφη.
ὅταν δὲ πρῶτον ἡλίου τερπνὸν φάος
σκιόεντ' ἀφέλκῃ τῆς Ἕω λέχους ἄπο
ἐν ἀντολαῖς ταῖς τηλόθεν καλύμματα,
φεύγων τὸ φῶς οἴκονδε παῖς οὑμὸς βαρὺς
θαλάμου μονωθεὶς ἐν μυχῷ κατείργεται,
φάος δὲ λαμπρὸν μή ποτ' εἰσίῃ δόμους

And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means?

MON. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

SHAKSPERE.

εἴργει τε, χαὐτῷ νύκτα πῶς τεχνάζεται.
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τῶνδ' ἀπ' ἐνθυμημάτων
δυσώνυμόν τι κἄφιλον γενήσεται,
ἢν μή γ' ἀκεσθῇ ταῖς φίλων εὐβουλίαις.

BEN. Ἆρ οὖν κάτοισθα, θεῖε, τὴν τῶνδ' αἰτίαν;

MON. Οὐκ οἶδα, καὐτοῦ γ' οὐκ ἔχω τί σοι μαθεῖν.

BEN. Ἐλιπάρησας ἆρα πάντι νιν τρόπῳ;

MON. Αὐτός τε, πολλάκις τε τῶν φίλων δία·
αὐτὸς δ' ἑαυτῷ σκέπτεται σύμβουλος ὤν,
πιστὸς μὲν, εἰ δὴ πιστὸς, ὡς ὑπερφυῶς
οὔτοι λέγοιμ' ἂν, ἀλλὰ κρυπτὸς γοῦν τόσον,
τόσον τ' ἄπεστι τοῦ τι πρὸς τὸ φῶς ἄγειν,
ὅσονπερ ἄνθος ἔνδοθεν κεκρυμμένῳ
ἐπιφθόνως σκώληκι λυμανθὲν, πρὶν ἂν
κάλυκα γλυκεῖαν ἐκπετάννυσθαι σθένῃ
δοῦναί θ' ἑαυτοῦ πᾶν τὸ κάλλος ἡλίῳ.
εἰ δ' οὖν παρείη τοῦδε τοῦ δυσδαίμονος
μαθεῖν ὅθενπερ εἰσὶν οἱ πόνοι, τότ' ἂν
μαθόντες ἀσμένως ἂν ἰασαίμεθα.

C. P. P., 1847.

HYPERION

Book I.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue, or pen of scribe :
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth brood still kept
His sovereignty, and rule, and majesty ;
Blazing Hyperion on his orbed fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's god, yet unsecure :
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shudder'd he
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

GRANDES interea lacrimæ, parilesque dolores,
Et diversa pares complerunt regna querellæ,
Quas neque lingua loqui, calamus nec scribere tantas
Mortalis valeat. Solido Titanes in antro
Pristina sollicito mutati frena dolore
Inde reposcebant, pars vi, pars sponte sepulti,
Saturnique angore fero mandata manebant.
Unus at Ogygia dicionem e prole superstes
Hactenus imperiumque inlæsaque jura tenebat ;
Scilicet ardentem rutilans Hyperionis orbis
Gessit ut ante Deum, bibit ipse undantia tura,
Reddita adhuc pia dona Deo, velut ante ; nec illi
Deerat cura tamen, mens et præsaga malorum.
Haud secus ac dubio adficiunt portenta timore
Tristia mortales, eadem at non causa pavoris :
Nec strigis invisum carmen, neque dira gementes,
Auditæque ululare canes, nec pallida juxta,
Prima ubi supremum deflebat nenia funus,
Rite Deum famuli veniens tremefecit imago ;
Nec mala fatidico turbabant omina signo,

Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors portion'd to a giant nerve
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all his thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flush'd angrily: while sometimes eagles' wings,
Unseen before by gods or wondering men,
Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by gods or wondering men.
Also when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savour of poisonous brass, and metal sick:
And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,
For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,

Visave nocturnam circumvolitantia tædam ;
Sæpe giganteis æquus sed viribus horror
Adfuit, ingentemque ingens Hyperiona torsit.
Scilicet interdum rutilantibus apta columnis,
Apta auro, atque æris nitido perfecta metallo,
Regia sanguineo—mirum ! fulgore coruscat,
Tecta per atque tholos, spatiosaque limina centum
Fornicibus, rutiloque ardentes ordine calles.
Quinetiam Eoæ roseo velamine nubes
Flagrarunt ; necnon aquilæ spatiantibus alis,
Quale nec ante Deo necdum mortalibus unquam
Visum oculis, magico obducunt squalore tenebras ;
Hinnitusque olim fremitusque auditur equorum,
Quale nec ante Deo necdum mortalibus unquam
Auribus auditum. Vel quum redolentia tura,
Si qua Deo spirant sacri pia munera colles,
Delibare cupit, totiens non turis odores
Ambrosios, sed enim nocuam graveolente mephitim
Cum nidore legens patulis in naribus haurit.
Nec minus Hesperii, pulchris fugientibus Horis,
Quum tenuere Deum thalami, non inde superbo
Blanda toro requies, non invitantia somnos
Murmura, non somni; verum atria obambulat ingens
Per placidam noctem tota spatiatus in aula :
En ! procul interea per sicubi longa recessu
Limina miscentur famuli, reticentque timentque,
Aligeri; ceu quondam hominum pavida agmina campis
Adspiceres patulis trepida coiisse corona,

When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
Then, as was wont, his palace door flew ope
In smoothed silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies ;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full-blown, for the god to enter in.

KEATS.

Mœnia quum labefacta tremunt, quum maxima
tellus.
Ast ubi nunc gelidis somnorum excussus habenis,
Per nemorum latebras Theæ comes additur æquis
Saturnus gradibus, tum pone crepuscula linquens,
Hesperio obliquo devenit limina cursu
Rex Hyperionius; citius de more patescit
Janua, nec verso stridorem cardine reddit;
Cuncta silent, ni si qua leves suspiria tractim
Nescio quo Zephyri geminant modulata susurru;
Panditur inde Deo divini janua tecti,
Puraque regificis radiata foramina valvis;
Cuncta rosæ similis patuit speciemque coloremque,
Almaque odorifero spirantia frigora nardo.

E. W. H., 1847.

TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?

LATIN ELEGIACS.

Incipe jam tristes, infelix, incipe luctus,
  Scotia ; pax abiit scissaque palma jacet.
Et suboles, duris quondam celeberrima bellis,
  Sternitur in patris sanguinolenta solo.
Nec potes ulterius socios præbere penates,
  Pandere nec fessis hospita tecta viris ;
Illa jacent certe, mœsta disjecta ruina,
  Undique crudelis tristia signa manus.

At procul infelix Martem vastare colonus
  Adspicit exigui quidquid habebat agri ;
Et mentem pueri subeunt et sponsa fidelis,
  Tristia tum plangens pectora, fata rogat ;
Pastoresque fame saxis jacuere suprema
  Carpere qua soliti pascua nota greges ;
Et raptæ gemitus frustra effudere puellæ,
  Et pueri madido deperiere solo.

Quid tibi jam prosunt claræ præconia famæ ?
  Quid manibus prosunt fortia facta tuis ?
Quæ per tot celeri labentia sæcula cursu
  Terrarum latis enituere plagis ?

Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke ;
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day :
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, O fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood ;
The parents shed their children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel !

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak winds whistle round her head ;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread !
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes—and dies !

Jam periit virtus, animique evanuit ardor,
  Jam tua sunt turpi subdita colla jugo.
Quod non externæ potuerunt vincere gentes,
  Civica nunc victum bella furorque premunt.

Tibia non poterit, festæ non carmina musæ
  Ulterius gratum lætificare diem ;
Nec poterunt hiemis spatiosam fallere noctem
  Gaudia festivi consociata foci :
Carmina nulla olim, gemitu nisi mista, sonabunt,
  Nil nisi singultus, nil nisi luctus erit ;
Dum tacitis mœstæ cæsorum noctibus umbræ
  Errant per campos, pallida turba, tuos.

Heu bellum invisum ! lux heu funesta diei,
  Posthac venturis perniciosa viris !
Filius opposito gessit fera bella parenti,
  Arma patres natis opposuere suis.
Cesserat inmitis rabies asperrima pugnæ ;
  Attamen iratus victor, ut ante, fuit.
Tristia enim miseris nudisque pericula flammæ,
  Vulneraque a sæva perpetienda manu.

At pia jam morti genetrix devota futuræ,
  Ecce ! per incultos sola vagatur agros ;
Inmiscent gelidi circum fera murmura venti,
  Et suboles rabida congemit orba fame :
Cernit inops nigræ tenebras descendere noctis,
  Nec tecta optatam, nec dat amicus opem ;
Tum Jove sub tristi madidasque abjecta per herbas,
  Ingemit ah ! natos emoritura suos.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial heart shall beat;
And spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow;—
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

SMOLLETT.

Dum mihi dum tumidæ complentur sanguine venæ,
   Dumque memor vivo mens, velut ante, manet,
Tum dolor usque pio penitus sub corde sedebit,
   Usque querar patrii tristia fata soli.
Tum, licet indignus sine fine superbiat hostis,
   Sic repetam querulis carmina facta modis ;—
" Incipe jam tristes, infelix, incipe luctus,
   Scotia ; pax abiit, scissaque palma jacet."

W. R. S., 1848.

KING JOHN

Act 3, Sc. 4.

PANDULPH. CONSTANCE. KING PHILIP.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine:
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.
I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal:
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son;

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΠΑΝ. Ληρεῖς σὺ ταῦτ' ἄνασσα, κοὐ θρηνεῖς ἔτι.

ΚΩΝ. Οὐχ ἁγνὸς εἶ σὺ ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ κατηγορῶν.
οὐ γὰρ μέμηνα, τήνδε δ' οὐκ ἄλλης κόμην
ἐμὴν δ' ἔτιλλον, εἰμὶ δ' ἡ καλουμένη
Κωνσταντία, τὸ πρίν γε Γεφρίου δάμαρ,
ἐμὸς δὲ παῖς Ἄρθουρός ἐσθ', ὁ δ' οἴχεται.
οὐ μαίνομαι δῆτ'·—εἴθε πρὸς θεῶν τάδε
οὕτω γένοιτο, καὶ γὰρ ἂν τύχοιμ' ἴσως
λαθοῦσ' ἐμαυτὴν, κᾆτα πημάτων ὅσων
λήθην ἔχοιμ' ἂν ἡδέως . . . . . ἀλλ' ὦ πάτερ
σοφίσμασίν με θέλγε ποικίλοις, ἵνα
ἄφρων γένωμαι, καὶ τότ' ἐν θεοῖς θεὸν
θήσω σ', ἐπεὶ γὰρ οὐδαμῶς παραφρονῶ
ἀλγέων δὲ πικρὰν ἔνδον αἴσθησιν τρέφω,
τοὔμφρον μ' ἄνωγε μῆχαρ ἐξευρεῖν, λύσιν
ἐμοὶ παρέξον τῶνδ' ἐφεστώτων κακῶν,
καὶ μὴν διδάσκει μ' ἀγχόνῃ βίον λιπεῖν.
εἰ δ' ἐμμανὴς ἦν εἶτα φιλτάτου τέκνου
λήθην ἂν εἶχον ἢ νιν ἡγούμην ἴσως

Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plagues of each calamity.

* * * *

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
"O that these hands could so redeem my son
As they have given these hairs their liberty !"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat this bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,

ἄχρειον ἄλλως, ὄγκον ὡς ῥάκων, βρέφος.
οὐ μαίνομαι δῆτ', οἶδα γὰρ μάλ' ἐμφανῶς
ὅσας ἑκάστη συμφορὰ λύπας ἄγει.
*   *   *   *

ΦΙΛ. Ἀλλ' οὖν ταχύνου τάσδε συνδῆσαι τρίχας.

Κ. Δράσω τάδ' ὦναξ, σὺν δίκῃ τέ τῳ, τί γάρ;
τὸ πρῶτον αὐτὰς ἀμπύκων ἀπέσπασα,
βοῶσα λαμπρῶς, "εἰ γὰρ αἵδ' ἐμαὶ χέρες,
οὕτω δύναιντο παῖδ' ἐλευθεροῦν ἐμὸν,
ὡς νῦν ἔλυσαν τάσδ' ἀπ' ἀμπύκων τρίχας!"
νῦν οὖν ἐπειδὴ παῖς ἔθ' εἴργεται τάλας
πικροῖσι δεσμοῖς, ταῖσδ' ἐλευθερουμέναις
φθονῶ τε, δεσμίας τε ποιήσω πάλιν.
καὶ δὴ λέγοντος ᾐσθόμην, πάτερ, σέθεν,
ὡς τοῦτό γ' ἡμῖν οὐρανῷ δοθήσεται,
φίλους ἰδεῖν τε κἀναγιγνώσκειν πάλιν.
εἰ τοῦτ' ἀληθὲς, εἶτα φίλτατον τέκνον
βλέψω μάλ' αὖθις, καὶ γὰρ ἀρσένων ὅσοι
ἀρχῆθεν ἐξέβλαστον, ἐς τὸ νήπιον
τὸ χθὲς μόνον πεφυκὸς, οὐ πέφυκέ πω
ἄλλος τις αὐτοῦ μᾶλλον εὐφυὴς δέμας.
νῦν δ' αὖ τὸ δεινὸν ἄλγος ὡραίαν φθίσει
βλάστην, παρειὰν δ' ἐμφύτου κάλλους ἅπαξ
ἀποστερήσει, κᾆτα δὴ φανήσεται
εἴδωλον ἄλλως, ἀνδρὸς ἄψυχος σκιὰ
ψυχρᾶς ἔχοντος σπασμὸν ἀτηρὸν νόσου,
χοὔτως θανεῖται, κᾆτ' ἐπὴν ἐν οὐρανοῦ

I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

PAND. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

CONST. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. PHI. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

CONST. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-dress*]
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure.

SHAKSPERE.

αὐλαῖσιν αὖθις προσμολοῦσά νιν τυχῶ
οὐ γνωριῶ νιν, τοιγαροῦν ἐμὸν καλὸν
Ἄρθουρον αὖθις οὔποτ᾽ οὔποτ᾽ ὄψομαι.

Π. Ἀλλ᾽ ὦ τάλαινα, προσκυνεῖς λύπην ἄγαν.

Κ. Ὅδ᾽ οὖν ἄπαις ὢν εὖ θέλει με νουθετεῖν.

Φ. Ἦτοι σὺ λύπην παῖδά τ᾽ ἐξ ἴσου φιλεῖς.

Κ. Λύπη γὰρ, ἴσθι, παιδὸς ἄντ᾽ ὀλωλότος
παρίσταταί μοι, τοῦδ᾽ ἔχει κενὸν λέχος,
σύν μοι βαδίζει πανταχοῦ, παιδὸς λόγους
πάλιν λέγει τε, τοῦδέ τ᾽ εὐπρεπὲς φορεῖ
ἀεὶ πρόσωπον, κἄμ᾽ ἀναμνῆσαι φιλεῖ
ἄρθρων τε ῥυθμοῦ σώματός τ᾽ εὐσχήμονος,
καὶ δὴ τὸ φᾶρος φαίνεται πληροῦν κενόν.
πρὸς ταῦτα δήπου σὺν δίκῃ λύπην φιλῶ.
χαῖρ᾽ οὖν τὸ λοιπὸν, εἰ γὰρ ὡς ἐγὼ πόνον
τοσοῦτον ἔσχες, καὶ τότ᾽ ἂν παραψυχὴν
ἀμείνον᾽ ἂν παρέσχον ἢ σύ γ᾽ ἀρτίως.—
Οὕτω δ᾽ ἄκοσμος οὖσα τὴν ἔνδον φρένα
τοὔξωθεν οὐκέθ᾽ ὧδε κοσμήσω κάρα.
Ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ, χρηστὸν Ἀρθούρου δέμας,
ἐμοὶ βίος τε, καὶ τροφὴ, χαρά θ᾽ ὁμοῦ,
ἁπλῶς δ᾽ ἐμοὶ τὰ πάντα, χηρείας ἐμῆς
παραψυχή τε, καὶ μέγ᾽ ἀλγέων ἄκος.

C. J. R. C., 1848.

HYPERION

Book II.

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a god
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendider in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel,
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendour, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad places of oblivion,
And every gulf and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams;

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

LUMINA in Enceladum cuncti conversa tenebant,
Necnon dum rapida sub finem Hyperiona lingua
Invocat, et circum resonant cava nomine saxa;
Pallentem subito lucem super ora severa
Effulsisse vident—sæva at non ille furoris
Signa dedit, multos rabiem quippe undique divos
Adspicit æqualem penitus sub corde prementes.
Protinus ille oculis lustrans simul ordine cunctos
In cujusque videt sublustria lumina vultu:
Splendidior sed enim Saturni inculta refulsit
Canities, qualis, media si nocte recessum
Prora sinus subiit, crepitanti murmure circum
Splendida curvatam canescit spuma carinam.
Tum vero attoniti tenuere silentia cuncti
Pallida, dum subito fulgor surgentis adinstar
Auroræ, loca præruptis horrentia saxis,
Regnaque ubi tristes habuere oblivia sedes,
Faucibus et patuit quodcunque inmane barathrum
Funditus in præceps, latæque altissima terræ
Culmina, et horrendas si quæ siluere latebras
Raucisonûmve intus fremuerunt murmure rivûm
Lumine replevit: necnon juxtaque proculque

And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light, and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of its own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking east:
Sighs too as mournful as that Memnon's harp
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen gods
At sight of the dejected king of day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and at their glare
Up rose Iapetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus sea-born, and together strode
To where he tower'd on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name,
Hyperion from the peak loud answer'd "Saturn!"

Undique præcipites semper volventia cursus
Flumina torrentum, resonantiaque agmina aquarum,
Tecta prius tenebris, adoperta ingentibus umbris,
Conspiciunt cumulantque diem formidine sæva.
Scilicet ipse alti scopuloso in culmine montis
Stans pedibus claris Hyperion, undique luctus
Lustrabat nitidæ spectacula qualia luci
Prodiderat, lucem sic aversata repertam—
Flexibus, antiquo Nomadum de more, resectis
Auratæ fulsere comæ, regalior ipse
Majestate suo medius splendore corusca
Constitit umbra ingens, vasto ceu corpore vastam
Memnonis effigiem si quando sole cadente
Adspicit Eoa veniens de parte viator.
Mæsta nec ille minus cithara suspiria fudit
Memnonia, adjunctis palmis dum præscius uno
Hæsit in obtutu neque voce silentia rupit.
Pulsorum ast iterum cecidere adflicta deorum
Corda metu, regem postquam videre diei
Dejectum, et multi manifesto a lumine vultus
Avertere diu, donec ferus agmina fratrum
Per media Enceladus fulgentibus ignibus acres
Huc illuc torquere oculos, quo numine moti
Iapetus, Creüsque simul, Phorcusque marinus,
Protinus horrendis spatiantes gressibus una,
Ardua sublimis petierunt culmina Divi.
Inde ubi Saturni nomen clamore vocarant
Quattuor annosi, "Saturnum!" a vertice contra
Horrisona ingeminans Hyperion voce per auras.

Saturn sat near the mother of the gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of
"Saturn."

KEATS.

Intonuit: miser at sedit Saturnus amatam
Cælicolûm matrem juxta, cui nulla decoro
Lætitia ore fuit, pleno licet agmine divi
Undique "Saturni" proferrent gutture nomen.

C. J. R. C., 1848.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
  A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
  A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
  To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
  Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
  (Thus sadly complaining he cried;)
When first I beheld that fair face,
  'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
  When she smiled, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd and cried when she sung,
  Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
  She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
  To forsake the fine folk of the town!

LATIN ELEGIACS.

PROCUBUIT vitreum pastor desertus ad amnem,
  Desertus dominæ proditione suæ ;
Dum miser infidæ cecinit perjuria nymphæ,
  Defessum salices sustinuere caput.
Flamina per latos venti resonantia campos
  Ad questum questu congemuere suo ;
Ad gemitus rivus miseros, sævumque dolorem,
  Respondit, querulo præteriitque sono.

Stultitia ah ! miserum cur tum me tanta tenebat ?
  (Illacrimans tales edidit ore sonos ;)
Quum faciem pulchram vidi primum, inde sorores
  Debuerant fusos evoluisse meos.
Verba dedit, linguæ caræ sum fausta precatus ;
  Risit, et ah ! nimium risus amœnus erat ;
Si vero cecinit, captus dulcedine, dixi,
  Effudit pariles num Philomela modos !

Credulitas mihi quanta fuit ! quî posset amare
  Me miserum tanta rusticitate procum !
Quî sine non magno luctu, quî linquere posset
  Splendorem, et socios, urbe abitura, suos !

To think that a beauty so gay,
  So kind and so constant would prove ;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
  Or live in a cottage on love !

What though I have skill to complain,
  Though the Muses my temples have crown'd ;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
  The virgins sit weeping around ;
Ah, Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,
  Thy pipe and thy laurel resign ;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
  Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you my companions so dear,
  Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
  Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
  'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly :
'Twas hers to be false and to change ;
  'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
  In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
  And see me laid low in the ground.

Pura fides non tam pulchra fuit insita forma !
  Non fuit hic constans inveniendus amor !
Non crassæ vestes, agrestis more puellæ,
  Non humili placuit sub lare castus amor !

Quid ! mea si mæstis apta est jam lingua querellis,
  Quid ! si Musarum tempora cingit honor ;
Quid ! mea si modulos cantat dum fistula blandos,
  Virgineæ circum si maduere genæ ;
Nil tibi nil prodest, Corydon, spe desine vana,
  Fistula nec laudem, nec tibi laurus habet ;
Scilicet illa novas concepit pectore flammas ;
  Est novus ; et fundit dulcior ille modos.

At vos O ! comites cari, sociique fideles,
  Qui gemitis captum proditione virum,
Vos nolite illam, quidquid mihi fata ferendum
  Præbuerint, verbis insimulare doli.
Quid ! si jam terras, quid ! si freta longa pererrem,
  Non sors est pedibus dissocianda meis :
Illi falsa fides fuit, et mutabilis usque,
  Sed mea, mutari nescia, morte valet.

Si qua animo, miseram dum sors premit aspera vitam,
  Si qua animo miseri cura doloris inest ;
Agrestes inter mea funera mæsta puellas
  Adveniat, fidum contumuletque procum.

The last humble boon that I crave,
  Is to shade me with cypress and yew ;
And when she looks down in my grave,
  Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
  And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
  And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
  No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
  His ghost shall glide over the green.

ROWE.

Mæsta sepulcralem cuparissus contegat urnam,
  Hoc peto, supremas ne neget illa preces ;
Et semper fidum dicat Corydonis amorem,
  Perfida reliquias dum videt illa meas.

Tum vero gemmis, multo et lasciviat auro,
  Delicias alii sic habitura proco ;
Tum niteat pulchras inter pulcherrima nymphas,
  Detque voluptati lætitiæque diem.
Interea fatis Corydon oppressus iniquis
  Non jam cernendus, non memorandus erit :
Non nisi, quum tremulæ fulget lux pallida lunæ,
  Mæsta solum tacito transeat umbra pede.

M. K., 1849.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act 1, Sc. 3.

AGAMEMNON. NESTOR. ULYSSES.

Ag. Princes,
What grief hath set this jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΑΓ. Τί χρῆμα λύπης, ὦ φίλοι λοχαγέται,
ὠχρᾶς παρειαῖς σῆμα προστρίβει νόσου;
ἀεὶ γὰρ ἐλπὶς τοῖς βροτῶν πεπραγμένοις
πόλλ' εὖ προθεῖσα σμίκρ' ἐπικραίνειν φιλεῖ.
ἔργων θ' ὅσοισιν εὐγενεστάτη φύσις
συχνῶν πέφυκε συμφορῶν κωλύματα.
ὁποῖα πεύκην, ἀντίων ὀποῦ ῥοῶν
ὁρμωμένων, τοὺς κλῶνας ἀκμαίαν τὸ πρὶν
ὄγκοι διαστρέφουσιν, εἴργοντες ξύλου
ῥυθμὸν τὸ μηκέτ' αὖθις εὐθύνειν φύσιν.
οὐδ', ὦ ταγοῦχοι, πρᾶγμα νεόκοτον τόδε
ἡμᾶς τοσοῦτον ἀμπλακεῖν φρονημάτων,
ὥσθ' ἕβδομον τοῦθ' ὧδε τῇ Τροίᾳ πέρι
ἔτος τελοῦσι σῶν ἔτ' ἀντέχειν πόλιν.
ἅπαντ' ἐπειδὴ τῶν πάρος πεπραγμένων
ὧν μνῆμ' ἄφικται. συμφορᾶς ἀεὶ σθένος
ἐναντίως ἔτρεψεν, ὥσθ' ἁμαρτάνειν
σκοποῦ, κενῆς τε φροντίδος τυπώματος
ἀφ' ἧς ἐπλάσθη. τοιγαροῦν τίνος χάριν
ἡμῶν τὰ πράγμαθ' ὧδε δυσθύμως ἀεὶ
ὁρᾶτ', ὀνείδους τ' ἐν μέρει νοεῖσθ' ὅσα

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin;
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue and unmingled.

NES. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,

οὐδέν ποτ' ἐστὶ πλὴν Διὸς μεγασθενοῦς
πεῖραι βεβαίους ἐκμαθεῖν βροτῶν φρένας ;
ὧν δὴ τὸ χρυσοῦν οὐ διαπρέπει τύχης
ὁμορροθούσης, τηνικαῦτα γὰρ θρασὺς
δειλός θ' ὁμοίως, δεξιὸς σκαιός θ' ὁμοῦ,
σοφός τε κάφρων, σκληρὸς ἀσθενής θ', ἑνὸς
πάντες δοκοῦσιν ἐκ γένους πεφυκέναι.
ἢν δ' αὖτ' ἀπηνὲς καὶ ξυνωφρυωμένον
φαίνῃ πρόσωπον, αὐτίχ' ἡ κρίσις πλατεῖ
πτύῳ λικμῶσα καὶ μεγασθενεῖ, κενοὺς
πνοαῖς ἀναιρεῖ παντελῶς, ὅτῳ δ' ἔνι
τιμή θ' ἑτοῖμος, κἀγαθὸν γνώμης βάρος,
αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτὸν γνησίῳ κεῖται σθένει.

ΝΕΣ. Τὸν σὸν σεβίζων εὐκλεέστατον θρόνον
'Αγάμεμνον, ὡς χρή, σκέψεται Νέστωρ λόγους
οὓς νῦν ἔλεξας· ἐξ ἐναντίων τύχης
πληγῶν ἀληθὴς ἀνδρὸς ἐκλάμπει φύσις.
ὁρᾷς θαλάσσης ἡσυχαζούσης ὅσα
σκάφη βράχιστα κοὐδενὸς κατάξια
τολμᾷ παρ' ἄλλοις εὐγενεστέροις, καλῶς
στέρνοις ἐφ' ἡσύχοισιν ἐξισοῦν ὁδόν ;
βορέας δ' ἐάν ποτ' ὠμὸς εὐμενῆ Θέτιν
ἅπαξ χολώσῃ, τηνικαῦτ' εὐθέως ἰδοὺ
ὄρων δι' ὑγρῶν εὐπαγοῦς τέμνει νεὼς
μορφὴ, θοροῦσα Περσέως ἵππου δικην
ἁλὸς μεταξὺ κοὐρανοῦ μετάρσιος.
ἡ δ' αὖτ' ἀναιδὴς ἡ μάτην ἤδη σαθροῖς
πλευροῖς ἐρίζουσ' εὐγενεστάταις νεῶν,
ποῦ δή ποτ' ἐστί ; μῶν ἐς ἀσφαλῆ τινα

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune : for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, and flies
Fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

UL. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.

SHAKSPERE.

ὅρμον πέφευγεν, ἢ Ποσειδῶνος βορὰ
ἄφαντος οὖσ᾽ ὄλωλεν; ὡσαύτως λόγων
χλιδὴν ματαίων ἀνδρίας τ᾽ ἔργον τύχη
σάλοις ὁρίζει· καὶ γὰρ ἢν αὐτὴ σέλας
λαμπρὸν προφαίνῃ, μεῖζον᾽ ἢ θήρων ὕπο
κέντροισιν οἴστρου πημονὴν ἔχει βοτά.
ἐπεὶ δὲ τυφὼς γούνατ᾽ ἰσχυρῶν βίᾳ
δρύων ἀνακλᾷ, κἀκποδὼν ὑπὸ σκιὰν
οἶστρος πέφευγεν, εἶθ᾽ ὁ τολμηρὸς γεγὼς
θυμῷ χολωθεὶς ἀνταμείβεται χόλῳ,
αὐτός θ᾽ ὁμοίῳ χρώμενος φθόγγῳ τύχην
ψέγει ψέγουσαν.

ΟΔ. Ὦ σὺ φίλτατον κάρα,
Ἀγάμεμνον, ὦ πρώτιστε τῶν λοχαγέτων
ἔρεισμα νεῦρόν θ᾽ Ἑλλάδος, μόνον κέαρ
ψυχή τ᾽ ἐν ἡμῖν καὶ φρόνημ᾽ ὑπέρτατον,
ᾧ δὴ φρενῶν ἅπαντας ἐγκλεῖσαι πρέπει
γνώμας, ἄκουε τούσδ᾽ Ὀδυσσέως λόγους.

C. J. R. C., 1849.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love—
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

Hæc, pater omnipotens, vario labentia cursu,
Hæc referunt Divum. Volvuntur tempora certa
Numine plena tuo. Tuus undique vere sereno
Ingreditur decor et fautricis gratia curæ.
Late prata rubent, redolet genialior aura ;
Et circum resonant montes ; nemora omnia rident ;
Gaudia jamque omnes sensus et pectora complent.
Mensibus æstivis tua gloria deinde refulgens
Lumine et igne nitet. Tum sol quoque fervidus æstu
Turgentem cumulat maturis viribus annum.
Sæpe tuam produnt metuenda tonitrua vocem ;
Necnon mane, die medio, vel sole cadente
Qua fluvii silvæque sonant, cava murmura venti.
Muneribus sine fine tuis Auctumnus abundat,
Instituitque dapes cunctis animantibus amplas.
Quam Bruma metuendus ades, quem multa procella
Nubibus involvat, tempestatesque sonoræ,
Inplicitis cumulis, tenebrarum horrore superbo :
Invectus rapida per cælum turbinis ala
Te venerari homines adigis, tibi reddere vota,
Concretam et subigis Boreali flamine terram.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful, mix'd with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade unperceived so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep, shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join: and ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes;
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;

Mirifici cursus ! quæ vis, sollertia quanta
Divina apparet ! simplex prolabitur ordo,
Miscentis sed enim tanta gratissimus arte—
Copia tanta simul, species et tanta decoris
Sensibus inludit varii discriminis umbra—
Cuncta adeo coeunt in eandem consona formam,
Ut capiant vicibus sese excipientia mentem.
Non te gens hominum cernit, dextramve potentem
Orbes quæ volvi docet indefessa silentes,
Cæcis sub specubus penitus molitur, et inde
Magnifici decus effundit spirabile veris ;
Quæ recta de sole diem jacit igne rubentem ;
Pabula dat cunctis, rapidam torquetque procellam
Dumque benigna vices gratas terra excipit anni
Nescio qua vitæ fontes dulcedine tangit.

At, Natura, fave ! simul omnes jungite voces
Vos, cæli quibus est ingentia templa tueri,
Fundite vota una ! simul uno carmine laudes
Concelebrate omnes ; auræ spirate canoræ,
Illi, qui spirat vestros etiam inter odores ;
Non alium eloquio vacuis laudate sub umbris,
Pinus ubi in scopulo ramos vix flexilis altos
Relligione sacra scænam caliginis inplet.
Vos etiam, quorum resonat vox altior illis,
Qui terram quatitis stupefactam, ad sidera carmen
Tollite, clamantes tantas qui moverit iras.
Edite vos amnes laudem rivique trementes

And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,—
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale,—and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,—
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints;
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies: effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre:
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song

Inrepatque meas sonitus meditantis in aures.
Præcipites alto torrentes flumine fusi,
Lene fluentis aquæ rivi, qui ducitis undam
Per nitidas valles erroribus ; æquora ponti
Regia, vos imis sub aquis miracula rerum,
Concinite illius præconia, voce potenti
Qui cessare jubet vel crescere murmura vestra.
Volvite turiferas flores cum fructibus auras
Conmixtis illi nebulis, qui solibus auget,
Qui spirans redolere facit, præbetque colores.
Vos segetes culmos, frondes vos flectite silvæ ;
Accipiat pectus messoris carmina vestra,
Dum radiis lunæ repetit sua tecta sub almis.
Cæli vos vigiles, quando sopita quiete
Terra jacet, liquidum, mitissima, fundite lumen,
Sidera ; dum vobis præsentia numina gratæ
Fila lyræ, cælum per pictum argentea pulsant.
Tu quoque qui nobis, clari fons magne diei,
Optima magnifici appares auctoris imago,
Qui gratam ætherio diffundens flumine vitam
Innumeros mundos vitali amplecteris æstu,
Omne jubar gravidum demitte illius honore.
Porta tonat cæli ; jaceas sine murmure terra,
Mutua sacratum ingeminant dum nubila carmen.
Vos colles resonate iterum balatibus altis ;
Murmura muscosi scopuli retinete sonora.
Vos quoque mugitus reboantes tollite valles ;
Magnus enim Pastor toto dominatur in orbe,
Et tandem venient ea regna carentia luctu ;
Pellite vos somnum saltus ; ingentia silvis

Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His
praise.

THOMSON.

Carmina prorumpant ; atque indefessa diei
Dum lux occidui sopit genus omne canorum,
Intentas Philomela avium dulcissima cantu
Lætifices umbras, doceasque ea carmina noctem.

W. J. F., 1849.

KING RICHARD III

Act 3, Sc. 7.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. DUKE OF GLO'STER.
MAYOR. CATESBY.

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΒΟΤ. Ἴσθ' οὖν μάλιστα τοῦθ' ἁμαρτάνων ὅτι
ἔντιμον ἕδραν καὶ θρόνου δεινὸν σέβας,
σκῆπτρον κράτη τε τῶν πάλαι, τύχην τε σὴν,
γένει τε τιμὴν τὴν προσήκουσαν, δόμου
κλέος παλαιὸν πατρόθεν τυραννικοῦ,
μύσει μεθίης ὧδε κιβδήλου γένους.
σοῦ δ' οὖν φρενῶν εὕδοντος ἐν ῥᾳθυμίᾳ,
(ἣν πατρίδος νῦν οὕνεκ' ἐξεγείρομεν,)
ἡ νῆσός ἐστιν ἥδε τῶν αὑτῆς μέλων
ἐν τῷ παρόντι παντελῶς στερουμένη.
καὶ δὴ πρόσωπον δυσκλεᾶ μιάσματα
κακῶς καταισχύνει τε καὶ τυραννικὸς
στάχυς κακοῖσι συμμιγεὶς φιτύμασι
κακῶς ἔβλαστε, κἀν βυθοῖς ἀμνήμονος
λήθης σαλεύει τοῖς ἀβύσσοισιν σχεδόν.
χὤπως τάδ' ὀρθώσωμεν, οἵδ' ἱκτήριοι
σὲ λιπαροῦμεν τὴν δυναστείαν χθονὸς
ἀρχήν τε ταύτης εὐμενῶς λαβόντ' ἔχειν.
οὐχ ὡς ἐπίτροπόν τιν' οὔτε προστάτην,
οὔτ' ἀντί γ' ἄλλου, κέρδος οὔθ' ὑπηρέτην
ταπεινὸν ἄλλως ἐκπονοῦντ' ἀλλότριον,

But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit came I to move your grace.

GLO. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
If not to answer,—you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded,
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore—to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,

ἀλλ' ὥστε τῶν ἄνωθεν ἐκδεδεγμένου
ἄλλου μετ' ἄλλον διαδοχαῖς κεκτημένων,
γέρας πατρῷον, καὶ τὰ σ', οὐκ ἄλλου, κράτη·
τῶνδ' οὕνεκ' ἐλθὼν τοῖσδε σύν γ' ἀστοῖς ἐγὼ,
σοί τ' οὖσιν ὀρθοῖς καὶ ταπεινοῖσιν φίλοις,
αὐτῶν τ' ἐφετμαῖς καὶ λόγοις πεπεισμένος,
πρὸς σοῦ δίκαια, δέσποτ', ἐξαιτῶ τάδε.

ΓΛΟ. Ἀμηχανῶ δὴ, πότερον ἐν σιγῇ τάχος
ἔνθενδ' ἀπελθεῖν, ἢ πικροῖς ὑμᾶς λόγοις
ψέγειν, ἐμοὶ δῆτ' ὄντι τοιούτῳ μέρει θ'
ὑμῶν μάλιστα πρόσφορον γενήσεται.
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀντειπόντος,—ὑμὶν ἂν δοκοῖ
φιλοτιμίαν ἄγλωσσον, ἀσμένως ἄγαν
πρόθυμον εἶναι σῖγα τῷ χρυσῷ ζύγῳ
ἀρχῆς ὑπείκειν, ἥν περ εὐήθει φρενὶ
νῦν ἀρτίως ἐμέλλετ' ἐμβάλλειν ἐμοί.
εἰ δ' αὖθις ὑμῖν ταῦτ' ὀνειδίζοιμ', ἅπερ
αἰτεῖτέ μ', ἐκφαίνοντα τὴν πιστὴν σαφῶς
εὔνοιαν ὑμῶν εἴς με, τοὺς φίλους ἐμὲ
τάχ' ἂν νομίζοιτ' ὧδε κωλύσαντ' ἔχειν.
ἵν' οὖν τὸ πρῶτον ἐκφυγεῖν πειρώμενος
λέγω, λέγων τε μὴ τὸ δεύτερον παθῶ,
ὑμᾶς βέβαια νῦν ἀμείβομαι τάδε.
ὑμῖν μὲν ἀντὶ τῆσδε γ' εὐνοίας χάριν
πολλὴν ὀφείλω· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν παρ' ἀξίαν
ταῦτ' ὄντα τἀξαιτούμεν' ἐκφεύγειν θέλω.
εἰ μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ἐμποδὼν ἐγίγνετο,
ὅδος θ' ἑτοίμη πρὸς τυραννίδ', ὡς ἐμοὶ
γενέθλιόν τε, κἀμὰ σὺν δίκῃ τέλη,

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were,)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well consider'd.

* * * *

More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:

ἀλλ' ἐς τοσοῦτον σμίκρ' ὅμως ἐγὼ φρονῶ,
τοσαῦτά τ' εἰμὶ καὶ τόσ' ἐστερημένος,
ὥσθ' ἡδέως ἂν,—ἀσθενοῦς νεὼς δίκην,
οὐκ ἀντιτείνειν δυνάμενον πολλῷ σάλῳ,—
κρυφθέντα δόξαν λανθάνειν με, μᾶλλον ἢ
χρῄζειν στέγεσθαι τῷ κλέει, μέσῳ τ' ἐμῆς
δόξης ἐν ἀτμῷ συγκαλύπτεσθαί ποτε.
χάριν δ' ὀφείλω τοῖς θεοῖς, ὁθούνεκ' οὐ
χρεία τίς ἐστ' ἐμοῦ γε· (κεἰ γὰρ ἦν, ἐγὼ
πόλλ' ἐνδεὴς ὢν οὐ σθένω προσάρκεσαι.)
δένδρου γὰρ ἡμῖν καρπὸς ἐκ τυραννικοῦ
τυραννικὸς πέφυκεν, ὅσπερ εἰς τέλος
χρόνου λάθρα βαίνοντος ἀκμάζων, ἕδραν
σεμνὴν ἔοικεν εὖ κρατῶν νέμειν καλῶς,
ἡμᾶς τ' ἀνάσσων ὀλβίους καθιστάναι.
τούτῳ μεθίημ' ἣν ἐμοί γ' ἐγχειρίσειν
ἐμέλλετ' ἀρχὴν, δαιμόνων εὐδαιμόνων
θέορτον αἶσαν καὶ μέρος πεπρωμένον,
ἧς μὴ στεροῖμι τόνδε, πρὸς θεῶν, βίᾳ.

B. Ἐκ τῶνδε δήπου τῶν λόγων ἔχων καλῶς
τῆς γ' εὐλαβείας προὐφάνης· ἃ δ' εὐλαβεῖ
σμίκρ' ἐστὶ πάντα καὶ πρὸς οὐδὲν ἔρχεται
κέν' ὄντα, πάντα γ' εὖ περισκοπουμένῳ.
* * * * *
πρὸς τοῖσδε πικρὰ μᾶλλον ἐγκαλεῖν ἔχω,
αἰδούμενος δὲ τοὺς ἔτι ζῶντας τινὰς,
ἐν τοῖσδε φεύγω νῦν τὸ μὴ μακρηγορεῖν.
φέρ' οὖν, ἄριστε, προσδέχου καὐτὸς τόδε
αἰτητὸν οὐκ ὂν, ἀλλὰ δωρητὸν κλέος.

If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true derived course.

MAYOR. Do, good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.

BUCK. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

CATESBY. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

GLO. Alas! why would you heap those cares on me!
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

SHAKSPERE.

κἂν μὴ τυχῇ σοι τήνδε γῆν εὐδαίμονα
ἡμᾶς τε ποιεῖν, ἀλλὰ τὠρχαῖον γένος
σώσας πανώλους ἐκ χρόνου διαφθορᾶς
εἰς ὀρθὸν ἀκραιφνῆ τε μεταβαλεῖς τρόπον.

ΜΑ. Πίθου· πολῖται γὰρ σὲ λιπαροῦσ', ἄναξ.

Β. Μὴ τῶνδε, δέσποτ', εὐμένειαν ἐκβαλῇς.

ΚΑ. Τούτοις χαρίζου ταῦτα τἄννομ' εἰκάθων.

Γ. Φεῦ.
τί τοῦτο κῆδος ἐμβαλεῖν ζητεῖτ' ἐμοί;
οὔ μοι τὸ σεμνὸν οὐδὲ τοὔντιμον πρέπει.
μὴ τοῖσδε δυσφορεῖτε, πρὸς θεῶν, φίλοι.
οὔ μοι πάρεσθ' ἕκοντι πείθεσθαι τάδε.

H. R., 1850.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

Now the storm begins to lower,
  (Haste the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
  Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom
  Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
  Orkney's woe and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow,
  ('Tis of human entrails made ;)
And the weights that play below,
  Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
  Shoot the trembling cords along ;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
  Keep the tissue close and strong.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

". . . . . . Dira Sororum
Licia . . . . . ."—STAT. ACHILL. i. 519.

JAM furere horrendæ cœpit vis dira procellæ,
(Tartarea o nulla fila parate mora)
Ferrea tempestas, et ferreus ingruit imber,
Involvunt nigrum stridula tela diem.

Spicula suppeditant diram fulgentia telam,
Stamina ubi rapida tendimus atra manu,
Multi damna viri, multorum fata, plicantes,
Orcadio sævam Randuveroque necem.

Adspice, ut obsceno crescunt subtemina cursu,
Cæsorum ex hominum viscere * constat opus;
Quotque operi subter librando pondera pendent
Tot capita occisûm dinumeranda virûm.

Spicula, pro radiis, effuso tincta cruore,
Fila inter tremula deproperate via;
Tu quoque, quem quondam gessit Rex inclytus ensem,
Contrahe jam ferro stamina densa tuo.

* Ov. Met. vi. 290.

Mista, black, terrific maid,
  Sangrida and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid—
  'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
  Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
  Hauberk crash and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
  Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share—
  Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
  Wading through th' ensanguined field,
Gondula and Geira spread
  O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give—
  Ours to kill, and ours to spare;
Spite of danger, he shall live—
  (Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once the desert-beach
  Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
  O'er the plenty of the plain.

Tartareo Miste vultu metuenda puella,
  Sangrida et Hilda atrum conspiciatis opus;
Auxiliisque operi placeat succurrere vestris,
  Victricem hæc laudem licia texta dabunt.

Ante rubens mediis quam Sol se condet in undis,
  Ingentem referent spicula fracta sonum;
Tunc etiam clipeo gladius confliget aeno
  Frangentur strepitu cassis et arma cavo.

Texite purpuream belli contexite telam,
  Nec mora sit, rapidum conripiamus iter;
Tristia qua comites nostri certamina miscent,
  Undique qua properant vincere quaque mori.

Dum rapimur, diros volvunt ubi fata tumultus,
  Perque cruentatum, turba cruenta, solum;
Vos tegite inpubem, vos Gondula Geiraque, regem,
  Atque super carum scuta tenete caput.

Nostrum est admissas jam cædi inmittere habenas,
  Parcere jam nobis sive necare datur.
(Texite purpuream belli contexite telam)
  Vivet enim quamvis dira pericla premant.

Quam prius inclusam deserta hæc littora gentem
  Finibus angustis detinuere suis;
Mox erit his fatum melius, melioraque regna,
  Ampla ubi per lætos copia regnat agros.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
  Gored with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
  Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep;
  Ne'er again his likeness see:
Long her strains in sorrow steep—
  Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath;
  Clouds of carnage blot the sun:
Sisters, weave the web of death—
  Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
  Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
  Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
  Learn the tenor of our song:
Scotland through each winding vale,
  Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed,
  Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed:
  Hurry, hurry to the field.

GRAY.

Heu! cecidit princeps, belloque insignis et armis,
  Membraque vulneribus dilaniata jacent;
Nec tali contenta tamen nece fata, sed ipse
  Rex cadet in madida sanguinolentus humo.

Illum mæsta diu plorabit Hibernia ademptum,
  Cui similis nemo conspiciendus erit;
Mæsta diu misto referet pia carmina fletu,
  Carmina non ullo deperitura die!

Undique funestus campum super ingruit horror,
  Ipsa latet cædis condita nube dies;
Texite, germanæ, leti contexite telam,
  Sistite, germanæ, sistite, sistat opus!

Salve opus o magnum, vos et salvete sorores,
  Dicite Io! lætis dicite læta sonis!
Carmine victrices læto laudate catervas,
  Voce triumphali concelebrate ducem.

Vos quoque mortales, ubicunque hæc fabula fertur
  Discite jam nostri quid voluere modi:
Perque tuas valles celebra, loca devia, cantu
  Scotia, productos tempus in omne sonos.

Conripite hinc cursum, jam sit mora nulla, sorores,
  Concutiat gladium dextera quæque suum,
Tartareos conscendite equos, et quæque cruentum
  Occupet ad bellum conripuisse viam.

W. W. M., 1850.

PARADISE LOST

Book II.

Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right, lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven; this our delight: how wearisome

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

Aut superis Cæli regem detrudere regnis
Adgredimur bello, placeat si indicere bellum,
Aut iterum nostris, repetito jure, potiri
Sedibus amissis: moderamina vellere rerum
Illius a manibus tandem sperare licebit,
Cum cedatque levi fatum inrevocabile Casu,
Arbitrioque Chaos dirimet certamina summo:
Futilis ut spes illa cadit, sic vana videtur
Hæc quoque; nam nobis intra cælestia regna
Quis locus esse potest, nisi si superemus Olympi
Supremum Dominum? Crudelis fingite pœnæ
Illum pænituisse, irasque remittere cunctis
Colla jugo rursus supponere fida paratis:
Continuo ante Deum quo stantes ore feremus
Demissi inpositas leges audire severas,
Quæ celebrare jubent modulantes carmina regnum
Et numen laudare invita voce supremum:
Regali dum more sedet sublimis in alto
Invisus solio rector: dum floribus ara
Ambrosiis redolens divinum spirat odorem,
Munera quæ domino dabimus servilia magno?
Hocce erit officium nobis, hæc gaudia cælo!

Eternity, so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage;
But rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise

Æternæ fient O tædia quanta diei
Invisum sine fine caput venerantibus ! Ergo
Quærere parcamus multo spectabile luxu
Servitium, quod non acquirere possumus armis,
Non volumus venia, cœtus licet inter Olympi.
Quæ bona sunt nobis a nobis illa petamus,
Et nos res nostras potius referamus ad ipsos
Hoc in secessu vasto, non ora timentes
Judicis, imperio nulli parere coacti,
Libertate frui malentes duraque ferre,
Mollia luxuria quam conterere otia servi.
Tunc adparebit virtus validissima nostra
Cum nos exiguo de semine magna creare,
Utilia e nocuis, inimicis rebus amicas,
Subjectique malis, quavis regione, vigere
Possumus, et, quæ sit patientia nostra laborque,
Gignere tranquillam cedente dolore quietem.
Has sine sole plagas penitus penitusque jacentes
An formidamus ? Superûm rectorque paterque
Vult quotiens nebulis piceisque habitare tenebris,
(Nec minor interea justo tum gloria fulget,)
Occulit et sedem grandi caligine circum,
Unde fremunt iras glomerantia fulmina sævas
Murmuribus magnis, Erebique habet instar Olympus ?
Ille potest nostras tenebras : simulare valemus
Nonne diem illius, si fert ita forte voluntas ?
Namque humus hæc deserta caret non luce latentis
Auri gemmarumque : ipsi non arte caremus
Ingenioque, quibus magnum statuamus in Orco

Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain.
All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blust'ring winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was heard
As Mammon ended; and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.

MILTON.

Splendorem : Superis major quæ gloria regnis?
Ipsa super tormenta valet longinqua vetustas
Reddere corporibus nostris etiam apta novatis :
Quam nocuere prius, lambent tam molliter ignes,
Cum nobis natura inadustis ignea facta est,
Usque ideo certe cruciatûs sensus hebebit.
Omnia ita invitant pacem exercere quietam,
Consilia et versare, malis succurrere nostris
Quomodo possimus, memori modo mente tenentes
Qua qualesque sumus : nec bella movere paremus.
Audistis quæcunque equidem facienda putavi.

Vix ea fatus erat : complerunt murmura tectum,
Qualia saxa cient retinentia concava venti
Bacchantis fremitum, qui sollicitaverat æquor
Per noctem tumidum, rauco nunc murmure suadet
Somnum defessis vigilando carpere nautis,
Quorum cumba levis religata quiescit in arcto
Inter saxa sinu, quum tempestate furentis
Destitit ira maris. Tali clamore faventum
Concilium sonuit, Mammon ut finiit ore ;
Illius atque monens placuit sententia pacem ;
Instar enim pugnæ pugnam instaurare prioris
Expavere magis quam Tartara : tela Tonantis
Corda pavore adeo sternunt, Michaëlis et ensis ;
Nec minus inferius cupidi sunt condere regnum,
Consilio quod post labentia sæcula crescat—
Crescat, et opposito certet molimine Divis.

R. H. P., 1850.

THE LOTUS EATERS.

The Lotus blooms below the flowery peak :
The Lotus blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone :
Through every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

'ΕΝ δὲ τέθηλεν λωτὸς ὑπὸ ῥίῳ ἀνθεμόεντι,
ἐν δὲ παρ' ἠϊόνας λωτὸς λιμένας τε θαλάσσης·
αἰεὶ δ' αὖ Ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντες ἀῆται
πνοιῇσιν λιαρῇσιν ἐπιπνείουσιν ἀέντες·
ἄχνη δ' ἀρ' λωτοῦ μελιηδέος ἄλλυδις ἄλλῃ
σκίδναται ἐν βήσσῃς ἠδ' ἐν σπέσσι γλαφυροῖσιν
ἀμ πέδον, ἀμβροσίη δ' ὀδμὴ περί τ' ἀμφί τ' ὄδωδεν·
ἀλλὰ γὰρ ἡμᾶς φημὶ ἄδην ἐλάαν καμάτοιο
εἰρεσίης θ', οἵ δηθὰ κακούμεθα ποντοποροῦντες,
νῆας ὅτ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φέρεν μέγα κῦμα θαλάσσης
δεινόν τ' ἀργαλέον τε, λέβης δ' ὣς ἐν πυρὶ πολλῷ
οἶδμ' ἀνεμορμύρεσκε, μέσῳ δ' ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ
ἅλμην ἐξεμέεσκε πέλωρ ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο·
ἀλλά μοι ὄμνυτε ὅρκον, ἑταῖροι, ἔμπεδον αἰεὶ,
ἦ μὲν Λωτοφάγων ἐνὶ γαίῃ κητωέσσῃ
μιμνέμεν ἤματα πάντα, βροτῶν τ' ὄπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντας
κεῖσθαι ἐπὶ σπιλάδεσσιν ἀολλέας, ἀθάνατοι ὥς·
οἵ τ' ἄρα θεσπεσίοισι παρέζονται δεπάεσσι
νέκταρος ἀμβροσίοιο, βέλη δ' ἀργῆτα κεραυνοῦ

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:
Where they smile in secret looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.
But they smile; they find a music centred in a doleful song,
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat and wine and oil:
Till they perish and they suffer,—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

TENNYSON.

τηλόθεν ἐν βήσσῃσι τινάσσεται Οὐλύμποιο,
χρυσείους δὲ δόμους πυκινὸν νέφος ἀμφιβέβηκεν,
καλοὺς, τοὺς περὶ γαῖα παναυγὴς ἐστεφάνωται·
τοῖς ἐνὶ τερπόμενοι μάκαρες γελόωσι φίλον κῆρ
ἥμενοι, ἄλλοτε μὲν χώρας ὁρόωντες ἐρήμους
ἄλλοτε δ' αὖ γαίης ἐνόσεις, ὀλοήν τ' ἐρυσίβην,
λιμὸν ὁμοῦ καὶ λοιμὸν, ἀθέσφατα κύματα πόντου,
ἀζαλέας θ' ἅμα καὶ ψαμάθους, πόλεμόν τε δυσηχῆ,
οὐλομένας θ' ἅμα νηυσὶ πόλεις, χεῖράς θ' ἱκετάων·
ταῦτ' ἄρα δερκόμενοι μάκαρες γελόωσι φίλον κῆρ,
ἀσπασίη γὰρ τοῖσιν ἀοιδὴ φαίνεται ἀνδρῶν,
αἰὲν ἀποθρώσκουσ', εἰ καὶ χαλεπωτάτη ἐστὶν,
ἄλγεος οἰμωγὴ κακοεργείης τε παλαιῆς,
ὡσεί τις ἐπέεσσι πυκνοῖς ἀνεμώλια βάζοι·
ὣς ἄρα φῦλ' ἀνδρῶν ὀλοφύρεται, οἵτ' ἀρόωσιν,
ἠδὲ φυτεύουσιν χερσὶν φυτὸν, ἠδ' ἀμῶσιν,
ἐνδυκέως κάμνοντες ἀεὶ τετληότι θυμῷ.
ἐν δ' ἄρα δῶρα θεῶν ἐπετήσια, ὅττι διδοῖεν,
οἶνος ἐριστάφυλος, σῖτός τ' ἠδ' ὑγρὸν ἔλαιον
κεῖται ἐνὶ μεγάροις κειμήλια τιμήεντα·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ θανάτοιο μέλαν νέφος ἀμφικαλύπτει,
οἱ μὲν ἄρ' ἀμφὶ πύλῃσι πολυκλαύτου Ἀΐδαο
συνεχὲς αἰεὶ, φασὶ, πόνον καὶ οἰζὺν ἔχουσιν
ἄσπετον, αὐτὰρ οἱ ἄλλοι ἐν Ἠλυσίοις πεδίοισιν
ὀψέ γε δὴ κοιμῶνται ἐπ' ἀσφοδέλῳ λειμῶνι.

W. L. N., 1851.

THE ANCIENT MARINER

Canto I.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard, and glittering eye,
Now, wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin:
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoon his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

Tres socii incedunt—vestigia conprimit unus,
  En ! senior subitæ navita causa moræ !
Per te oculos, oro, nitidos, incanaque menta
  Dic mihi, cur nostrum, nauta, moraris iter ?

Me novus expectat consanguinitate maritus
  Devinctum—excelsæ jam patuere fores.
Undique convivæ coeunt, epulæque parantur,
  Nonne audis festos ingeminare sonos ?

Detinet invitum exili sed navita dextra,
  Jamque ita vix orsus dicere "navis erat :"
At "mihi tolle, senex, istam jubeo, inprobe, dextram,"
  Increpat : en ! tollit protinus ille manum.

Ardet abire quidem—subito at conviva moratur—
  Mystica vis oculo tanta nitente latet.
Infanti et similis trimo narrantis ab ore
  Pendet—quæ voluit nauta referre, refert.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop,
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon"—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear:
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

Considet in saxo conviva, et cogitur ultro
  Audire, in magicos adliciturque sonos:
Tum porro has senior * profundit navita voces,
  Lumina dum flammis conspicienda nitent.

Jamque salutanti portam clamore carina
  Deseruit, lætam conripuitque viam;
Jam colles patrios sacramque abscondimus ædem,
  Quæque arx noctivagam dirigit igne ratem.

Continuo læva conscendit in æthera Phœbus,
  Et caput æquoreis extulit altus aquis;
Et radiis splendet nitidis, dextraque recondit
  Lapsus in æquoreas lumina Phœbus aquas.

Altior adscendens cursu sensim usque diurno
  Jam malum media despicit ille via:
Pectora sed palmis pulsat conviva—tubarum
  Quippe audit tumidos instrepuisse sonos.

Scilicet inmensam nova nupta incedit in aulam,
  Incedit, nitida pulchrior illa rosa.
Ordine præcedit multus tibicen euntem,
  Nutat et in numerum, læta caterva, caput.

Pectora jam pulsat conviva, at cogitur ultro
  Audire, in magicos adliciturque sonos.
Tum porro has senior profundit navita voces,
  Lumina dum flammis conspicienda nitent.

* Cf. *Catull. Theseus* 202 "has postquam maesto *prōfudit* pectore voces."

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shape of men, nor beast we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through.

Concita jamque venit furibundi turbinis ira,
  Ingruit et tumidis exitiosa minis.
Verberat et rapida navem furialiter ala,
  Regnaque longinqui cogit adire Noti.

Mox et adest picea circum caligine nubes,
  Et volitant, cælo frigidiore, nives.
Vertice quæ malum superat, fulgore smaragdum,
  En! summo glacies innatat alta freto.

Emittunt scopuli lumen sublustre nivales,
  Vix penetrat densam vix nitor ille nivem.
Cuncta rigent glacie—non hic hominisve figura
  Adparetve vagæ forma videnda feræ.

Hic glacies pariter, pariterque extenditur illic—
  Omnia durato diriguere gelu:
Et crepitat, raucoque gemit stridore, fremitque,
  Semianimes varius fallit ut usque sonus.

At tandem nebulas subito secat ales opacas
  Æquorea, obscurum pervolitatque polum;
Protinus et socium quasi quisque salutet amicum,
  Adloquimur fausta prosequimurque prece.

Illa sed usque ratem celeri circumvolat ala,
  Insolitosque avido devorat ore cibos.
Mox glacies disrupta tonat—rectorque carinam
  Per freta diducto dirigit arta gelu.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind :
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

"In mist or cloud, or mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine ;
While all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

COLERIDGE.

Jamque favent Austri faciles—simul additur ales
  Ut comes in nostras officiosa vias.
Et venit, alma diem quoties Aurora reducit,
  Seu vocat in ludos navita, sive cibum.

Aut sedet antennis, aut inter nubila malo—
  Jamque operit nonam Vesperis hora diem;
Luna tremit nebulas tota dum nocte per albas
  Pallida pallenti semireducta polo.

At subito ille; "Senex, Di sint tibi, nauta, benigni,
  O nimium furiis sollicitate feris!
Cur torques oculos?"—pro! concidit icta sagitta
  Ales letifera—causa ego, causa necis.

H. R. 1851.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Act 3, Sc. 1.

VALENTINE. PROTEUS.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΦΑΛ. Οἴμοι, πάλαι δὴ τοῦτο φέρβομαι πάθος,
καὶ νῦν κορεσθεὶς πλησμονῇ βαρύνομαι·
πεφευγότ' ἆρα Σιλφία μ' ἐπίσταται;

ΠΡΩ. Καὶ δὴ τάλαινα τοῦ πεπρωμένου χάριν,
ἣ κάρτ' ἄραρε κἄμπεδος καθίσταται,
μίμημα λαμπροῦ μαργάρου, καταρρυῆ
θάλασσαν ἐξανῆκεν, ἣν δακρύματα
εἴσ' οἱ καλοῦσιν· ταῦτα τοῦ περισκελοῦς
ἔλειβε προσπίτνουσα πρὸς πατρὸς πόδα,
ἱκτήριον κλίνουσά τ' ἐν πέδῳ γόνυ,
χεῖράς θ' ἅμ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλος ἀμφιδεξίους
ἔσεισε, λευκὰς εἰσορᾶν, ὥσπερ χρόαν
ὠχρὰν λαβούσας ἄρτι τῆς λύπης ὕπο.
ἀλλ' οὔτε κάμψασ' ἱκέσιον χαμαὶ γόνυ
χεῖράς τ' ἀνασχοῦσ' εὐσεβεῖς, θρηνοῦσά τε
γόοισί τ' οἰμώζουσα λυπηροῖς ἀεὶ
σταγόνας τ' ἀφιεῖσ' ἀργυρορρύτους, πατρὸς
φρόνημ' ἔπεισε δυσπρόσοιστον ὥστε μὴ
ἁλόντα δοῦναι τὸν Φαλέντινον δίκην.
τόσον δὲ πρὸς τούτοισιν ὠργίσθη κλύων

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

VAL. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st,
Have some indignant power upon my life;
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
An endless anthem of my endless dolour.

PRO. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts,
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence:
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
E'en in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate:

αὐτῆς συνηγόροισιν ἐξαιτουμένης
λιταῖς, πατρῴας γῆς σὲ μὴ φεύγειν ὅρους,
ὡς προσπόλους δύστηνον ἐς δεσμοὺς κόρην
ἄγειν κελεῦσαι, πόλλ' ἀπειλήσαντ' ἔπη,
ὡς χρόνια ταῦτα δεῖ φέρειν δεσμώματα.

ΦΑΛ. Παύσαι τάχ' εἰ μὴ νῦν λέγειν μέλλεις ἔπος
τῷ τοῦδ' ἀπότμῳ δυσμενέστατον βίῳ,
ἐν ὠσὶ τοῦτο δ' εἴπερ ἐξερεῖς φράσον,
ὡς ὕμνον, ἄλγους τέρμα τοῦδ' ἀτέρμονος.

ΠΡΩ. 'Αλλ' οὖν σὺ, τἀναγκαῖα μὴ θρηνῶν μάτην
σκέψαι τιν' ἀλκὴν ἥνπερ ἐξεύρῃς κακῶν
ὧν νῦν σὺ θρηνεῖς· πάνθ' ὁ παγκρατὴς χρόνος
ἰὼν τεκνοῦται κεδνὰ πρευμενὴς τροφός·
σοὶ δ' ἐνθάδ' οὐκ ἔξεστι φιλτάτην ὁρᾶν
κόρην μένοντι· καὶ μένων θανεῖ, βίου
πρόσθεν στερηθεὶς τοῦ καθεστῶτος χρόνου.
ἐλπὶς δ' ἐραστοῦ σκῆπτρον· ἣν λαβὼν ἴθι
ἀεί τ' ἐρείδου τῇδε, κἀξέλαυν' ἅμα
προσιζάνουσαν ταῖς φρεσὶν δυσθυμίαν.
καὶ σοῦ γ' ἀπόντος ἔσθ' ὅμως ἐπιστολὰς
ἀεὶ παρεῖναι· τάσδε πεμφθείσας λαβὼν
πάλλευκον αὐτὸς προσφιλεστάτης ἐγὼ
οἴσω κομίζων εὐθὺς ἐς στέρνον κόρης.
μὴ δῆτα λέξον τοῖσδ' ἐναντίους λόγους,
οὐ νῦν γὰρ ἀρκεῖ καιρός· ἀλλ' ἴθ', ὦ φίλε,
πόλεως προπέμψω σ' αὐτὸς εἰς πύλας ἰών.

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

SHAKSPERE.

καὶ πρίν σ' ἀπελθεῖν, σκέψομαι κοινωνὸς ὢν
τὰ τοῦδ' ἔρωτος πάντα. νῦν δ' ἐμοὶ πίθου,
κεἰ μή τι τὴν σὴν, ἀλλὰ Σιλφίας χάριν,
φράζου τε σὸν κίνδυνον, εἰς ὅσον κυρεῖς
ἐλθὼν, ὁμάρτει τ' ἄθλιος τὠμῷ ποδί.

H. R., 1851.

HYPERION

Book I.

Until at length old Saturn lifted up
His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
And that fair kneeling Goddess: and then spake
As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:

"O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face:
Look up, and let me see our doom in it:
Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
Is Saturn's; tell me if thou hear'st the voice
Of Saturn: tell me if this wrinkling brow,
Naked and bare of its great diadem,
Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
To make me desolate? Whence came the strength?
How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
And buried from all god-like exercise

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

Languida jam vero Saturnus lumina tandem
Sustulit annosus: regnumque ubi vidit ademptum,
Tristitiam et, quam vasta, loci, tenebrasque, Deæque
Ante pedes stratæ speciem, sic inde locutus
Ægra voce velut titubans, dum barba tremebat
Populeas imitata comas, et inhorruit ultro:

"O Diva, auricomi conjunx Hyperionis alma,
Te Thea, te sensi adstantem, licet ora videre
Hactenus haud possim, tu jam, precor, erige vultum,
Atque ibi venturos detur deprendere luctus;
Saturni agnoscis veteris vestigia formæ?
Dic mihi! Saturni solitas audisne loquellas?
Hæc tibi, dic, facies deformibus aspera rugis
Nudaque regali et dudum spoliata corona
Saturnine refert frontem? Me sede quis ausus
Dissociare mea viduum? Vis unde reperta?
Quonam fota modo tantis efferbuit iris?
His ubi sors visa est validis constricta lacertis
Me penes esse unum: sed ineluctabile Fatum—
Ergo ego depulsus regnis, sub Tartara missus,
Sic interclusus teneor: neque flectere, ut olim

Of influence benign on planets pale,
Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
And all those acts which Deity supreme
Doth ease its heart of love in. I am gone
Away from my own bosom: I have left
My strong identity, my real self,
Somewhere between the throne and where I sit,
Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light:
Space region'd with life-air and barren void:
Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell,
Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
A certain shape or shadow, making way
With wings or chariot fierce, to repossess
A heaven he lost erewhile: it must—it must
Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be King,—
Yes, there must be a golden victory;
There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir
Of strings in hollow shells: and there shall be
Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
Of the sky-children: I will give command."

KEATS.

Sidera divino sublustria numine possum ;
Ventorumve minas, tumidum aut conpescere pontum ;
Nec regere imperio segetes hominumque labores ;
Nec valeo quæcunque solet de numine pleno
In genus humanum diffundere munera Divus.
Ipse ego quippe meo discessi pectore, quippe
Ipse abiens pridem liqui quod sumque fuique
Has inter sedes, ubi jam consedimus, atque
Saturni solium ; Thea jam, precor, undique quæras,
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererres
Luminibus, circumspiciens cælestia regna,
Stellata et sine luce loca, et vitalibus auris
Plena, vide, et tractus vacuos et inania cæli,
Igniferasque plagas, Orcique inmanis hiatum.
Quære, precor, Thea, quære, et dic mihi, sicubi visu
Nescio quæ forma, aut formæ conparet imago
Præpete sive ala, rapido sive incita cursu,
Ut dicionem iterum, regnumque receptet ademptum ;
Fas jubet—atque eventus adest in limine felix ;—
Restituenda iterum Saturno pristina regna,
Aurea victorem ornabit victoria Regem—
Dejicientur enim superi supera alta tenentes
Atque triumphalem celebrabit buccina cantum,
Et super auratas, divina palatia, nubes
Suavia dulcisonis certabunt carmina circum
Vocibus, argenteæque cava testudine chordæ ;
Munera præterea, novaque oblectamina, alumnis
Jam jam cælicolis tribuentur, ego ipse jubebo."

W. W. M., 1851.

KING RICHARD II

Act 3, Sc. 2.

KING RICHARD. BISHOP. AUMERLE.

Rich. I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

GREEK IAMBICS.

PIX. Πατῶν ἔτ' αὖθις τήνδε τὴν ἐμὴν χθόνα
λείβω γεγηθὸς δάκρυον ὀμμάτων ἄπο·
ὦ φιλτάτη γῆ, προσκυνῶ σ' ἐμῇ χερὶ,
καίπερ χαράσσει σ' ἱππότων ἐχθρὸν σθένος,
ὁπλαῖσι κόπτον φοινίαις πέδον σέθεν,
οἵ μ' ἐκβαλεῖν θέλουσι πατρῴου θρόνου·
ὡς χρόνιον εἰσιδοῦσα φίλτατον τέκνον
γελᾷ τε μήτηρ, ἵμερόν τε δακρύων
τρέφει, λαβοῦσα παῖδα περιβολαῖς χερῶν·
οὕτως σὲ, πάτρα, προσκυνῶ γελάσμασι
καὶ δακρύοισι, βασιλικῇ τιμῶν χερί.
μὴ δῆτ' ἄνακτος, φιλτάτη, τοῦ σοῦ τροφὴν
ἐχθροῖς πόριζε, μηδὲ γαστρὶ παμφάγῳ
πέδων χαρίζου καρπίμων μειλίγματα·
ἀλλ' ἃς λυγροῖσι φαρμάκοισιν ἐκτρέφεις
τίθης ἀράχνας ἐμποδὼν, φρύνας θ' ἅμα
εἰλίποδας, ἐχθρῶν τῶνδε λυπούσας πόδας,
οἵπερ σε νῦν πατοῦσι προδοσίᾳ κακῇ·
κνίδας φέρῃς ἐχθροῖσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς πικράς·
χὤταν τις ἄνθη σοῖσιν ἐν κόλποις λέγῃ,
φύλαξ ἐκείνων, λίσσομαί σ', ὄφις παρῇ,

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

BISHOP. Fear not, my lord; that Power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

AUM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in friends.

RICH. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

ὅπως διθήκτου θανασιμῷ χαράγματι
γλώσσης καταπλαγέντες, εἰς Ἅιδου δόμους
μολῶσιν οἳ προδόντες ὧδ' ἔχουσ' ἐμέ·
μή μοι, ταγοῦχοι, τοῖσδ' ἃ νῦν κατεύχομαι
ἐπεγγελᾶτέ γ' ὡς μάτην λελεγμένοις·
ἔμψυχος ἥδε γῆ κατασταθήσεται,
οὗτοι δὲ πέτροι χαλκοθώρακες στρατοὶ,
ἄνακτα πρὶν δὴ περιιδεῖν ἐγχώριον
κακῶς κρατηθέντ' ἀνοσίᾳ τούτων χερί.

ΕΠΙΣ. Θάρσει νυν, ὦναξ, τοῖς θεοῖσι, κοίρανον
οἳ τῆσδε γῆς σ' ἔθηκαν, ἀσφαλῆ πάρα
ἀεὶ φυλάσσειν κοίρανον πάντων βίᾳ.
τὰ δῶρα τῶν θεῶν οὐ παριέναι ποτὲ
χρέων, δέχεσθαι δ'· ἢν γὰρ ἡνίχ' οἱ θεοὶ
θέλωσι, μὴ θέλοντες ἐκ τοὐναντίου
ἡμεῖς τύχωμεν, δῶρα τοὐντεῦθεν τάδε
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ παντελῶς ἐκβάλλομεν,
σωτηρίαν τε καὶ πόρον τιμωρίας.

ΑΥΜ. Ἡμᾶς μὲν εἶναι, φησὶ, ῥᾳθύμους ἄγαν·
ῥᾳθυμίας δ' ἐκ τῆσδε τὸν Βολιμβρόκην
μᾶλλον φίλοισι χρήμασίν τ' ἀεὶ σθένειν.

ΡΙΧ. Πάντ' ὦ προταρβῶν, πάντα τ' ἐλπίζων κακὰ,
οὐκ οἶσθα τοῦτό γ', ἡνίκ' ἂν πανδερκέτης
κεκρυμμένος γῇ κύκλος ἡλίου, σέλας
λαμπρὸν παρασχῇ τοῖσιν οἰκοῦσιν κάτω,
πλανωμένους θύραζε λανθάνειν τότε

In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

SHAKSPERE.

λῃστὰς κλοπεῖς τε, φοινίαις κακουργίαις
μιάστορας, σφαγαῖσί τ', ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἐκλιπὼν
τἀκεῖ, βολαῖσι κρᾶτας ὑψίστους φλέγει
πεύκων ἑῴων, πάντα τ' αὐγάζει μυχὸν
κακουργίᾳ συνεργὸν,—ἀμπλακήματα
ἔχθιστα προδοσίαν τε καὶ φόνον τότε
χλαῖναν μέλαιναν νυκτὸς ἐστερημένα
αὑτοῖς ἐναργῆ γυμνά τ' ἐμβαλεῖν φόβον ;

W. T. J., 1852.

HYPERION

Book III.

Throughout all the isle
There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
He listen'd, and he wept, and his bright tears
Went trickling down the golden bow he held;
Thus with half-shut, suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplex'd: the while melodiously he said:
"How camest thou over the unfooted sea?
Or hath that antique mien and robed form,
Moved in these vales invisible till now?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o'er
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads as still the whisper pass'd.

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"Apollo is once more the golden theme!"

Non ullæ regione illa, quam vasta, latebræ,
Non spelunca fuit, nisi murmure pulsa marino,
Vix quamquam virides multos penetrante recessus.
Audiit intentus, lacrimasque effudit obortas,
Lucidaque auratum stillabat gutta per arcum.
Constitit ille, oculos partim clausitque natantes,
Egressa ut gravibus venit virgo obvia ramis,
Incessu confessa Deam, vultuque ferebat
Consilium, (sic visa,) novum: deprendere at ille
Attonitus, liquidaque incepit talia voce:
"Invia quid vexit, dic, te super æquora ponti?
An vetus illa tibi species, vestitaque forma
Has coluit valles, oculis non ante videnda?
Credo equidem, neque vana fides, me sæpius unum
In gelido mediæ residentem gramine silvæ
Verrere deciduas audisse ea tegmina frondes.
Credo equidem tunicam me per deserta locorum
Hic illic crepitare altas audisse per herbas;
Dumque vice exceptum geminavit quisque susurrum
Tollere miratos vidisse cacumina flores.

Goddess! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dream'd."—"Yes," said the supreme
shape,
"Thou hast dream'd of me; and awaking up,
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touch'd by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listen'd in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is't not strange
That thou shouldst weep so gifted? Tell me, youth,
What sorrow thou canst feel: for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear: explain thy griefs
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep, and hours of life,
From the young day when first thy infant hand
Pluck'd witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new-born." Apollo then
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answer'd, while his white melodious throat
Throbb'd with the syllables—"Mnemosyne!
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me dark, dark,

Hos, Dea, certe oculos vidi, placidamque quietem
Qualis inest sine fine oculis, tota oraque vidi
Ante ego, ni somni mihi talia finxit imago."
Talia fatus erat, cœpit quum forma suprema:
"Ipsa tibi vero vana sub imagine somni
Nuper visa aderam; cithara excussoque sopore
Te juxta recubantem auro perfecta jacebat:
Teque movente fides, suspensis auribus hausit
Tota modos tellus, mixta dulcedine luctu,
Prodigium mirata novum; neque tædia norat.
Quid tibi cum lacrimis igitur? quæ causa dolendi
Tanta tibi, quæso? quique est tibi detege luctum,
Ipsa etenim moveor—mirum!—te flente, dolore.
Ergo tuas reseres, siqua est tibi gratia, curas,
Unus enim labor usque mihi tua tempora vitæ
Hac sola regione fuit, somnosque tueri;
Ex quo carpebat fragiles temeraria flores
Dextra tibi infanti, donec contenderet arcum
Omnia præclarum validus per sæcla lacertus.
O age, siqua latent tibi pectore cæca sub imo,
Numine consocies, quæ fataque propter aperta,
Teque decusque tuum, nondum mortalibus unquam
Visum oculis, solii sancta de sede paterni
Sponte abii." Dixit—subitoque pererrat Apollo
Formam oculo totam nitido, niveumque loquellis
Dulcibus emicuit guttur, dum talia reddit—
"O dea Mnemosyne! promptum, quî nescio, nostræ
Nomen adest linguæ—me quid memorare juvabit
Tam bene nota tibi? facile et quæ plurima fando
Enumerare vales, cur frustra ostendere coner?

And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan
Like one who once had wings."

KEATS.

Me miseram ! infesta nubes caligine visus
Atra meos hebetat, veterumque oblivia rerum.
Sæpe quidem conor luctus exquirere causam,
Languentes donec torpor circumsidet artus ;
Gramine tunc residens, nimium crudelia mecum
Fata gemo, amissis pennis, exsulque Deorum."

A. D. G., 1852.

ULYSSES.

THERE lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd and wrought and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old:
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil:
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows: for my purpose holds

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

ΠΛΗΣΙΟΝ ἐστὶ λιμὴν, τέταται δ' ἄνα ἱστία νηός,
κεῖθι ἁλὸς μέγα λαῖτμα, πελώριον, ἠεροειδές·
ὦ συναρωγοὶ ἐμοὶ, ναῦται φίλοι, αἰὲν ἑταῖροι,
ἠμὲν ἐνὶ πτολέμῳ ἐπαμύντορες ἠδ' ἐνὶ βουλῇ,
τοῖσι μάλ' ἀσπασίως βροντὴ Διὸς, ἀσπασίως δὲ
'Ηελίοιο σέλας ἐπεπίλνατο ἡδομένοισιν,
οὐδέ τι δειμαίνουσι κακὸν πέλεν, ἀλλ' ἐδέχεσθε
ἀντίοι. εὐθαρσεῖς—ἡμέας βαρὺ γῆρας ἱκάνει·
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ γῆρας πόνου ἄμμορον οὐδέ τι τιμῆς·
πάντων τέρμα φέρει θάνατος δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.
ἀλλά τι, πρὶν θανέειν, τελέσωμεν ἀγακλυτὸν ἔργον,
κλεινὸν, θεσπέσιον, ἐπειὴ πολὺ κάλλιον οὕτω,
ἀνδράσιν, οἵτε θεοῖσιν ἐρίσσαμεθ' ἀθανάτοισι.
τηλόθι λαμπτῆρες σκοπέλων ἄπο λαμπετόωσιν,
ἐκ φθινύθει μακρὸν ἦμαρ, ἐπαντέλλει δὲ σελήνη,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἐπιστοναχοῦσι πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης
αὐδαὶ ἀπειρέσιοι, πολυηχέες· ἀλλὰ, ἑταῖροι,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἤδη ὔμμε, φίλοι, φθήσεσθαι ὀΐω
δῶμα νέον ζητοῦντας ἐπ' ἀλλοθρόοις ἀνθρώποις.
λύσατ' ἀπὸ πρύμνης πρυμνήσια, τύπτετ' ἐρετμοῖς
ἑξῆς ἑζόμενοι πολιὴν ἅλα κυμαίνουσαν,
εὔαδε γάρ μοι τοῦτο κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν,

To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides: and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

TENNYSON.

ἐκπερόωντι δύσεις Ὑπερίονος Ἠελίοιο,
πάντα δὲ ἑσπερίων ἄστρων δροσόεντα λοετρὰ,
πλῶσαι ἐπ' Ὠκεάνοιο βαθυρρόου, ἕς τε θάνοιμι.
ἤτοι ἴσως πόντος τάχ' ἐπικλύσει ἀμφικυλισθεὶς,
ἤτοι ἴσως, εἴ που τόδε δὴ τετελεσμένον ἐστὶ,
νήσους ἐς μακάρων τάχ' ἀφιξόμεθ', ὥσθ' ὁράασθαι
Πηλείωνα μέγαν, ἕταρον φίλον, εἴποτ' ἔην γε.
πολλὰ μὲν ἥρπασται, ἔτι δ' ἐμμένει ἔμπεδα πολλὰ,
οἰχομένης δέ περ, ἣν πρὶν ἐχέσκομεν υἷες Ἀχαιῶν,
ἰσχύος, ᾗ γαῖάν τ' ἐλέλιξε καὶ οὐρανὸν, ἔμπης
ἐσμὲν ὅπερ τ' ἐσμὲν, βροτοὶ ἄλκιμοι, ἶσα φρονοῦντες,
ἥλικες, ἰσόμοροι, τῶν τε σθένος ἐστὶν ἐΐσον,
γήραϊ μὲν μοίρᾳ τ' ἀρημένοι, ἀλλὰ πάρεστι
θυμὸς ἐνὶ πραπίδεσσιν, ὅου μένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδνὸν,
διζῆσθαι μεμαώς τε, μαχήμων, τολμήεις τε.

W. L. N., 1852.

BEDD-GELERT.

THE spearman heard the bugle sound,
  And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
  Attend Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
  And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
  Llewelyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam,
  The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
  A lion in the chase?"

That day Llewelyn little loved
  The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
  For Gelert was not there.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

ΚΥΝΟΣ ΣΗΜΑ.

Thucyd. B. viii.

Venator resonos audit cornu edere cantus,
  Aurora et roseo ridet amœna polo :
Plurimus, ecce ! canis, cornu resonante, Luellum
  Adpetit : et signo plurima paret heri.

Clarior et reboat tuba rumpens æthera circum,
  Clarior atque iterum vox iterumque sonat :
"Convenere canes ; age, cur, Gellerte, moraris,
  Quum signum domini dat tuba nota tui ?

"Ah ! ubi Gellertus, domino fidissimus, errat,
  Gellertus, generis gloria flosque sui ?
Inpavidus fidusque, domi non mitior agnus,
  Acrior haud, prædam dum premit, ipse leo ?"

Gaudia sed lepores agitanti parva Luello
  Aut agiles cervos præbuit illa dies ;
Exiguam retulit prædam, solitaque minorem,
  Gellertus solitam quippe negavit opem.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When near the portal seat
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to meet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with wild surprise
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn pass'd,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts met his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
The bloodstain'd cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied:
He search'd with terror wild:
Blood—blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

Mente redux ægra flexit vestigia princeps,
  Turrigeræque adiit limina nota domus;
Quum canis adparens oculis, erraticus ante,
  Excepit reducem lætificatus herum.

Verum ubi perventum est ad celsæ limina turris,
  Constitit, en! princeps obstupuitque metu:
Quippe canis squalet fœdatus sanguine: dentes
  Sanguine deciduo, sanguine labra fluunt.

Obstupet insolito visu, vertitque Luellus
  Usque in sanguineum lumina fixa canem:
Continuoque canis procumbens frenat amatus
  Lætitiam, lambit suppliciterque pedes.

Nec mora, festinans turris petit intima princeps,
  Gellertus dominum prosequiturque suum;
Signa, ubicunque oculos vertit, nova signa cruoris
  Adspicit in madido sanguinolenta solo.

Invenit ingressus subversa cubilia nati,
  Scissaque sanguineis stragula fœda notis;
Undique dum circum terram murosque recenti
  Sanguine perfusos inmaduisse videt.

Advocat infantem—voci vox nulla refertur;
  Demens sollicito quærit ubique metu:
Nil nisi sanguis erat: rubuerunt omnia circum
  Sanguine, nusquam infans inveniendus erat.

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!"
The frantic father cried—
Then to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart,
And still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry?

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep
His cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

"Natus abest, natum, canis O infande, vorasti,"
  Talia dementi projicit ore pater;
Gellerto et gladium capulo tenus abdidit ultor
  Mortiferum, ferro transfodiente latus.

Ut cecidit supplex ad terram saucius ictu,
  Nil valuit domini corda movere sui;
Quum tamen ingemuit Gellertus voce suprema,
  Insolitus subiit pectus herile dolor.

Nescio quem propius terret suprema jacentem
  Vox canis; extemplo pellitur inde sopor:
Verba at lætitiam dicent quæ verba paternam,
  Incipit ut pueri vox inopina queri.

Scilicet infantem, lacera sub strage latentem.
  Neglexit propera præteriitque via;
Formosum at roseo somni fulgore recentis
  Jam puerum anplectens oscula multa rapit.

Vulnera quantulacunque absunt, interritus ipse,
  At, cæde inpositum dedecorante torum,
Torva lupi ingentis, lacerato corpore, forma
  Mortua, sed pariter morte timenda, jacet.

Ah! dolor excruciat quantus tum corda Luelli,
  Res etenim ante oculos non dubitanda patet.
Nempe lupum horribilem canis interfecerat acer,
  Sospes ut hæredi vita maneret heri:

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe—
  "Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
  This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
  With costly sculpture deck'd,
And marbles, storied with his praise,
  Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass
  Or forester unmoved:
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
  Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
  And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
  Poor Gelert's dying yell.

SPENCER.

Tum doluit frustra mærore Luellus inani ;
  "Exsuperas fidum qui genus omne, vale !
Quæ te quæ rabies spoliavit perfida vita
  Usque erit in memori corde dolenda meo."

Funerea ædificant pompa regale sepulchrum,
  Arte, en ! egregia sculptile surgit opus !
Laudibus inscriptis celebrantia marmora famam
  Ossa canis fidi contumulata tegunt.

Venator potuit nunquam, nunquam incola silvæ
  Pectore non tristi præteriisse locum,
Rorata et lacrimis stillantibus herba, Luelli
  Sæpe est tristitiam testificata gravem.

Hic quoque suspendit cornu suspendit et hastam,
  Sæpe et, quum clausit vesperis hora diem,
Credulus audivit miserandum morte sub ipsa
  Vocibus extremis exululare canem.

J. B., 1852.

HYPERION

Book II.

O ye whom wrath consumes! who, passion stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop:
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of nature's law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason that thou art the king
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes
Through which I wander'd to eternal truth.
And first as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art not thou the last: it cannot be—
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
TENNYSON.

SUCCENSI o rabie! vos qui sub corde furoris
Angentes premitis stimulos, vincique doletis,
Claudite nunc aures, sensus hebetate repressos!
Non mea enim folles iræ vox ignibus addit.
Verum audite tamen, qui saltem audire velitis,
Dum doceo indiciis ut ineluctabile fatum
Cedere vos cogit, simul indiciisque doloris
Adjicio præsens præsentibus ipse levamen;
Si modo sinceræ vos vera levamina vocis
Accipitis. Cadimus naturæ lege coacti,
Non Iovis armata vi, non Iovis igne caduco.—
Maxime tu vero prisci primordia mundi
Acriter excutiens animo, Saturne, revolvis,
At frustra ille labor. Te Regem intelligis esse,
Imperii et splendor sic Regis lumina cæcat,
Ut via secreto te calle fefellerit una,
Quæ mea ad æternum duxit vestigia Verum.
  Primum igitur, primus qui non Deus ante fuisti
Nunc etiam—sic Fata ferunt—non ultimus exstas,
Tu neque principium, neque finis.

From chaos and parental darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it light, and light engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth were manifest.
Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd than by us the rule

Nocte Chaoque
Orta parentali venit Lux, illius imi
Primitiæ nixus efferventisque tumultus,
Qui penitus miros genituri denique fines,
Maturescebant. Maturius adfuit ævum,
Adfuit atque simul rerum Lux prima creata,
Quæ proprii gremium fecundans ipsa Parentis
Vitali ingentes animavit numine massas.
Tempore quin ipso, nostri fons nobilis ortus,
Terræque et cæli species manifesta refulsit :
Tu dein primigenus, nos et Titania pubes
Regna regebamus vita formosa recenti.
Actum est : veridicæ morsum nunc cernite vocis,
Si quos, ah stulti !—vestrum ista momorderit unquam ;
Usque etenim veri nudos perferre dolores,
Asperaque inmoto contemnere tempora vultu,
Summum est imperium. Senioris credite verbis,
Ut Chaos et Tenebras, quamvis pollentia quondam,
Exsuperat longi Terræ cælique venustas,
Utque venustatem nos ipsi vincimus illam,
Corpore præstantes, insigni et robore formæ ;
Arbitrio proprio, proprio qui jure fruentes,
Juncti et amicitiæ sociali fœdere firmæ,
Signa alia edidimus melioris plurima vitæ,—
Sic quoque vis nobis jam jam perfectior instat,
Vis specie excellens, quæ nobis orta, parentes
Nos victura tamen fato decernitur ipso,
Pristina quo veteris superamus numina Noctis.
Non magis hac sed enim devicta est nostra potestas

Of shapeless Chaos.
Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles golden feather'd, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye: and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.

KEATS.

Quam nobis inmane Chaos.
Quin dicite, tellus
Num certare solet cum luco ignava superbo,
Se mage formosum quem primo pascit ab ortu?
Supremum an nemori dare dedignatur honorem?
Invidet anne arbor dulci nemorosa columbæ,
Quod canat, et niveas pandens argentea pennas
Gaudia perquirat rapido longinqua volatu?
Nos instar nemoris, formosaque bracchia nostra
Non, pavidam prolem, solas genuere columbas
Verum aquilas potius, quæ nostra nitore venustæ
Iam capita auricomo supereminuere suprema;
Iure et regnabunt. Lex quippe æterna manebit,
Qui superet forma superabit viribus idem.
Immo lege illa melior fortasse futura
Victores parili luctu gens opprimet olim.—
Vidistisne novum, mea qui jam regna gubernat,
Oceani regem? Vidistisne illius ora,
Ætherios et equis freta per spumantia currus
Aligeris raptos, mira quos arte creavit?
Vidi ego verrentem tranquillas æquoris undas,
Tam pulchris adeo nituerunt lumina flammis,
Ultro ut lugubris—"Nunc o nunc regna valete!"
Injussa ediderit mea lingua—"Valete supremum:"
Dixi: et ut adspiciam quæ fati venerit ictu
Aspera sors vobis, huc veni: si qua severis
His ego vulneribus præbere levamina possim.
Accipite o verum.—Vestri en! medicina doloris.

J. S. W., 1853.

KING RICHARD II

Act 3, Sc. 3.

DUKE OF YORK. KING RICHARD. EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun,
From out the fiery portal of the east;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show.

K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΕΔ. Καὶ μὴν ἄναξ ὅδ' αὐτὸς ἔρχεται πέλας
ἐρυθριῶντος 'Ηλίου χόλῳ δίκην,
ἐκ τῆς 'Εώας εὖτε παμφλέκτου πύλης
φανεὶς ὅπωπε φθονέρ' ἀπαμβλύνειν νέφη
μέλλοντα φέγγος, καὶ τροχῶν χραίνειν βάσιν,
ἰόντος ἤδη τὴν πρὸς ἑσπέραν ὁδόν.
καίτοι τύραννος ὥσπερ εἰσορᾶν πρέπει·
ἰδοῦ γὰρ οἷον ὄμμαθ', ὥσπερ αἰετοῦ,
φλέγοντα, παντόσεμνον ἀστράπτει σέλας.
φεῦ, φεῦ·
θρηνεῖν πάρεστι, μὴ γὰρ ὤφελέν ποτε
κακὸν τοιᾶσδε προσθιγεῖν τι καλλονῆς.

ΡΙΧ. Εχει με θάμβος, καὶ πάλαι καθίσταμαι
τηρῶν σε κάμψεις εἴπερ εὐσεβὲς γόνυ
τῷ δὴ δοκοῦντι σοῦ τυραννεύειν δίκῃ·
εἰ δ' ἐστὶ τοῦτο, πῶς παρόντι μοι τὸ μὴ
μοῖραν παρίης τὴν προσήκουσαν νέμειν·
εἰ δ' ἐστὶν ἄλλως, τίς ποτ' ἐκ θεῶν τύχη
ἔμ' ἐκβέβληκε τῆσδε τῆς σκηπτουχίας ;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond, methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he look for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

NORTH. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

καὶ γὰρ τοσοῦτόν γ' οἶδα μήτιν' ἂν βροτῶν
ὁσίων λαβέσθαι τῶνδε τῶν σκήπτρων χερὶ
εἰ μὴ δι' ὕβρεως, ἢ βίᾳ συλωμένων.
καὶ δῆθ' ἅπαντας ἐξ ἴσου νομίζετε
ὑμῖν προδόντας τἀμὰ λωβᾶσθαι φρένας,
ἡμᾶς τ' ἐρήμους καὶ φίλων ἀνωφελεῖς·
ἀλλ' ἴσθ', ὁ δαίμων παγκρατὴς, ἐμὸν σέβας,
ἐπωφέλειαν ἡμὶν ἐν νέφων πτυχαῖς
νῦν ἐξαθροίζει, πάμφαγον νόσων στρατόν·
σκήψουσι δ' αὗται τοῖς τ' ἀγεννήτοις τέκνοις
καὶ τοῖς ἐπίσποροισιν, οἵ γ' ὑπηκόους
τολμᾶτ' ἐφ' ἡμῖν ὧδ' ἐπαίρεσθαι χέρας,
ὡς ἐξελῶντες τοῦδε φιλτάτου θρόνου.
ἀλλ' εἴπαθ' ὑμεῖς τοῦτό μοι Βολιμβρόκῳ—
ἕστηκε δ' ἡμῶν οὐχ ἕκας, ταύτης ὅτι
γῆς ἐμβατεύων ἀνομίαν ὀφλισκάνει
δεινὴν καθ' ἡμῶν· καὶ γὰρ αἱματοσταγεῖς
δέλτους ὅδ' Ἄρεος ὡς ἀναπτύξων πάρα·
κράτος δ', ὃ θηρᾷ, πρὶν καθ' ἥσυχον νέμειν,
κεφαλαὶ πεσοῦνται μυρίων φονορρύτοι
παίδων, προσώπῳ δυσπρεπῆ μιάσματα
χθονὸς πατρῴας, ὥστ' ἐρυθριᾶν χόλῳ,
λευκὴν μεταλλάξασαν εἰρήνης χρόα,
βρέχειν τε πιστὸν αἷμα ποιηροὺς ἀγρούς.

ΝΟΡ. Ἀλλ' εὔχομαι τὸ σεμνὸν οὐρανοῦ κράτος,
λόγῳ στράτευμ' οἰκεῖον, οὐκ ἔργῳ, τόδε,
τὠμῷ τυράννῳ μὴ προσορμᾶσθαι βίᾳ·
σὲ δ' οὖν, ὁ σὸς μάλ' εὐγενὴς ἀνέψιος,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This, swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

SHAKSPERE.

ὦναξ, προνοίᾳ προσκυνεῖ φιλόφρονι·
τύμβον τ' ἔνορκος τίμιον μαρτύρεται
ὅς σοι τὸ κλεινὸν ἀμπέχει πάππου δέμας,
ζεῦγός τε διπλοῦν αἵματος τυραννικοῦ,
(δύω ῥέοντε νάματ' ἐκ πηγῆς μιᾶς)
Γαυντοῦ τ' ἀρίστου χεῖρα τὴν ὑπὸ χθονὶ,
τιμάς θ' ἑαυτοῦ κἀξίωμα συλλαβὼν,
καὶ πάνθ' ὅσ' εἰπεῖν ἢ διομνύειν πρέπει,
ὡς ἦλθεν οὐ δράσων τι, λιπαρῶν δ' ἃ χρὴ
γένους κατ' ἀγχιστεῖα πανδίκως ἔχειν·
καὶ τἄλλ', ὅσωνπερ ἐστὶν ἐνδεὴς, γόνυ
κάμπτων, λιταῖς τε προσκυνῶν, αἰτούμενος·
ἃ δῆτ' ἔνορκος εἰ χαρίζεσθαι θέλεις
ἤδη τὰ λαμπρὰ διαβόρῳ σκεύη πίνῳ
ἵππους χαλινωθέντας ἐπιτρέψει σταθμοῖς
καὶ πιστὸν, ὦναξ, κῆρ ὑπουργίᾳ σέθεν.
εἶναι δίκαι', ὄμνυσι πρὸς σκήπτρου, τάδε,
ὄμνυμι δ' αὐτὸς, πάνθ' ὅσ' εὐόρκως λέγει,
πρὸς τοῦδε κρατὸς εὐγενοῦς, ὡς πείθομαι.

A. D. G., 1853

WITCH OF FYFE.

THE second nycht quhan the new moon set,
O'er the roaring sea we flew;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-flauchtis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie;
And the thunner it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaed scouryng bye.

And aye we mountit the sea-grein hillis,
Quhill we brushit thro' the cludis of the hevin;
Than sousit dounright like the stern-shot light,
Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
And sae pang was our pearily prow,
Quhan we culdna speil the brow of the wavis,
We needilit them throu below.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

> "How, now, you secret, black and midnight hags,
> What is't you do?"

ALTERA jamque aderat nox, et nova Luna cadebat,
  Horrisoni ruimus per freta nigra maris;
Scilicet inpavidum præbebat concha phaselum,
  Velaque cærulea ruta marina coma.

Continuo en! sævit Boreas—micat ignea rima,
  Æquora dum scandunt ambitiosa polum:
Undivagi exululare canes, cælumque tonitru
  Stridere, ut rapidum deproperamus iter.

Cæruleos montes undarum scandimus usque,
  Nubila et ætherea verrimus ipsa via;
Dein nitida cæli demissa ut stella fenestra,
  Mox in præcipites præcipitamur aquas.

Verum adeo validi nobis mansere rudentes,
  Tam conpacta fuit vitrea prora ratis:
Ut capita undarum quum non superare liceret
  Rostrata medias perfoderemus acu.

As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
  As fast as the mydnychte leme,
We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale
  Or fluffit i' the flotyng faem.

And quhan to the Norroway shore we wan
  We muntyd our steedis of the wynd,
And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the
    woode,
  And we left the shouir behinde.

Fleet is the roe on the green Lomond,
  And swift is the couryng grew;
The rein-deir dun can eithly run,
  Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deir dun
  The hinde nor the couryng grew
Culde fly owr muntaine, muir, and dale,
  As our braw steedis they flew.

The dales were deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
  And we raise to the skies ee-bree;
Quhite, quhite was our rode that was never trode
  O'er the snawis of eternity.

And quhan we cam to the Lapland lone
  The fairies war all in array,
For all the genii of the north
  War keepyng their holiday.

Ocior effusæ vi grandinis—ocior Euro,
  Ocior et noctis fulmine cumba volat:
Cumba volat—spuma seu summi fluctuat æstus,
  Seu tumida adversæ pectora pulsat aquæ.

Ast ubi Norvegiæ tandem pervenimus oras,
  Æolus aërios suppeditavit equos;
Nec mora—rimatæ silvas—tranavimus amnes—
  Imber et effrena vincitur ipse fuga.

Culmina quid pernix peragrat si dama Lomondi,
  Et rapidus currat per juga summa canis:
Quidve canes ipsos possit si vincere cervus,
  Cum venatorum buccina sæva sonat—

Non tamen alipedes cervi damæve fugaces,
  Currere nec suetus per juga summa canis;
Tam rapidi clivos, convalles, tesqua pererrant,
  Flaminibus nostri quam rapiuntur equi.

Per latebras humiles et per prærupta Dofrinæ
  Saxa, supercilium surgere adusque poli:
Dum pedibus candet via nunquam trita profanis,
  Candet, perpetua relligiosa nive.

Verum ubi Lapponiæ desertas venimus oras,
  Nympharum adstabat quæque parata cohors:
Quippe celebrabant Genii solennia festa,
  Si quis Hyperboreo regna sub axe tenet.

The warlock men and the weird wemynge,
  And the fays of the wood and the steep,
And the phantom hunteris all war there,
  And the mermaids of the deep.

And they washit us all with the witch-water,
  Distillit fra the muirland dew,
Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose,
  That wyld in the foreist grew.

"Ye lee! ye lee! ye ill womyne,
  Sae loud as I heir ye lee!
For the warst-faurd wife on the shoris of Fyfe
  Is cumlye comparit with thee."

Then the mermaidis sang and the woodlandis rang,
  Sae sweetly swellit the quire;
On every cliffe a herpe they hang,
  On every tree a lyre.

And aye they sang and the woodlandis rang,
  And we drank and we drank sae deep:
Then soft in the armis of the warlock men
  We laid us dune to sleep.

"Away, away, ye ill womyne,
  An ill deide met ye dee!
Quhan ye hae pruvit se false to yer God
  Ye can never pruve true to me."

HOGG.

Plurimus inde aderat Proteus— hinc plurima Circe—
  Semideæ Dryades monticolæque chori;
Venatorum aderant necnon simulacra virorum,
  Quæque maris Siren carmine mulcet aquas.

Nec mora—nos mira laverunt corpora lympha,
  Quam magico cæspes rore palustris alit:
Fulserit ut nobis, mortali clarior ore,
  Æmula silvicolæ forma venusta rosæ.

"Inproba mentiris"—subita vir voce reclamat—.
  "Inproba, mendaces reddis ab ore sonos;
Quippe anus in tota vel deformissima Fifa,
  Formæ est inlecebris anteferenda tuæ."

Inde repercusso resonabant carmine silvæ,
  Cantus æquorei sic tumuere chori;
In scopulo citharam suspendunt quoque sonantem,
  Arbor habet tremulam frondea quæque lyram.

Usque repercusso resonabant carmine silvæ,
  Pocula dum bibimus tantaque totque meri;
Ut tenero tandem somni languore solutis
  Pectus amatorum dulce cubile daret.

"At te, femineæ mulier fœdissima gentis,
  Mortis te merita pessima fata ferant:
Tu, quæ falsa Deum sprevisti mente nefanda,
  Esse mihi nullo tempore fida potes."

J. S. W., 1853.

EVANGELINE

Part ii., Cant. iii.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and illuming the landscape with silver
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars, but within doors
Brighter than these shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight:
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Pour'd forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion:
Then he spake to his guests, who listen'd, and smiled as they listen'd—
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless—
Welcome once more to a land which is better, perchance, than the old one.

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

ΤΟΙΣ δ' ἄρα δαινυμένοις αἴφνης ἐπὶ ἕσπερος
ἦλθεν·
εἴχετο μὲν σιγῇ πάντ' ἔκτοθεν, εὖ δὲ σελήνη
οὐρανὸν εἰσαναβᾶσα πυκνοῖσι μετ' ἄστρασιν,
αἴγλην
ἀργυρέαν κατέχευεν ἐερσήεντας ἐπ' ἀγρούς.
'Αλλ' ἐντὸς μεγάροιο φίλων ἔστιλβε πρόσωπα
καὶ πολὺ φαιδρότερον, δαΐδων ὕπο λαμπομενάων·
αὐτὸς δ' αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα βόων ἐπιβουκόλος ἀνὴρ
πρῶτος ἐὼν μετὰ πᾶσιν, ἐπαρξάμενος δεπάεσσιν,
ἄσπετον οἶνον ἔνειμε χαριζόμενος παρεόντος.
Δὴ τότ' ἐϋφρονέων μετέειπεν δαινυμένοισιν.
"Χαίρετέ μοι φίλοι αὖθ' οἳ δῆθ' ἀπὸ πατρίδος
αἴης
μίμνετε πλαγκτοσύναις, ἄφιλοι καὶ ἀνέστιοι ὄντες.
δέξασθε προτέρας πολὺ βελτίον' αἶαν, ὅθ' οὔτε

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers—
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the waters.
All the year round the orange groves are in blossom, and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here too numberless herds run wild and unclaim'd in the prairies;
Here too lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built and your fields are yellow with harvest,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads—
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge brawny hand came thundering down on the table—
So that the guests all started, and father Felician astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

χειμὼν ὀκρυόεις πήγνυσ' αἷμ' ἠΰτε ῥεῖθρα,
οὔτ' ἄρ' ἀνιάζει γῆ πετρήεσσ' ἀρότηρας.
εὖ δὲ διατμήγει βαθυλήϊον οὖδας ἄροτρον
ἠΰτε κῦμα τρόπις· ῥοιαί τε μάλ' ἀγλαόκαρποι
παντοῖαι πεφύασιν ἐπηετανὸν γανόωσαι,
καὶ βοτάνη ῥ' ἔτι πλεῖον ἴῃ ἐνὶ νυκτὶ τέθηλεν
ἤτε θέρος τίκτει ὑμῶν ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ·
ἔνθα τε κἄνθ' ἀγέλαι τῇδ' ἠλάσκουσι κατ' ἀγροὺς,
πολλαὶ ἀπειρέσιαι· παράκειται δ' ἐνθάδ' ἄρουρα
βουλομένοισιν ἑλέσθαι, ἐνὶ δ' ἔτι δάσκιος ὕλη
πάντοθεν εὖ θάλλει καὶ δένδρεα μάκρα πέφυκεν.—
ἔνθα κέ τις κόψας τε πελεκκήσας τ' ἄρα χαλκῷ
ῥηϊδίως τεύξειε δόμους εὐναιετάοντας·
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ τόγε γ' ἔργον ἔχει τέλος, ἀλλά τ' ἔπειτα
ξανθοῖσι σταχύεσσιν ἐῢ φρίσσουσιν ἀροῦραι,
οὐ τότε τηλεδαπὸς κρείων δόλῳ οὐδὲ βίηφιν
σταθμῶν ἐξελάσει καίων κάτα δώματα καλὰ,
ἁρπάζων τε βόων ἀγέλας καὶ ἴφια μῆλα."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας καπνοῦ νέφος ἧκε χολωθεὶς
ἀν ῥῖνας, στιβαρή τ' ἄρα χεὶρ ἐνέπιπτε τραπέζῃ,
δούπησεν δὲ πεσοῦσ', οἱ δὲ φρένας ἐπτοίηθεν,
ὣς δ' ὁ γέρων ἱερεὺς αἶψ' ἀτρέμας εἶχε τεθηπώς·

But the brave Basil renew'd, and his words were milder and gayer—
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching,
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy verandah.
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summon'd all to the house of Basil the herdsman:
Merry the greeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours—
Friend clasp'd friend in his arms, and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,

ἀλλ' αὖθις μετέειπε βοῶν ἐπιβουκόλος ἀνὴρ
δαιτυμόνας τ' ἐπέεσσι προσηύδα μειλιχίοισιν.
"'Αλλὰ, ὁρᾶτε, φίλοι, μήπως δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν
καῦμα φέρῃ πυρετὸν θυμοφθόρον, οὐ γὰρ ἀκεστὸς
ὅρμῳ ἀλεξικάκῳ ὑμῶν ὡς πατρίδι γαίῃ."
δὴ τότ' ἀπειρέσιοι φθογγοὶ ἔκτοσθε θυράων
ἔνδοθεν ἤκουσθεν, πάταγος δ' ἦεν προσιόντων
κλίμακ' ἀν' ὑψηλὴν, αἰθούσῃ τ' ἠνεμοέσσῃ·
ἦλθονγάρ τ' ἄμυδις περιναιέται ἠδ' ἀρότηρες
τοὺς ἀθρόους ἐκάλεσσ' ἐπιβουκόλος ὅνδε δόμονδε·
δὴ τότε θυμάρων ἑτάρων φίλη ἔσκεν ὀπωπὴ
δῆρον ἀποιχομένων· τοὶ δὴ περὶ χεῖρε βαλόντες
ἄσμενοι ἀλλήλοισιν ἐτάρφθησαν φιλότητος·
κεῖνος δ' ἐκ φυγάδων ἀγνὼς πάρος, εἴ ποτ' ἔην γε,
ὥστε φίλος γένετ' αἶψ', αὐτὴ γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα
πατρίς· ἀτὰρ κατὰ δῶμα γέρων φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ
ἱμερόεν κιθάριζ', ἐν δὲ σφίσιν ἵμερον ὦρσε
μολπῆς τε γλυκερῆς καὶ ἀμύμονος ὀρχηθμοῖο.
οἱ δ' ἀπέχοντο λόγων νέοι ὣς, ἀταλὰ φρονέοντες

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves
to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and sway'd
to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of
fluttering garments.

LONGFELLOW.

καὶ σεύοντο χορόνδ', οὐ γὰρ φρεσὶν ἄλλα μενοίνων·
καρπαλίμως δ' ἄρ' ἐδίνευον, ῥήσσοντες ἁμαρτῇ,
ἕως θοὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθ' ἴθυσε χορὸς κατὰ ῥυθμὸν,
αἰόλος, ἠΰτ' ὄνειρον, ἔλαμψεν δ' ὄμματα πάντων
κραιπνὰ δ' ἐπειγομένων ἑλελίζετο εἵματα ῥιπῇ.

W. W. M., 1853.

PINDAR, PYTH. IX., 1-70.

"Quicquid amor jussit non est contemnere tutum;
Regnat, et in dominos jus habet ille Deos."

Ovid.

VICTOREM celebro quem tulit arida
Battorum urbs, titulum cui dedit Hypsias
Phœbo clara proco, nataque Pelii
Imis nympha recessibus:
Hanc olim a patriis sedibus abstulit
Velox cornigeri currus Apollinis,
Dulce ad conubium: nec Venus abfuit,
Nec gratus Veneri pudor.
Mox terras alias, et patriam novam
Accepit, Libyæ fertilis incola
Qua, dives tritici, lata greges fovet
Tellus innumerabiles:
Illi femineus displicuit labor,
Et distenta colo fila volubili,
Raro virginibus cum sociis levem
Fallebat dapibus diem:
Sed duris jaculis horribiles feras
Vexabat, gladio cominus insequens;

Securam et requiem, tutaque pabula
Armentis patriis dabat:
Auroram tenebris jam fugientibus,
Surgebat teneris excutiens genis
Somnum mane levem, qui reliquas tenet
Hospes luxuriosior:
Quam cum terribili prælia bellua,
Abjectis jaculis, aspera pectore
Urgentem inpavido viderat aurea
Insignis pharetra Deus;
Chirona a domibus provocat intimis,
"Mireris latebras antraque deserens
Insignem hanc animo et robore virginem;
Æquo ut pectore sustinet
Pugnas horribiles: nec labor opprimit
Vires femineas, mensque timoribus
Inconcussa manet. Quo patre, qua domo,
Prognata, hoc celebrat nemus?
Clara ut virgineis viribus eminet!
Dic, si fas manibus tangere virginem,
Sive in conubio carpere dulcia
Blandi dona Cupidinis?"
Tum ridens placidum prævalidus Deo
Chiron verba refert talia: "Amantium
Ah, vix vixque labor maximus intimas
Suadelæ penetrat fores:
Hoc Divi metuunt, hoc homines, palam
Dulcis prima tori carpere gaudia,
At te cui vetitum est fallere, blandior
Hanc fraudem docuit Venus.

At quid tu patriam virginis, et domum
Quæris? quippe ratos temporis exitus
Nosti, quippe Deum consilia intima,
Et turgentia germina
Aprilis numeras, quotque sub æquore
Volvuntur lapides, quum mare turbidum
Auster quum fluvios vexet, et inspicis
Rerum præscius ordinem.
Sin dixisse licet quæ bene noveris,
Dico—legitimam ducere conjugem
Hanc te fata volunt, et super æquora
Hortos ad patrios feres;
Reginam et facies divitis insulæ,
Cives innumeros undique conligens,
Uxoremque tuam fertilis aurea
Hanc campus Libyæ domo
Confestim accipiet, participem soli,
Et sedes proprias dividet, incolis
Qua nec frugiferi deficient agri,
Nec deerunt silüis feræ:
Hic pulcri faciet te pueri patrem,
Quem Maiæ suboles auferet, et suam
Curam terra parens, et levium chorus
Horarum accipiet suam;
Inponent genibus membra foventibus,
Tingentes pueri nectareo labra
Suco, moxque tuam reddet imaginem,
Æterni aut faciem Jovis;
Pastorque ille bonus, carus erit suis,
Agreus aut Nomius, nomine clarior

Multo." Ad conubium talibus inpulit
Suadelis animum Dei :
Di quodcunque velint efficiunt cito :
Illo nympha die nupsit Apollini,
Qua servat titulum quem dedit Hypsias,
Urbs victoribus inclyta.

P. G., 1854.

KING RICHARD II

Act 2, Sc. 1.

KING RICHARD. JOHN OF GAUNT.

K. Rich. Can sick men play thus nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No! misery makes sport to mock itself.
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΡΙΧ. Ἆρ' εἰς ὀνόματα τοὺς νόσῳ κεκμηκότας
παίζειν τοιαῦτα χρὴ δι' αἰνιγμῶν, φίλε ;

ΓΑΥ. Αὐτή γ' ἐς αὑτὴν μᾶλλον ἡ δυσπραξία·
σὺ δ' ὄνομα τοὐμὸν κἄμ' ἀποκτείνειν θέλεις,
ἔσκωψα τοίνυν ὄνομα θωπεύων σ', ἄναξ.

Ρ. Τὸν ζῶνθ' ὁ θνήσκων ἆρα θωπεύει καλῶς ;

Γ. Οὐ δῆτα· τοὺς θνήσκοντας οἱ ζῶντες μὲν οὖν.

Ρ. Θνήσκων σὺ μὲν φῂς ὥς με θωπεύεις ὅμως.

Γ. Θνήσκεις σὺ, θνήσκεις, κἂν ἐγὼ μᾶλλον νοσῶ.
Ρ. Ὑγιὴς ἐγώ σε καὶ πνέων νοσοῦνθ' ὁρῶ.

GAUNT. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill,
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient that thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians who first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, encaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
Oh! had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for the world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now—not king
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;
And thou——

RICH. A lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,

Γ. Ἀλλ᾽ οὖν ὁ φύσας μ᾽ ἐξεπίσταται θεὸς
νοσῶν περ αὐτὸς ὡς νοσοῦνθ᾽ ὁρῶ τὰ σά.
λέκτρον δ᾽ ἐφ᾽ ᾧ σὺ θανάσιμος κεῖσαι νοσῶν
τὴν δόξαν, οὐ τὸ σῶμ᾽, ἀνηκέστῳ πάθει,
ἔλασσον οὐδέν ἐσθ᾽ ὁλοκλήρου χθονός.
σὺ δ᾽ οὖν περίσσῃ χρώμενος ῥᾳθυμίᾳ
τυραννικὸν κείνοισιν ἐπιτρέπεις δέμας,
ὑφ᾽ ὧν τὸ πρόσθεν τραῦμ᾽ ἐτύγχανες παθών.
καὶ δὴ ᾽ν στέφει σῷ μυρίοι χρυσηλάτῳ
κόλακες ἐνεδρεύουσιν, οὗ στενὸς κύκλος
οὐδὲν τὸ κρατὸς μέτρον ὑπερβάλλει σέθεν;
ἐνιὸς δὲ τὴν σὴν γῆν διαφθείρεις ὅμως,
ἕρκει τοσούτῳ καίπερ ἐγκυκλουμένην.
οἴμοι, σὸς εἶχε πάππος εἰ προειδέναι
τερασκόποισιν ὄμμασιν, μάντις γεγὼς,
παῖς παιδὸς ὡς ἔμελλε παῖδας ὄλλυναι,
αἴσχους, σάφ᾽ ἴσθι, τοῦδ᾽ ἂν ἐστέρησέ σε,
καὶ πρὶν κατασχεῖν ἐξέβαλλ᾽ ἂν ἐξ ἕδρας,
ἀφ᾽ ἧς μανεὶς σὺ σαυτὸν ἐκβάλλειν θέλεις.
καίτοι προπάσης, σύγγον᾽, εἰ ᾽κράτεις χθονὸς,
δρῴης ἂν αἰσχρὰ τήνδε μισθώσας ὅμως·
νῦν δ᾽ ἐξ ἁπάσης τήνδ᾽ ἐπεὶ μόνην ἔχεις,
πῶς οὐχὶ διπλοῦν αἶσχος ὧδ᾽ ὀφλισκάνεις;
κληροῦχος εἶ σὺ, κοὐκ ἄναξ, ταύτης χθονὸς,
κατάστασις δ᾽ ἥδ᾽, ἥνπερ ἔννομον καλεῖς,
αὐτὴ νόμοισιν ἔνοχός ἐστ᾽ ἐγχωρίοις·
σὺ δ᾽ αὖτε——

Ρ. Μωρὸς καὶ φρενῶν κενὸς πάνυ,
θρασὺς δὲ μᾶλλον ἢ κατ᾽ ἀσθενῶν γέρας,

Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from its native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so glibly in thine head
Should run thy head from thine unreverend shoulders.

SHAKSPERE.

προσηγορῶν ψυχροῖσι νουθετήμασι
παρηΐδος τῆσδ' ὠχριᾶν ποιεῖς χρόα,
ῥοὴν διώκων αἵματος τυραννικοῦ
πικρᾶς ὑπ' ὀργῆς τῆσδ' ἀπ' οἰκείας ἕδρας.
καὶ μὴν,—ἐγὼ δ' ἅπαντα τοῦδ' ἐμοῦ θρόνου
πρὸς σεμνότητος αὐτὸς εὐόρκως λέγω—
εἰ μὴ, πανοῦργε, παιδὸς Ἐδοάρδου 'τυχες
ὅμαιμος ὢν, τάχιστα γλῶσσ' ἂν εὔτροχος
τοῦ κρατὸς ἔνδον εὖ τρέχειν ποιοῖ κάρα
σὸν παντότολμον σχετλίων ὤμων ἄπο.

J. R., 1854.

GONDOLINE.

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The curlew scream'd above;
She heard the scream with a sickening heart,
Much boding of her love.

But still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
Oh! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die.

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendent from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

"Oh what a noble heart was here undone!"—BYRON.

SOLA vagabatur vacuæ per litus arenæ:
  Raucisono strepitus mergus ab ore dedit:
Audiit illa sonum; coit in præcordia sanguis:
  Triste reformidat conscius omen Amor.

Vixque viam tenuit; tenuit tamen: usque querella
  Flebilis una iterum vox iterumque fuit;
Scire o jam liceat, vivatne an mortuus ille,
  Tum demum placida mortua pace fruar.

Pervenitque locum, qua longa foramine cautis
  Diffiderat durum saxea rima latus;
Speluncam adsurgens regit horrida quercus hiulcam,
  Exusta attollens bracchia nuda coma.

Infandum dictu! solani, vertice ab atro,
  Bacca veneniferi triste pependit onus.
Horrida cum nigris obfusa aconita cicutis,
  Antri, dira seges, limina prima tenent.

And all within was dark and drear,
  And all without was calm;
Yet Gondoline enter'd—her soul upheld
  By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
  The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock.
  It hung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipp'd and she stood aghast,
  She trod on a bloated toad;
Yet still upheld by the secret charm,
  She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
  Mysterious sounds arose;
So on the mountain's piny top,
  The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
  Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
  Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
  The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
  Seem'd bursting from her head.

Cuncta situ squalent intus, caligine cuncta :
  Tranquillaque foris cuncta quiete silent ;
Illa sed ingressa est : animos vis intima cordi
  Nescio quæ tantos suppeditare potest.

Ingressa est virgo latæ prima ora cavernæ ;
  Incertum lumen pallida Luna dabat :
Vidit et hærentem scopulis deformibus anguem :
  Lubrica sustinuit pensile cauda caput.

Lapsa refert gressus : stupet illo territa visu ;
  Offendit tenerum fœda rubeta pedem.
Vis tamen illa animos cæco sub corde ministrat,
  Nec sinit inceptam deseruisse viam.

Quas tamen aure bibit voces? quo pectora fiunt
  Audito glacie frigidiora sono?
Tales, sævit ubi Borea stridente procella,
  Piniferum strepitus personuere jugum.

Personat horrificus trepidantia saxa cachinnus ;
  Fulmina non tali jacta fragore tonant ;
Tum sonus in tenues moriens delabitur auras,
  Et vix per tacitam dat leve murmur humum.

At tenet usque viam, tenet inperterrita virgo ;
  Pergit ; vis etenim pergere cæca jubet.
Quanquam distentis oculi riguere tumentes
  Orbibus, et proprium vix tenuere locum.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
  It from a distance came ;
She follow'd, till upon her sight,
  Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd ; yet still the charm
  Upheld her sinking soul ;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
  And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there,
  No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there,
  No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
  The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave, so wide and long,
  Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
  Twelve wither'd witches stood,
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
  And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too, and red,
  And fiercely flamed their eyes ;
And they were muttering indistinct
  Their hellish mysteries.

Pallida liventi radio jam lumina cernit,
  Lumina longinquo suppeditata foco :
Persequitur ; donec subitas videt undique flammas
  Æstuat innumeris undique flamma globis.

Constitit : attonitæ sed enim vis profuit illa,
  Exanimem mentem nec cecidisse sinit ;
Constitit : hinc illinc dementia lumina torquet :
  Et genua alternis pulsibus icta tremunt.

Qualia tunc vidit spectacula, talia nunquam
  Humanis oculis visa fuere prius ;
Talia non iterum Parcæ, dum terra manebit,
  Humanis oculis adspicienda dabunt.

Spelunca in media fervens constabat aenum,
  Exsilit, atque alto vertice flamma furit.
Et, quam longa patet, patet et, quam lata, caverna,
  Conlucet rutilo clarior igne locus.

Adde et quod solidi circum latera ardua aeni,
  Bis sex adstiterant, horrida turba, magæ,
Intortis vestes serpentibus, ecce, ligantur,
  Et coma verticibus sanguinolenta riget.

Destillante manus fœdantur sanguine ; flamma
  Lumina sanguinea, lumina sæva, micant ;
Horrida inaudita funduntur carmina voce,
  Et tenue obsceno murmur ab ore cadit.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
  And utter'd a joyous cry,
And round about the cauldron stout
  They danced right merrily.

And now they stopp'd; and each prepared
  To tell what she had done
Since last the lady of the night
  Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
  Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she lean'd fearful forwarder
  To hear the dreadful tale.

KIRKE WHITE.

Ecce ! manus subito junxerunt protinus omnes,
  Conclamant lætis exululantque sonis ;
Adde et quod solidi circum latera ardua aeni,
  Pulsat humum trepido læta chorea pede.

Destituere choros : adstantibus incipit inde
  Quæque sua sociis facta referre vice ;
Viderit et quidquid, cursum ex quo proxima Luna
  Lumine conplerat deficiente suum.

Post scopulum ingentem virgo sese abdidit : ora
  Pallida dependens densior alga tegit.
Excipit adclinis voces : narrantis ab ore
  Pendet, et horrificos conbibit aure sonos.

P. G., 1854.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick,
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other quickly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

"Go, tell the Dead, I come."—A. SMITH.

ΤΟΥ δὲ κιόντος ἄναξ ἔχετ' ἄσθματι νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ
δεινῷ τ' ἀργαλέῳ τ' ἀσπαίρων, ἀνδρὶ ἐοικὼς
ᾧτ' εἴδωλον ἐναργὲς ἐπέσσυτο νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
εὐνῆφιν, κατὰ δῶμ' ὅτε πάντα μάλ' εἵατο σιγῇ.
ὥς οἱ ἀλαστήσας κρείων στενάχων τ' ὀπὶ λυγρῇ
ἄγχι σχὼν κεφαλὴν μῦθον προσέειπ' ὀλοφυδνόν·
"'Ρίμφ' ἐλάαν, μάλα ῥίμφα· σὲ δ' οὐ φθήσεσθαι ὀΐω
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ θανάτου με μέλαν νέφος ἀμφικαλύψῃ."
αὐτὰρ ὁ κραιπνὰ βεβὼς ὑπὲρ ἄκριας ἠνεμοέσσας
πάντοθεν ἀμφιχύθη περί τ' ἀμφί τ' ἀϋτμένι πολλῷ,
καὶ δὲ κιὼν ὅγ' ἐεισάτ' ἐνὶ ψυχραῖς σπιλάδεσσιν
μείζων καὶ πάσσων ἠὲ βροτὸς εἰσοράασθαι.
ἄϊε μὲν ὀπίσω πολυηχέος 'Αμφιτρίτης
φθόγγον, θεσπεσίη δ' ἐνοπὴ πρόσω ἀμφιδεδήει·
ἀλλ' ἓ νόημα δίεσθαι ἄνωγεν, κέντρῳ ὁμοῖον.
τεύχεα δ' ἐν σπέσσι γλαφυροῖς ἀμφ' αὗον ἀΰτει
οἷς τέτροφεν κρύσταλλος, ἴδ' ἄντροις ἐν κραναοῖσιν·

And barren chasms, and all to right and left
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag, that rang
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
  Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
  Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
And to the barge they came. Then those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

ἀμφὶ δέ μιν μύκε λὶς πέτρη μεγάλ' ἠεροειδὴς
πάντοθεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθ', ὅθι περ στηρίξατο ποσσὶν
πρὸς σκοπέλοις προβλῆσιν, ἀρισφαλέος περ
ὁδοῖο.
οἱ δέ θ' ὑπαὶ ταρσοῖς χαλκήρεσι βλημένοι ὀξὺ
σμερδαλέον κονάβιζον· ἀτάρ ῥα κίχανον ἐΐσην
ἐξαπίνης λίμνην· σφὶν δ' αἰγλήεσσα σελήνη
χειμέριον προφάνεσκ' αὐγαῖσι διηνεκέεσσι.
Δὴ τότε νηῦς σκιόεσσ' ὑπένερθε κατήγετ'
ἰδέσθαι
πᾶσα μάλ', ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, ταφηΐον ὥστε, κελαίνη.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεί ῥ' ἐπὶ θῖνα κατήλυθον εἰσενόησαν
τάρφε' ἐπ' ἰκρίοφιν συναλῆναι ἀγαυὰ κάρηνα
εἰδώλων, μελάνας τε πέπλους στεφάνας τε με-
λαίνας
εἰλυμέν', ἠΰτ' ὄνειρον, ἀνάσσαι δ' αὖτε παρὰ σφὶν
σύντρεις ἑδριόωντο, τάων κροτάφοισιν ὕπερθεν
χρύσειοι στέφανοι, ἀπὸ δ' αὐτόφιν ὦρτο γόοιο
ἠχὴ θεσπεσίη, ποτὶ οὐρανὸν ἣ πελεμίχθη,
τείρεα δ' ἔβραχε πάντα, τά τ' οὐρανὸς ἐστεφά-
νωται·
ἐν δέ τ' ὀρώρει θρῆνος, ἴη ὡς φωνὴ, ὁμαρτῆ
κλαιόντων ἀδινὸν, ζαχρηεῖ ἶσος ἀέλλῃ
ἧτε λιγυπνείουσ' αἶαν διάησιν ἐρήμην
πάννυχος, ἣν ἄνδρες νύ τοι οὐδέποτ' εἰσοιχνεῦσιν,
οὔτε πάροιθε θάμιζον, ἐπειδὴ γαῖα τέτυκται.
Δὴ τότ' ἄναξ ὀλοφύδν' ὀλίγῃ ὀπὶ μῦθον ἔειπεν·
"'Αλλά με νηὸς ἐφέσσαι·" ἱκέσθην τὼ δ' ἐπὶ νῆα,
αἱ δ' ἄρα χεῖρας ὄρεξαν ἑλεῖν ἄμοτον μεμαυῖαι
νύμφαι ἐϋπλόκαμοι, καὶ δακρυόεσσαι ἔχυντο·

But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur, who, with lance at rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

TENNYSON.

ἡ δέ τε τῶν ἄλλων ὑπερέσχε μέγ' ἔξοχ' ἀρίστη
εἶδός τε μέγεθός τε, κάρη ἐπὶ κόλπον ἐφεῖσα
ἧμεν ἀπὸ κροτάφων κυνέην θραυσθεῖσαν ἔλυσεν
ἠδὲ κατέψηξεν χεῖρας χερὶ, καί σφ' ἐκάλεσσεν
ἐξονομακλήδην, μέγα τε στενάχουσ' ἐγεγώνει,
ἐν δ' οἱ ἐπισμυγερὸν κόρσης κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσα,
ᾗ δὴ φυράθη μέλανι βρότῳ· ἀλλὰ γὰρ ὄψις
λευκὴ, χροίης νόσφι, μαρανθεῖσ' ὥστε σελήνη,
ἥνπερ ὑπ' ἠοῖον φαέθων ἀκτῖσιν ἔβαλλεν
ἠέλιος πρώταις, ὅτε τ' οὐρανὸν ἀμφιβεβήκει·
καὶ δ' οἱ κνημῖδας μηρώ τε βεβλήκεσαν ἀμφὶς
δεινῆς ὑσμίνης ῥαθάμιγγες, ὕπερθε δ' ἔθειραι
ξανθαὶ, λεπταλέαι, τῶν τ' αἴγλη δαίετο λαμπρὴ,
κρᾶτα πιφαυσκομένῳ Ὑπερίονι αἵπερ ἐΐσκον
ὑψόσ' ἀφ' ὑψίστοιο θρόνου μετὰ δαιτυμόνεσσιν,
ἀζαλέαι δὴ ταίγε κακῇ σκέλλοντο κονίῃ,
ἠὲ μάλ' ἀμφοτέρωθι πεφυρμέναι ἄλλυδις ἄλλῃ
μὰψ αὔτως κατέχυντ', ἐσθλῷ μιχθεῖσαι ἰούλῳ,
χείλεσιν ὃς προσφὺς ἐπενήνοθεν ἀμφοτέροισιν.
ὣς ἄρα τοῖον ἄναξ τεθραυσμένη ἠΰτε κίων
κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστί· ὁ δ' οὐκ ἰνδάλλετο τοῖος,
οἷος ἐνὶ Καμελώτῃ ἐϋκτιμένῳ πτολιέθρῳ,
ὄβριμον ἔγχος ἔχων, αἰεὶ βαλέοντι ἐοικὼς,
ἐς λόφον ἐκ πτέρνης ἄκρης ἐναλίγκιος ἄστρῳ,
πασσυδίῃ θεῖον κατ' ἀγῶν' οἴμησεν ἀΐξας
ἄντα διοτρεφέων βασιλήων ἠδὲ γυναικῶν.

R. B., 1854.

PARADISE LOST

Book VI.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
Such ruin intercept: Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds underground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: Whereat Michael bid sound
The Archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: Nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock.

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"Save his who made, what beauty and what power
Were ever like to Satan's?"

BYRON.

SIC ait, et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem,
Nec dextram fallit sed turbine pertulit ictum
In Satanis galeam gladius, cristisque superbis
Incidit: haud oculi properam valuere ruinam
Præcipere, haud animi motus, nedum horrida terga
Ingentis clipei. Labat ille, decemque repulsus
Dat retro passus—duplicato poplite tandem
Sustinet hasta ingens—ceu subterranea forte
Flamina ventorum, vel aquæ violentia vastum
A latere inpellunt montem, ruit ille recumbens
Præcipitesque trahit pinos, lapsoque resedit
Vertice: tunc omnes pariter stupor occupat hostes,
Ira simul, pulsum tali certamine summum
Ut videre ducem—nobis inmixta tumultu
Lætitia exoritur certi præsaga triumphi;
Poscere bellum omnes: Michael dare bellica jussit
Signa tubam Divûm—magnum per inane feroci
Illa sono cecinit: fidæ adstrepuere catervæ
"Salve, summe Pater"—nec tum sine viribus hostes
Constiterunt: nec non ad pugnam horrentibus armis
Concurrere pares.

Now storming fury rose,
And clamour, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

How much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,
From his stronghold of Heaven, high overruled
And limited their might. * *
* * * * * *

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

Furor inde et Martius ortus
Est clamor, qualem felicia concava cæli
Non prius audierant: discordi inlisa fragore
Arma armis strepere, et bigæ clangore rotarum
Horribili furere æratæ: consurgere belli
Insani fremitus. Flagrantes inde per auras
Sibila tela volant et flammeus ingruit imber—
Utrinque incurrunt—tegit insuper ignea nubes—
Utrinque invadunt pugnam: traxere ruinam
Præcipitem rabidi—cælum tonat omne fragore
Ingenti, atque illo si tempore terra fuisset
Per medios et terra foret concussa recessus.
Quippe Deûm intulerant multis tum milibus arma
Milia multa Deûm, quorum qui bella moveret
Ultimus, extremum claudens inglorius agmen,
Ætheris, ignis, aquæ poterat conprendere regna
Inmensa, et totis se armare in prœlia mundi
Viribus.

At quantæ vires, at quanta potestas
Agminis innumeri ferventia bella gerentis
Hostibus innumeris? totum confundere cælum,
Ætherias turbare domos, sedesque beatas.
Quin et diruerant, ni cæli ex arce suprema
Ipse Pater tantas pressisset numine vires
Omnipotens irasque. * * *
* * * * * *

Neque his fuga nota, neque illis,
Non retinere pedem pulsi, non cedere retro,

That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only on his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire.

Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great Archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed first thus began.

MILTON.

Non timor, indecorisve infamia signa timoris:
Quisque sibi fretus, quasi jam spes una salusque.
In virtute sua, jamque hic victoria tanta
Vertatur. Fama dignissima facta feruntur
Perpetua, sed quot nemo memorare valeret.
Quippe per inmensum spatium furibunda fremebat
Pugna, nec illius facies certaminis una.
Nunc solido pugnant campo—nunc æthera pennis
Innumeris turbant—bellis flammantibus æther
Ardet, perque auras conflictant ignibus ignes.
Incerto ancipitis librata examine Martis
Pugna diu; donec Satanes, qui maximus armis
Luce illa fuerat, sibi non invenerat ullum
Marte parem, incedens per prœlia dira, deûmque
Confusas acies, vidit qua cominus ense
Infremuit stricto Michael totasque catervas
Contudit uno ictu. Manibus vibrata duobus,
Horrida ferri acies, inmensis viribus acta,
Proxima quæque metit. Tum vero concitus ira
Exitium ut vidit tantum, stragesque suorum,
Advolat ille inmane furens, adamantina terga
Orasque ingentes clipei septemplicis, orbem
Inmanem opposuit. Quo viso, cetera belli
Deseruit Michael, intermisitque laborem,
Intentus, si forte manu si forte duellum
Infandum dirimat, summum si perdomet hostem
Captivumque trahat vinclis. Tum fronte minaci
Torva tuens, ira vultus incensus, amaris
Sic prior adgreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro.

P. G., 1854.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Act 3, Sc. 2.

NURSE. JULIET.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark! here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I swounded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty:
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

GREEK IAMBICS.

"Furiis agitatus Amor."—VIRGIL.

ΤΡΟ. Εἶδον τὸ τραῦμ', ἐσεῖδον ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐμοῖς,
ἴστω μὲν ὁ Ζεὺς, τοῖσιν ἀνδρείοις ἔπι
στέρνοισιν· οἰκτρὸν, οἰκτρὸν ἦν θέαμ' ἰδεῖν·
ὠχρὸς γὰρ, ὠχρὸς, ὥσπερ οὐ τέφρα ποτὲ,
προὔκειτο νεκρὸς, κἀμπεφυρμένος φόνῳ,
φόνῳ διαίμῳ· τῇ θέᾳ δ' ἀπείπομεν.

ΙΟΥ. Διαρραγείης ἂν, τάλαινα καρδία,
ἴθ', ὦ πάνωλες, ὡς τάχος διαρραγῇς·
σκοτοῦσθε, βλέφαρα, μηδ' ἐλεύθερον πάλιν
δέρκεσθε φέγγος· σώματος φαῦλον βάρος
ἐς γῆν, ὅθενπερ ἦλθες, ἀναχώρει πάλιν·
τὸ ζῆν τελείσθω, κἀμὲ Ῥωμεῶνά τε
δύ' ὄντε κρύπτοι δυσχερὴς σορὸς μία.

ΤΡΟ. Τύβαλτε, φίλταθ' ὧν φίλων εἶχόν ποτε,
ὦ πρεύμενες Τύβαλτε, γενναῖον κάρα,
φεῦ, φεῦ τὸ καὶ ζῆν ὥστ' ἰδεῖν θανόντα σε.

JUL. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? And is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?

NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd:
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banish'd.

JUL. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did! it did! alas the day! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish—ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;—
A damned saint, an honourable villain;—
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter,

ΙΟΥ. Ποία θύελλ' ὧδ' ἀντίπνουν ἔχει φάτιν;
Τύβαλτος ἆρ' ὄλωλε Ῥωμέων θ' ἅμα,
ἡμῖν φίλον κήδευμα, φίλτερός τ' ἀνήρ;
πρὸς ταῦτα σάλπιγξ πᾶσιν ἐμφοβωτάτη
πάγκοινον ἀνθρώποισι φαινέτω μόρον.
τίς γὰρ βροτῶν ἔτ' ἔστι, τοῖνδ' ὀλωλότοιν;

ΤΡΟ. Ὁ μὲν θανών γε φροῦδος, ὁ δὲ φεύγει χθόνα,
τὸν Ῥωμεῶνα, τὸν παλαμναῖον, λέγω.

ΙΟΥ. Ἦ τόνδε πρὸς θεῶν Ῥωμέων ἔκτεινε δή;

ΤΡΟ. Ἔκτεινεν, ἔκτειν', ὦ τάλαιν' ἐμῆς τύχης.

ΙΟΥ. Ὦ ποικίλη φρὴν, ὡς ἔχιδν', ἐσταλμένη
καλῷ προσώπῳ· ποῦ γὰρ ὧδ' ἠσκημένον
σηκὸν δράκων κατέσχεν οἰκουρῶν ποτε;
ὦ θεῖ' ἀλαστὸρ, καλλίμορφε λυμεὼν,
κόραξ πελείαις ἠπίαις ὁμόπτερος,
λυκηδὸν ἀμνὸς ἁρπαγὰς ποιούμενος·
ὦ σχῆμα μὲν θέορτον, ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων,
ἔργῳ δ' ἄπευκτον, ἐνδίκως ἐναντίον
ᾧπερ δικαίως ἐμφερέστατος πρέπεις·
θεὸς θεομυσὴς, αἰσχροποιὸς ὢν, καλὸς,
φύσις, τί δῆτ' ἔπρασσες ἐν τοῖς νερτέροις
φρόνημα συγκλείουσα δαίμονος κακοῦ
φίλης βροτείας σαρκὸς ἐν περιπτυχαῖς;
ἦ γάρ ποτ' αἴσχη τήλικ' ἐγγεγραμμένη
τἄξωθε δέλτος ὧδ' ἐποικίλθη καλῶς;

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

NURSE. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.
Ah! where's my man? Give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

JUL. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

NURSE. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

φεῦ τοῦ δολώματ' ἐγκατοικῆσαι δόμοις
ὧδ' ἀγλαοῖσιν.

ΤΡΟ. Οὐδὲ γὰρ πίστις πάρα,
οὐκ ὀρθὸς, οὐ δίκαιος ἀνδράσιν νόμος·
ψεύστης γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἢ 'πίορκος ὅστις οὒ,
ἢ μηδὲν ὢν, ἢ καὶ φύσιν πεπλασμένος.
φεῦ· ποῦ 'στιν οὑμὸς οἰκέτης; δός μοι μέθυ.
λῦπαι γὰρ αἵδε, πημοναί τ', ἄχη τάδε,
γραῖάν μ' ἔθηκεν· τῷδε δ' αἰσχύνη πέσοι.

ΙΟΥ. Ἡ γλῶσσα τοίνυν τοῦτ' ἀπορρίψασ' ἔπος
φλύκταιναν ἴσχοι, μηδὲ γηρύοι πάλιν,
οὗτος γὰρ οὐ πέφυκ' ἐς αἰσχύνην πεσεῖν.
ἐν κρατὶ θάσσειν τοῦδέ γ' αἰσχύνη τρέφει
αἰδῶ τιν'· οὗτος γὰρ καθέστηκεν θρόνος
ἐφ' οὗ δέχοιτ' ἂν στέφανον Εὐκλεία μέγαν,
λάβοι τε γαίας παντελῆ μοναρχίαν.
ὦ λῆμ' ἀναιδὲς τοῦ σφε δεννάζειν ἐμέ.

ΤΡΟ. Οὐκοῦν σὺ τὸν τοῦδ' αὐτόχειρ' ἐρεῖς καλῶς;

ΙΟΥ. Ἦ γὰρ γυνὴ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐμὸν κακῶς ἐρῶ;
ὦ τλῆμον, οἴμοι, τίς περιστείλειεν ἂν
σὴν κληδόν', ἥνπερ διεφόρησ' ἐγὼ, λέχος
νεόζυγον γεγῶσά σοι, σμικρὸν χρόνον;
τί δ' ὦ πανοῦργε, τόνδ' ἐνόσφισας βίου;
ὁ γὰρ πανοῦργος οὗτος ἄν σ', ἐμὸν πόσιν.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my
husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

SHAKSPERE.

ἴτ' ὦ μάταια δάκρυ', ἐς πηγὰς πάλιν
ἄψορρον ἕρπεθ', ὡς κακῶν ἐπίστροφα
τάδε σταλάγματ' ἐστίν· ἀλλ' ὅμως σφ' ἐγὼ
γνώμης σφαλεῖσα προσφέρω τῇ χαρμονῇ·
πόσις μὲν ἔστιν, οὗτος ὃν καθεῖλεν ἄν,
τέθνηκε δ' οὗτος ὃς καθεῖλεν ἂν πόσιν.
εὖ ταῦτ' ἂν εἴη· πρὸς τί δὴ δακρυρροῶ;
καίτοι λόγον τιν' ἄλλον, ὅς μ' ἀπώλεσεν,
ξυνῆκα, τῆσδε δυσφορώτερον σφαγῆς·
οὗ λῆστιν ἴσχειν ἂν θέλοιμ' ἑκουσία.
ἀλλ' ἐντέτηκε συλλαβὼν ἄπριξ φρένα,
ὥσπερ τὰ δείν' ἀπευκτά τ' ἔργα τῶν βροτῶν
ὅστις ξύνοιδεν αὐτὸν ἡμαρτηκότα.

R. B., 1855.

LAMENT

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
  By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
  That waved o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep a Bard,
  Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
  Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
  Whose trunk was mouldering down with years ;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
  His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
  And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds lamenting thro' their caves,
  To echo bore the notes alang.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

"O hone a rie."—SCOTT.

PER juga raucisono luctantur murmure venti :
  Sol dubium occiduus datque negatque jubar,
Et furtim auricomos silvæ despectat honores,
  Tortile quæ Lugari pendula obumbrat iter.
Præcipiti deflet rupis sub vertice vates,
  Cui mala sunt longo multiplicata die,
Ingenti dominum questu, quem nuper ademit
  Præfestinata mors inopina manu.

Ilicis adclinat trunco, quem damna senectæ
  Quemque minutatim tarda ruina cavat ;
Æmula cygneæ canescunt tempora plumæ,
  Et rigat albentes plurima gutta genas.
Utque habili tremulos inpellit pollice nervos,
  Tristiaque ut numero conveniente canit,
In specubus venti gemitus effundere, et echo
  Mæsta repercussos ferre referre modos.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
  The reliques of the vernal choir!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
  The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
  Again ye'll charm the ear and ee,
But nocht in all revolving time
  Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
  That long has stood the wind and rain:
But now has come a cruel blast,
  And my last hald of earth is gane.
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
  Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
  And ithers plant them in my room.

"I've seen sae monie changefu' years,
  On earth I am a stranger grown:
I wander in the ways of men
  Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
  I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust
  Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
  My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
  His country's pride, his country's stay:

Sæcula vos avium, quæ vix, exilia, cantus
  Fingitis, e verno sola relicta choro
Vos, quæ decutitis, silvæ, ludibria ventis
  Marcentes anni, jam senioris, opes!
Tegmine mox oculos, cantuque juvabitis aures
  Festivæ reduci, nec diuturna mora est:
Frustra—namque mihi nunquam revolubile tempus
  Reddere lætitiam, quæ fuit ante, potest.

Arbor ego, emeritis incurva et inutilis annis,
  Flaminaque et pluvias, multa diuque tuli:
Nunc tamen adflavit vis sævi acerrima venti,
  Et perit ex imo fibra suprema solo.
Fronde salutabo nulla ver, sole nec æstas
  Maturo vernas amplificabit opes;
Ast ego, qua cecidi, nimbis ego præda jacebo,
  Moxque aliæ in nostra conspicientur humo.

Tot talesque vices vidi mutabilis ævi,
  Non ego jam civis nomine in orbe fruor;
Exul in ignotis ignotus et ipse, pererro
  Communes hominum, vix homo jure, vias.
Nemo aurem præbet, nemo miseratur, at ipse
  Sustineo curæ, nec levat alter, onus:
Nam silet hospitio tumuli frigente repostus,
  Si mihi quis consors vellet adesse mali.

Deinde, nefas! dominus jacet, omnis summa doloris,
  Nobilis indigna contumulatus humo:
Rex inter reges fortes fortissimus ipse,
  Gloria rex patrii præsidiumque soli.

In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake! resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermair!
And thou my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from fortune's darkest gloom.

" In poverty's low barren vale
Thick mists obscure involved me round;
Tho' oft I cast the wistful eye
Nae ray of fame was to be found!
Thou found'st me like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless Bard and rustic son
Became alike thy fostering care.

" Oh! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?

Me male lenta mora languentem tædia vexant,
  Nec mihi jam vivo vivida vita manet:
Deseruitque senem me spes, visumque fefellit
  More avis alata, non reditura, fuga.

Eia age, jamque cie vocem, lyra nostra, supremam,
  Qualiter hic, cujus spes periitque salus!
Jamque cie carmen summi exequiale diei,
  Laxaque dedoctis inde quiesce modis!
Tu quoque, quem tumulus tenet intempestivus, amice
  Optime, fortunis sole benigne meis,
Hæc, precor, accipias memoris munuscula vatis,
  Erepti e picea, te duce, nube mali.

In paupertatis sterili convalle latentem
  Me nebulæ obscura circumiere toga:
Sæpius intentis oculis meliora petebam,
  Nec mihi lux famæ percipienda fuit.
Visus es, ut Phœbus, qui matutinus in æthram
  Pellucens nebulas extenuare solet:
Mox tibi contemptus vates, tibi carmen agreste
  Fiebant pariter sedula cura patri.

Tantula quid virtus heu! tempora transigit ævi,
  Quum vigeat canis turba inhonesta comis?
Tene mori decuit, quo non generosior alter,
  Dum solidæ vires flosque virilis erant?

Why did I live to see that day?
  A day to me so full of woe!
Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
  Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
  Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
  That on his head an hour has been:
The mother may forget the child
  That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
  And a' that thou hast done for me!"

BURNS.

Quidve, nefas! lucem vivo illam lumine vidi
  Quæ mihi tristitiæ pondera tanta tulit
O! utinam me letalis petiisset arundo,
  Qua fatum domino procubuisse dedit!

Excidat inmemori conjunx nova forte marito,
  Quæ rite hesterno vespere nupta fuit:
Excidat et regi, regale insigne, corona,
  Quam gerere inpostam viderit hora caput;
Quemque genu subeat, matri forte excidat infans,
  Suspicit ut risu conciliante, puer:
Ast ego te memori servabo pectore, nunquam
  Inmemor officii quomodocumque dati.

C. McD., 1855.

ESSAY ON MAN

Book III.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still—the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath and die.)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate the whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"E cælo descendit 'γνῶθι σεαυτόν.'"

CONTEMPLARE igitur res et cognosce fideli
Omnia uti coeant norma sursum atque deorsum.
Tendit ad hunc semper natura, en, dædala finem—
Nonne atomis atomos quasi bracchia tendere cernis?
Adtrahit adtrahitur pariter dum proxima quæque,
Inque vicem sese socio amplexuntur amore.
Materiemne vides vestitam mille figuris,
Ad conmune bonum simul et quasi tendere ad unum?
Ecce fovent herbæ morientes semina vitæ,
Conligit et vires natura effeta jacentes:
Quæ pereunt formis aliis dant augmina formæ,
(Carpimus æthereas auras morimurque vicissim,)
Ceu bullæ nascuntur in æquore materiei,
Surgunt, rumpuntur, redeunt et rursus in undas.
Externum nihil est multisque ex partibus omne;
Spiritus intus agens totam regit undique molem,
Omnia qui servat, qui conligat infima summis;
Necnon mortales sæclis junxere ferarum,
Fœdera conmuni socialia conpede vinctos;

All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason must he fall,
Who thinks all made for man, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:

Mutua dant operas inter se cuncta : nec ulla
Unica res exstat : sine fine catena perennis.

Num Deus ante alios ut te, malesane, juvaret
Consuluit, dedit et vestes tibi, gaudia, victum?
Næ tibi qui gracilem præbet cœnare capellam,
Explicat huic idem florentia gramine prata :
Altivolansne tibi carmen modulatur alauda?
Lætitia fundit numeros et surgit in alas.
Te propter fringilla movet de gutture cantus?
Delicias proprias, proprios et cantat amores :
Quo veheris, sonipes tanto splendore superbus,
Nonne voluptatis partem sibi sumit herilis?
An tibi quæ campo sparguntur semina soli?
Pennigera at segetis poscent mox sæcula partem.
Dona tibi soli rident Cerealia campi?
Cedit at emerito merces pars æqua juvenco.
Infera qui capitis nutu regis omnia, porco
Ipse saginato fluvios et farra ministras,
Qui vocem pariterque jugum contemnit aratri.

Quæ peperit natura pari fovet omnia cura ;
Qui regem vestit villus, vestivit et ursum.
Dum clamant homines, "Nobis ecce omnia dantur!"
"En mihi dant homines operas!" ait altilis anser.
Nec minus a vera rerum ratione recedit,
Omnia qui fieri putat uni, haud omnibus unum.

Finge adeo infirmos semper cohibere potentes ;
Fac callere homines moderari cuncta tyrannos :

Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves:
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou, too, must perish when thy feast is o'er.

POPE.

At Natura ipsum potis est frenare tyrannum.
Ille unus præbere valet, quæ parca negarit
Dona aliis Natura, metusque intelligit unus.
Dic mihi : num falco descendens acer ab alto
Parcet, plumarum perculsus amore, columbæ ?
Muscæ pica rapax auratas respicit alas ?
Accipiter præbet Philomelæ cantibus aures ?
Omnia conservant homines, sic piscibus undas,
Sic avibus silvas, pecori sic pascua cedunt :
Sunt quibus utilitas jubet hanc inpendere curam,
Plura voluptates, at plurima luxus et error :
Omnia pascuntur larga bonitate patroni,
Unius, luxuque ejus felicia gaudent.
Ipsum animans, quod forte cupit subtile palatum,
Eripit ille fami, Maurorum ille eripit armis ;
Immo fovet studio mensæ quam destinat escam,
Et gratam reddit, liceat dum vivere, vitam :
Inscia sic leti decedit luminis oris,
Ut qui procubuit nec sentit fulminis ictum.
Ante quidem lætam carpebat bestia vitam ;
Te quoque Mors, quando tua gaudia carpseris, urget.

J. B. W., 1855.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

AND the excellent youth collected himself as he answer'd:
"Truly no heart has he in his breast of iron who feels not
Much for the lot of those, the men who are flying their country.
No understanding has he who in times like these is devoid of
Anxious fears for himself and cares for the weal of his country.
What I to-day have seen and heard has touched my heart deep,
And now came I forth and saw this beauteous wide-spread
Landscape, hills on fruitful hills all rising around us;
Saw hill nod to hill with the golden heads of the corn-field,
And the orchard promise abundant store for the chamber.

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

"Mourir pour la patrie."

ΚΑΙ τότε κοῦρος ἄριστος ἀμείβετο θυμὸν ἀγείρων·
"Ἦ μὴν οὐ κραδίη οἱ ἔνι στήθεσσι σιδήρου
ὅς τ' αἶσαν τούτων οὐ κήδεται, οὐδ' ἐλεαίρει
ἄνερας οἳ φεύγουσι φίλης ἀπὸ πατρίδος αἴης.
οὐ νύ τίς οἱ νόος ἐστὶν ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ὃς μέγ' ἑαυτοῦ
οὔ τι πέρι φρονέει τά γε νῦν καὶ πατρίδος αἴης
κηδόμενος· κἀμοὶ μάλα πώς με καθίκετο θυμὸν
νῦν ἅ τ' ἐσεῖδον ἐγὼ καὶ ἀκήκοα σήμερον αὐτός·
ἤδη ἄγρους ἐξῆλθον ἰδὼν καὶ πίονα ἔργα,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ὑλήεσσιν ἐπ' οὔρεσιν οὔρεα πάντη·
οὖρος δ' οὔρεϊ νεῦσ', ἐπί τε ξανθοῖς σταχύεσσι
λήϊον ἤμυσεν· καὶ καρπὸν ἀθέσφατον ὄρχος
ἐσσόμενόν γε παρέσχε καλίαις· ἐν δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἄμμιν

But yet, alas, how near is the foe! The waves of the Rhine-stream
Guard us still, it is true; but what are rivers or mountains
In the way of that terrible people that comes like a tempest;
They who gather together the young from every quarter,
And the old with the young, and fierce press on; and the strong host
Fears not the face of death, and army crowds upon army.
And amid times like these can a German rest in his homestead?
Hope perhaps to shun the struggle that menaces all men?
Nay, dear mother, from this day forth unwelcome to me 'tis,
That I excused have just now been, when out of our townsmen
Those who should war were chosen by lot. 'Tis true I alone am
Now as your son, and large is our hostel, and weighty the home-work;
But were it not a far worthier course to combat beforehand
At the frontier's line, than here wait slavery's coming?
Yea, my spirit replies that it is; in the depth of my bosom

ἐχθροὶ ἐπέρχονται μάλα δὴ σχεδόν· ἦ ῥά νυ Ῥηνοῦ
ἡμέας κύματ' ἔτ' ἀμφιέπει· τί δὲ κύματα ῥείθρων
οὔρεά τε χραισμεῖ τούτων ὁδὸν ὥστε κατίσχειν,
οἳ φοβερὸν πλῆθος χωροῦσ' ἀτάλαντοι ἀέλλῃ
οἵ τ' ἐπαγείρουσιν κούρητας σὺν δὲ γέροντας
πάντοθ'· ἐπειγόμενοι δὲ καὶ ἄγριοι εἰσέρχονται,
οὐδ' ὀλέθρον τρομέει πλῆθος κρατερῆφι βίηφι,
καὶ στρατὸς ἑξείης συναγείρεται ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ.
νῦν δ' ἄρ' ἐνὶ σταθμῷ μεῖναι Γέρμανον ἔοικεν;
ἐλδόμεναι φυγέειν μέλλον πάντεσσιν ἄεθλον;
οὔτοι· μῆτερ ἐμὴ, αἰεί γ' ἀέκοντος ἐμεῖο
ἐξελύθην ὅτε νῦν κλήρῳ ἐλέγοντο πολιτῶν
οὓς ἴμεναι πόλεμόνδε χρεών· ἦ δῆτά νυ οἶος
μίμνω σοὶ φίλος υἷος ἐγὼ, πέλεται δὲ μέγιστος
νῦν σταθμὸς, χαλεπός θ' ἡμῖν πόνος ἐστὶ κατ' οἶκον·
ἀλλ' οὐ δὴ προμάχεσθαι ἐμοὶ κρεῖσσον καὶ ἄρειον
εἰν οὔροις ἢ τῇ γ' ἐπιμεῖναι δούλιον ἦμαρ;
ναὶ δὴ τοῦτό γέ μοι καλόν· θυμὸς γὰρ ἀνώγει·

Springs up courage and strong desire, in the cause of my country
Active to live and to die, and to give an example to others.
Oh, were but the strength of the German youth at the frontier
Gather'd and banded in firm resolve not to yield to the stranger,
Ne'er would they with destructive feet on the beauteous soil tread,
And consume in the sight of our eyes the fruit of the dear land,
And make slaves of the men, and prey of the wives and the maidens.
Mother, true I tell you, deep in my heart the resolve is
Quickly and surely to do what seems most fitting and worthy,
For who ponders long, he takes not always the best course.
Mother, I turn not back to the house. From hence I go onwards
Straightway into the town, and offer at once to the war-host
This my arm and my heart, to work my Fatherland's service."

GOETHE
(*translated by Dr. Whewell*).

καὶ νῦν θάρσος ἐμοὶ κραδίης βένθεσσιν ὄρωρεν,
αἰνῶς δ' αὖ θανέειν ἱμείρομαι ἠδὲ βιῶναι
πατρίδα δὴ ῥύσας, ἠδ' ἄλλοις θαῦμα γενέσθαι.
αἲ γὰρ ἐν οὔροισιν νῦν ἠϊθέων Γερμάνων
πρῶτοι ὁμιλαδὸν εἶεν ὁμηγερέες τε γένοιντο,
ἔς τε μίαν σπουδῇ βουλεύσαιντ' ἀλλοδαποῖσι
μήποθ' ὑπείκεσθαι, τότε δή ῥ' οὔλοισι πόδεσσιν
οὔ κ' ἔτι βαίνοιεν χθόνα καλήν· οὐδὲ ἔδοντες
καρπὸν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἡμέων ἄνδρας κεν ἄγοιεν
δούλους, ληϊάδας τε γυναῖκας παρθενικάς τε.
μῆτερ ἐμὴ, ἔτυμον καταλέξω, ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βουλὴ
ἐστὶ βαθείῃσιν, μάλα θαρροῦνθ' ὅττι τάχιστα
ποιεῖν ὡς δοκέῃ μοι λῳίτερον καὶ ἄμεινον·
οὐ γὰρ φρασσάμενος δὴν αἰὲν κρίνει ἄριστον.
οὐκέτι, μῆτερ ἐμὴ, πάλιν οἴκαδε τρέψομαι· ἔνθεν
αἶψα ταχέως προτὶ ἄστυ κίω, στράτῳ ὡς ἐπι-
δώσων
θυμὸν ἐμὸν χεῖράς τε φίλης περὶ πατρίδος αἴης."

H. S. P., 1855.

CHORUS

FROM

EURIPIDES, TROADES, 515—570.

"Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium."—VIRG.

PLORAMUS patriam: dic super Ilio
Carmen, Musa, novum; dic age neniam
Funebrem, misera nunc ego lugubre
De Troia referam melos:

Queis captiva dolis heu! miserabilis
In bello perii, quum prope januas
Nostras quadrupedem liquit anhelitu
Sublimi Danaum cohors.

Splendebat phaleris machina fulgidis
Feta armis; strepitus per juga Troïa
Ingens exoritur: "Solvitur Ilion
Urbs divina laboribus:

"Hoc donum Phrygiæ ducite filiæ,
Vos Patris suboli ducite imaginem:"—
Quis non tecta senex linquere gestiit?
Quæ virgo haud voluit sequi?

Læti carminibus perniciem sibi
Fallacem capiunt: omne Phrygum genus
Ad portas properat; quo det Achaïcûm
Leves insidias Deæ,

Experti thalamo munera virgini—
Funes injiciunt, stuppea vincula,
Navem non aliter nauta trahit, dolus
Præruptam venit in domum;

Et delubra Deæ Palladis, heu! meæ
Letalis patriæ: mox aderat tamen
Nox cum lætitiis atque laboribus—
Nox caliginis horridæ.

Quin loti Libycum personuit melos
Cantu cum Phrygio; carmina virgines
Lætæ læta canunt dum celebrant simul
Sublimes pedibus choros.

Atro inter cyathos lumine per domos
Splendorem radians tæda dabat; Jovis
Natam tum choreis monticolam Deam
Laudabam Jovis Artemin.

At per tecta sonat Laomedontia
Vox funesta : sinus inter amabiles
Matris dum suboles cara manus suæ
Tendebat tremulas metu.

Sed ducente Dea Pallade vindicem
Mavors insidiis exsiluit ferox :
Exaudita Phrygum tum miserabilis
Cædes in penetralibus.

Quin et terribili Mors pede virginum
Lustrabat thalamos—inclyta Græciæ
Nutrici juvenum gloria, sed meæ
Pestis maxima patriæ.

A. H. A. L., 1855.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

(*Marmion.*)

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none;
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was Knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for
  stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

GREEK TROCHAICS.

Ἔρως ἀνίκατ', ἀμάχαν
ἔρως . . . . . .

SOPHOCLES.

ΤΗΛΟΘΕΝ στρατηγὸς ἦλθεν ἡλίου δυσμῶν ἄπο,
ἱππότης ἵππῳ φερίστῳ, Σκῶτις ὧν ἔθρεψε γῆ,
ὃς μονοστόλος κέλευθον ψιλὸς ὢν ἠπείγετο,
καὶ μόνῃ δεινοῦ πεποιθὼς φασγάνου σωτηρίᾳ·
κἂν ἔρωτι κἂν μάχαισι λῆμ' ἀκίνητον τρέφων,
εἷς ὅδ' ἦν ἵππευς ἁπάντων ἱππέων ὑπέρτατος,

Οὐ πετρῶν σφ' ἐπέσχεν ἔργματ', οὐ βαθυξύλοι πλοκαί·
ἄπορον 'Εσκίου δι' οἶδμα σῶμ' ἐπόρθμευσεν—μάτην—
πρὶν γὰρ ἐν πυλαῖσιν εἶναι τῶν δόμων, ἄλλος λαβὼν
ἐφθάκει τὴν μελλόνυμφον, κύριον δ' ἀπεστέρει·
κἄμφοβός περ ὤν, ἔρωτα καὶ μάχην προδοὺς ἅμα,
ἔσχ' ὅμως εὔλεκτρον οὗτος ἀνδρίας νυμφὴν μέρος.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

Δωματων μέλαθρ' ἐσῆλθεν, ἄφοβον ἐμβεβὼς πόδα,
νυμφαγώγοις ἐν μέσοισι συγγενῶν θ' ὁμιλίᾳ·
τοιάδ' αὖ πατὴρ προσηύδησ', ἁρπάσας ξίφος χερὶ,
(νύμφιος γὰρ οὖν στόμ' ἔσχε σῖγ' ἰδὼν ἐπήλυδα)
"Ἆρ' ἐπ' εἰρήνῃ προσῆλθες ἐνθάδ' ἢ μάχης χάριν,
ἢ 'πι τοῖς γάμοις χορεύσων, κοίραν' ὦ νεοτρεφές;"

"Δαρὸν ἦν μνηστὴρ θυγατρὸς τῆσδε σῆς, σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔφης·
ἔστ' ἔρωτος, ὡς θάλασσης, κῦμ' ἀεὶ παλίρροθον.
τοιγαροῦν τὴν μελλόνυμφον, ἣν ἀφῃρέθην, θέλων
νῦν χορεύειν καὶ προπίνειν ὕστατον μετέρχομαι·
οὐδὲ γὰρ σπανίζομεν δὴ τῆσδ' ἔτ' εὐπρεπεστέρων,
αἷς ἂν ἀσμέναισιν εἴη κοιράνου νεοῦ λέχος."

Ἔνθα νυμφείοις φιληθὲν χείλεσιν ποτηρίου
ἱππότης ἐδέξατ', εἶτα κατέβαλεν πιὼν μέθυ·
ἡ δὲ τὴν φοινικόβαπτον γῆν τρέπει παρήϊδα,
κᾆτ' ἀναβλέπει στένουσα, καὶ δακρύρροος γελᾷ.
μαλθακὴν δ' ὁ χεῖρα κουρῆς μητέρα φθάνει λαβὼν,—
"Νῦν ἑλίσσωμεν χόρειαν," εἶπ' ἄναξ νεοτρεφής.

Ὡς πρέπει μορφὴ μὲν ἀνδρὸς, βλέμμα δ' εὐειδὲς ῥέθους
παρθενείου· τίς ποτ' αὐλὴ τοῖ' ὄπωπ' ὀρχήματα;
δυσφορεῖ δ' ἄρ' ἡ τεκοῦσα, χὠ πατὴρ χαράσσεται,
νύμφιός θ' οὕτω κρεμαστὸν χερσὶν αἰωρεῖ λόφον.
τοιάδ' οὖν ἄλλη πρὸς ἄλλην εἶπον αἱ νυμφευτρίαι,
"Ὤφελ' ὡς οὗτος γενέσθαι τῆς κορῆς ξυνᾴορος."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
scaur:
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

SCOTT.

Χεῖρα δεῖ μόνον πιέζειν, δεῖ δ' ἕνος προσφθέγματος,
ἕως θυρὰς ἱκνεῖσθον αὐλῆς, ἵππος αἷς παρίσταται·
αὐτίκ' οὖν ἄναξ πρὸς οὖραν βαστάσας νυμφὴν καλὴν,
αὐτίκ' εἰς τοὔμπροσθεν αὐτὸς ὑγρὸν ἅλμ' ἐκούφισεν·
"Σπεύδομεν νικηφοροῦντες κλιτύων δρυμῶν θ' ὕπερ,"
ὡς ἄρ' εἶφ', "ἵππων δεήσει γ', εἰ συνέψονται, θοῶν."

C. S. J., 1856.

BISHOP BRUNO.

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright;
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep and he dreamt again:
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream!
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night;
Oh! glad was he when he saw the daylight.

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;
There was not a Baron in Germany,
That went with a nobler train than he.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

"Destrictus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem."—HORACE.

EXCUTITUR somno media de nocte sacerdos
Brunius, et nimio corda timore micant:
Scilicet in somnis visus pulsare palati
Ostia, funereos audiit inde modos.

Ipse sibi adridens terrorem ponit inanem,
Mox iterum somni rumpitur alma quies;
Ostia (sic visus) rursum pulsarat, et ipsa
Janitor incedit mors, reseratque fores.

Territus exsiluit visis: infausta fenestram
Præteriens raucos strix dabat ore sonos!
Non iterum posthac trepidos sopor occupat artus;
Lætitiam o! quantam lux rediviva dedit!

Et jam cum pompa proficiscitur ille superba,
Namque erit in regis cœna hodierna domo:
Tunc proceres nullos mittit Germania tellus
Deductos comitum nobiliore manu.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud—
"Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno, you travel with glee,
But I would have you know you travel to me!"

Behind and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally:
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat:
"With the Emperor now you are dining with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me!"

Illum præcedunt turmæ, turmæque sequuntur;
  Spectatum ex omni currere turba via.
Flectere quisque genu, caput et demittere eunti,
  At pro se nullas audiit ille preces.

At subito ut fastu vadit tumefactus inani
  Dat talis magnos vox inamœna sonos;
"Heus, Bruni, læta comitum deducte caterva
  Flectis iter sedem flectis adusque meam!"

Torsit ubique oculos—vestigia cernere nullo
  Dicentis potuit quantulacunque loco.
Ergo sacerdotem gelidus circumstetit horror,
  Inproba nam claros vox dedit illa sonos.

Pæne putat fatuus, pulsat dum magna palati
  Ostia, funereis increpitura sonis;
Janitor utque fores reserat, fore tristia mortis
  Ipsius ora oculis conspicienda suis.

At mox in trepidam redeunt sua gaudia mentem,
  Nam solito luxu regia tecta nitent:
Jamque refulgebant onerata pocula mensa,
  Eximium vinum, nectareæque dapes.

Jamque preces dederat solitas, lætusque sedebat,
  Talia quum magnos verba dedere sonos;
"Heus, Bruni, tibi nunc præsentia gaudia cœnæ
  Regis; at hospitio mox potiere meo!"

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite ;
Not all the wine, nor the dainty cheer,
Could comfort his heart that was sick with fear.

But by little and little recover'd he,
For the wine went flowing merrily ;
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers ènter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amidst the masquers' crowd,
There went a voice hollow and loud :
"You have pass'd the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee,
But you must pass the night with me."

His cheeks grow pale, and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair ;
With that there came one from the masquers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death ;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall !

SOUTHEY.

Audit, et ingenti pallet terrore sacerdos ;
  Percussi dapium pellitur ore sapor.
Nec mulcere potest vinum, neque copia cœnæ
  Corda repentino sollicitata metu.

Dissipat at sensim genialis cœna timorem,
  Cura fugit, largo diluiturque mero :
Horribilis tandem veniunt oblivia vocis ;
  Rursus adest timidis purpura missa genis.

Inter cœnantes fuerat tristissimus ille,
  Quum primum lautis discubuere toris :
En ! idem contra longe lætissimus, aulam
  Mimorum festo jam subeunte choro.

Talia sed subito mimorum verba cohorte
  In media, raucis intonuere sonis :
"Heus, Bruni, lætus carpsisti læta diei,
  At tibi nox mecum nox peragenda venit !"

Palluit, et rapida micuerunt lumina flamma,
  Perque caput raræ deriguere comæ.
Tum videt e mimis aliquem venisse sacerdos,
  Sentitque horrificam se tetigisse manum.

Conprimit arentes mortis manus ossea fauces,
  Intima percurrit frigidus ossa tremor.
Auxilium frustra conatur poscere Divos,
  Ante oculos regis mortuus ille cadit !

J. M. O., 1856.

BALDER.

They fix'd the mast, and hoisted up the sails,
Then they put fire to the wood; and Thor
Set his stout shoulder hard against the stern,
To push the ship through the thick sand: sparks
flew
From the deep trench she plough'd—so strong a God
Furrow'd it—and the water gurgled in,
And the ship floated on the waves, and rock'd.
But in the hills a strong east-wind arose,
And came down roaring to the sea: first squalls
Ran black o'er the sea's face, then steady rush'd
The breeze, and fill'd the sails, and blew the fire;
And, wreath'd in smoke, the ship stood out to sea.
Soon with a roaring rose the mighty fire,
And the pile crackled; and between the logs
Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out and leapt
Curling and darting higher, until they lick'd
The summit of the pile, the dead, the mast,

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

"Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht."
SCHILLER.

ΙΣΤΟΝ δὲ στῆσαν, ἀνὰ δ' ἵστια νῆος ἐΐσης
τεῖναν ἀείραντες, ἀνὰ δὲ ξύλα δανὰ ἔκαιον·
τῶν δ' ὁ θεῶν βέλτιστος ἐὼν κράτει ἠδὲ μέγιστος
πυκνὰ ποτὶ πρυμνῇσιν ἐρεισάμενος μέγαν ὦμον,
νῆα μόλις ὤθεσκε διὰ ψαμάθοιο βαθείης.
τοῦ δ' ἄρ' ἀπὸ βόθροιο θάμα σπινθῆρες ἵεντο,
—ὣς ἔλασέν ῥα θεοῦ κρατέρη ἶς—κήκιε δ' ὕδωρ·
νηῦς δ' ἐλελίχθη πᾶσα κατ' εὔρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης.
αὐτίκα δ' ἐξ οὐρέων κραιπνῶς ἀνὰ Εὖρος ὀρώρει,
ὃς λιγέως ἰάχων πέτετ' εἰς ἅλα, κὰδ δὲ θάλασσαν
ἵκετο κραιπνὰ θέων, μελάνει δέ τε πόντος ὑπ' αὐτοῦ,
σύνεχες εἶτ' ἐπιβὰς πρῆσ' ἵστια, πῦρ δ' ἀνέγειρε·
νηῦς δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ἀνήγεθ', ἑλισσομένη περὶ καπνῷ.
ἂν δέ τε βεβρυκὸς ταχὺ δέδρομεν ἀκαματὸν πῦρ,
κορμοὶ δὲ σφαραγεῦντο πυρῇ, πολλὴ δὲ μεταξὺ
ἐξέθορεν γλώσσαισιν ἀλιγκία αἰθομένη φλὸξ
ὀξείαις, ἑλίκεσσιν,—ἔβη δ' ἄνα, οὐδ' ἀπόληγε
τέως ἕως πυρκαΐην ἄκραν ἵκετ', ὑψόθι δ ἰστοῦ

And ate the shrivelling sails: but still the ship
Drove on, ablaze above her hull with fire.
And the Gods stood upon the beach and gazed:
And, while they gazed, the sun went lurid down
Into the smoke-wrapt sea, and night came on.
Then the wind fell, with night, and there was calm.
But through the dark they watch'd the burning ship,
Still carried o'er the distant waters on
Further and further, like an eye of fire.
And as in the dark night a travelling man
Who bivouacs in a forest 'mid the hills,
Sees suddenly a spire of flame shoot up
Out of the black waste forest, far below,
Which woodcutters have lighted near their lodge
Against the wolves; and all night long it flares:—
So flared in the far darkness Balder's pyre.
But fainter, as the stars rose high, it burn'd;
The bodies were consumed, ash choked the pile:
And as in a decaying winter fire
A charr'd log falling makes a shower of sparks,—
So with a shower of sparks the fire fell in,
Reddening the sea around, and all was dark.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

γεύσατο καὶ νεκύων, φάγε δ' ἴστια αὐανθέντα·
βῆ δ' ἅμα νηῦς ἐλαᾶν, καθύπερθε δὲ τὴν δάμασεν
πῦρ.
θεοὶ δ' ἄρα θηήσαντο ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης·
τοῖσι δ' ἀγασσαμένοις αἴφνης ἐπὶ ἕσπερος ἦλθεν.
ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος κατέδυ ἐνὶ οἴνοπι πόντῳ
αἱματόεις, πολλὴ δὲ πυρὸς κέχυτ' ἀμφὶς ἀϋτμὴ,
τῆμος δῆτ' ἄνεμος μὲν ἐπαύσατο, ἠδὲ γαλήνη
ἔπλετο νηνεμίη, ἐπὶ δ' ἤλυθεν ἀμβροσίη νύξ.
ἔμπα δέ οἱ ἐς νῆ', ἀνακαιομένην φλογὸς αὐγῇ
δέρκον παννύχιοι, ὑπὲρ ἠεροείδεα πόντον
αἰὲν ἐλαυνομένην, πυρὸς ὄμμ' ὡς αἰθομένοιο.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις πρὸ ὁδοῖο ἐὼν αὐλίζεται ἀνὴρ
οὔρεος ἐν βήσσῃς πολυδένδρου, νυκτὸς ἀμόλγῳ,
ἐξαπίνης δ' ὑπένερθε φλόγ' ἀστέρι εἶδεν ὁμοίαν
τηλόθεν αἰθομένην ὕλης ἄπο ἀμφιμελαίνης,
τὴν ἀλκτῆρα λυκῶν ἀνακαίουσιν περὶ αὐλὴν
ἄνερες ὑλοτόμοι, φλεγέθει δέ τε πάννυχος αὐγὴ,—
οὕτω τηλεφανὲς σκότῳ ἔφλεγε θεσπέσιον πῦρ·
ὡς ἀνὰ δ' ἄστρα βέβηκε, μαραίνετο, ἐν δέ τε
νεκροὶ
καύθησαν, πολλὴ δὲ πυρὴν ἔμπλησε κονίη.
ὡς δὲ μαραινομένη ὅτ' ἐπ' ἐσχάροφιν φθινύθει
φλὸξ
ὥρῃ χειμερίῃ, χάμαδις ἕο ἔκπεσε δαλὸς
αἴφνης, τοῦ δέ τε πολλοὶ ἀπὸ σπινθῆρες ἵενται,
ὣς ἐρέρειπτο πυρὴ, ἐρυθαίνετο δ' ἀμφὶ θάλασσα
σπινθήρων αἴγληφι, κνέφας δ' ἐπὶ πάντα κά-
λυψεν.

C. S. J., 1856.

ROMEO AND JULIET

ACT 4, SC. I.

JULIET. FRIAR.

JUL. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
Or hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told have made me
tremble,
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

FRIAR. Hold then, go home, be merry, give
consent
To marry Paris; Wednesday is to-morrow;

GREEK IAMBICS.

"Quid non Amor inprobus audet?"—Ovid.

ΙΟΥ. Τούτων κέλευσόν μ' ὥστε σωθῆναι γάμων
ῥίπτειν ἐμαυτὴν πτωσίμῳ σὺν ἅλματι
πύργων ἐκείνων τῶν ἐπαλξέων κάτα·
ἢ κἀν ὁδοῖσι κλεπτικαῖς ὁδοιπορεῖν·
ἢ καὶ δράκοντες οὗπερ εἰσὶ λανθάνειν·
ἢ δῆσον ἄρκτων βαρυβρόμων δέμας μέτα·
ἢ νυκτὸς ἐν θήκῃ με νεκροδέγμονι
ὀστῶν κροτούντων ἐμπλέῳ κρύψον νεκρῶν,
κνημῶν κελαινῶν λευκοχρῶν τε κρανίων·
ἢ καὶ κέλευσον τύμβον εἰσελθεῖν νέον·
ἢ συζυγεῖσαν νέκυϊ σύγκεισθαι πέπλῳ·
ἃ του κλύουσ' ἂν ἔτρεμον ἐξηγουμένου·
νῦν αὐτὰ ταῦτα πείσομαι δέους ἄτερ,
ὅπως τὰ τἀνδρὸς λέκτρα μὴ προδῶ ποτε.

ΛΑΥ. Σίγα· καταίνει τῷδε συστῆναι λέχος
εἴσω μολοῦσα, χάρμα προσποιουμένη.
ὅρα θ' ὅπως ἐς νύκτα τὴν ἐς αὔριον
(μέλλει γὰρ ἐς τρίτην σε νυμφεύσειν Πάρις)

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part deprived of supple government
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death;
And, in the borrow'd likeness of shrunk death,
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there thou art dead;
Then (as the manner of our country is),
In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave;
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

κείσῃ μόνη· μή σοι τροφὸς ξυνευδέτω·
κἄπειθ' ὃ τῇδ' ἔνεστι ληκύθῳ πίῃς,
κλιθεῖσ' ἐν εὐνῇ, φάρμακον δραστήριον·
τάχισθ' ὑφέρψει σῶμα σὸν κρύος κακὸν
ὕπνος τε μακρός· ῥεῖθρά θ' αἵματος διὰ
φλεβῶν πεπηγότ' οὐκέτ' αὖ ῥυήσεται·
οὔ σοι παρέσται τοῦ βλέπειν τὰ ξύμβολα,
οὐ θάλπος οὔτε πνεῦμα· χαἰ παρηΐδες
χείλη τε νῦν δὴ πορφύρα ῥόδων δίκην
σποδοῦ δίκην τότ' ὦχρα λευκανθήσεται·
κύκλων, δι' ὧνπερ ἐξορᾷς ὥσπερ διὰ
θυρίδων, σκοτεινῇ βλέφαρά σοι ξυμβλήσεται,
ὡς φέγγος οὐκέθ' ἡλίου θεωμένῃ·
ἅπαντά τ' ἄρθρ', οὐχ ὡς τὸ πρὶν κατήκοα,
ὥσπερ θανούσης εἰσορᾶν φανήσεται,
οὐχ ὑγρ', ἄκαμπτα, ψυχρὰ καὶ πεπηγότα·
οὕτω καθευδήσεις, μάλ' ἐξῃκασμένη
νεκρῷ σχεδὸν δύ' ἡμέρας προκειμένη·
κἄπειτα κοιμηθεῖσα τὴν ἀνάστασιν
ἡδεῖαν ὡς ἐκ μαλθακοῦ στήσει λέχους.
ὅτ' οὖν ὁ μελλόνυμφος ἐξ ἑωθινοῦ
ὕπνου μεταστήσων σ' ἐλεύσεται, γόοις
πολλοῖς στενάξει σ', ὡς ἀπ' ὀμμάτων, νέκυν.
ἐντεῦθεν, ἡμῖν ὡς πάλαι νομίζεται,
ἠσκημένον στολαῖσιν εὐπρεπεστάταις,
οὐ συσταλὲν, κλίνης ἐπ' ἀκαλυφοῦς δέμας
ὁμαιμόνων πρὸς τύμβον ἐξοισθήσεται,
κευθμῶνα νεκρῶν τὸν παλαίφατον λέγω
ἐν ᾧ ταφέντα πολλὰ κἀκ πολλοῦ χρόνου
ὀστᾶ κέχωσται τῶν σέθεν γεννητόρων.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua:
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, oh give me! tell me not of fear.

FRIAR. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve; I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford;
Farewell, dear father.

SHAKSPERE.

κἀν τῷ μεταξὺ, πρίν σ᾽ ἐγερθῆναι, χρόνῳ,
ἐπιστολὰς ἐγὼ μὲν ἐκπέμπων πόσει
τῷ σῷ διδάξω πάνθ᾽ ἃ μηχανώμεθα·
κεῖνος δ᾽ ἐπελθὼν δεῦρό σοι κἀγὼ τάφου
φύλακες μενοῦμεν ἔς τ᾽ ἂν ἀμπνεύσῃς πάλιν·
σώσει τε ταύτῃ νυκτί σ᾽ αὐτὸς ἐκποδὼν
εἰς Μαντύαν, καὶ τοῦτ᾽ ἀπαλλάξει σ᾽ ἅμα
κακοῦ τ᾽ ὀνείδους καὶ γάμων ἀσχημόνων,
ἢν μή γε κοῦφος θυμὸς ἢ θηλυκρατὴς
φόβος σε θάρσους τοῦδε δρῶσαν ἐκτρέπῃ.

ΙΟΥ. Δός μοι τὸ πῶμα· μὴ φόβους λέξῃς ἐμοί.

ΛΑΥ. Μηδὲν πέρα λέγ᾽, ἐξιοῦσα δ᾽ ἔμμενε
βουλαῖσι ταύταις, εὐτυχοῦσα δ᾽ ἐκφύγοις·
ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ αὐτὸς ὡς τάχιστα πρόσπολον
πέμψω τάδ᾽ ἀγγελοῦντα τῷ ξυνευνέτῃ.

ΙΟΥ. Ἔρως, δὸς ἰσχὺν τῶνδέ μοι πειρωμένῃ,
ἰσχύς τ᾽ ἀρήξει· χαῖρέ μοι, πατὲρ φίλε.

H. J., 1857.

HIAWATHA

Canto V.

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted,
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing, with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendour of the sunset;
And he saw a youth approaching,
Dress'd in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.
Standing at the open doorway,
Long he look'd at Hiawatha,
Look'd with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

. . . . "Vestro nam munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista."—VIRGIL.

ΗΔΗ τέτρατον ἦμαρ ἔην, ὁ δὲ κεῖτο κατ' αὐλὴν
οἶος, ἄσιτος, ἄπαστος ἐδητύος ἠδὲ ποτῆτος,
κὰδ δ' ἄρ' ἐλέξατ' ἐπὶ χθαμαλῇ βεβλημένῃ εὐνῇ
κεκλιμένων φύλλων τ' ὄζων τ', ἀτὰρ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν,
οὕς τέ οἱ οὐ μάλα πάγχυ φίλα βλέφαρ' ἀμφεκάλυψε,
τοῖς δ' εἴδωλά τ' ἐπέσσυτ' ὄνειροί τ' ἀκριτόμυθοι,
ἀμφί ἓ πάπτηνε· στρεφεδίνηθεν δέ οἱ ὄσσε
ἠέλιον καταδύντ' ἐσιδόντι καὶ ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ.
Ὣς ἄρ' ἀνακλινθεὶς ἴδεν αἰζηὸν προσιόντα·
χλώρ' ὅ γε δὴ καὶ ξανθὰ περὶ χροῒ εἵματα ἕστο,
αὐτὰρ πορφυρέας προσέβη διὰ νυκτὸς ἀμολγοῦ,
δυσομένοιο διὲκ λαμπρῆς ὑπερίονος αὐγῆς·
τῷ δὲ λόφος καθύπερθε μετώπου χλωρὸς ἔνευεν,
κὰκ κεφαλῆς ξανθαί τε κόμαι θαλεραί τ' ἐκέχυντο·
στὴ δὲ κατ' ἀντίθυρον κλισίης ἤθρησέ τ' Ἰαύθην·
τὸν δὲ ἰδὼν ᾤκτειρε μάλ' ἐν φρεσὶν ἠδ' ἐλέαιρε
τηκεδόνι στυγερῇ φθινύθοντα πρόσωπα δέμας τε,
καί μιν φωνήσας ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα,

Of the south wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in Heaven,
For you pray not like the others,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.
From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you
How, by struggle and by labour,
You shall gain what you have pray'd for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me."
Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin.
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigour
Run through every nerve and fibre.
So they wrestled there together,
In the glory of the sunset;
And the more they strove and struggled

ὥστε Νότος στενάχων ποτὶ δένδρεσιν ἠπύει
    ἄκροις·
  "Ὦ φίλε, πάντα θεὸς πόρεν ἅσσα σὺ λίσσε'
    ἀρέσθαι·
οὐδὲ γὰρ ὡς ἄλλοι σὺ καὶ εὔχεαι, οὐδὲ μενοινᾷς
ἐν φρεσὶν ἢ ἄλλων περὶ θήρην ἔμμεναι ἀνδρῶν
ἤ νυ καὶ ἰχθυάαν περιΐδμεναι ἀγκίστροισιν
ἤ που ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
ἠὲ μεθ' ἡρώων τιμὴν καὶ κῦδος ἀρέσθαι,
ἀλλὰ μενοινάας ὄφελος λαῷ τι γενέσθαι,
αἴ κέν πως σύ τιν' ἄλλον ὀνήσῃς ὀψίγονόν περ.
νῦν ῥα φίλα φρονέων θνητοῖς ἐγὼ ἄγγελος ἐλθὼν
οὐρανόθεν, (βίοτος δὲ θεοῦ ἐν γούνασι κεῖται)
ἔργα σε πολλὰ πάρειμι διδάξων ἐργάζεσθαι,
ὄφρα κ' ἀεθλεύσας τε καὶ ἄλγεα πολλὰ μογήσας
νῦν ἄρ' ὅ τι φρεσὶ σῇσι μενοινᾷς εὖχος ἄρηαι.
ἀλλ' ἄνα, κεκλιμένων ἐκ φύλλων ὄρσευ, 'Ιαύθη,
ὄρσο παλαισμοσύνης ἵνα πειρώμεσθ' ἀλεγεινῆς."
  'Αλλ' ὅ γ' ἄσιτος ἄπαστος ἐδητύος ἠδὲ ποτῆτος
κεκλιμένων ἀνστὰς ἐξ εὐνῆς ὤρνυτο φύλλων,
ἤλυθεν ἔντοσθεν μεγάροιο διὲκ σκιόεντος
δυσομένου ὑπὸ λαμπομένην ὑπερίονος αὐγήν·
ἐκ δ' ἐλθὼν κλισίης ξείνῳ ἐπάλαισεν 'Ιαύθης·
οἱ δ' ἐπεὶ ἀλλήλων χερσὶ στιβαρῇσι λαβέσθην,
τῷ δ' ἄρα κεκμηῶτι μένος μέγ' ἀέξετο κῆρι
ἔνδοθι παλλομένῳ, καὶ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἐλπὶς ἀγέρθη,
ἶς δ' ἀνὰ ἶνι' ὀρώρει, ὀφέλλετο δὲ μένος ἠΰ.
οἱ δὲ παλαισμοσύνης ἀλεγεινῆς πειρήσαντο
δυσομένου ὑπὸ λαμπομένῃ ὑπερίονος αὐγῇ·
οἱ μὲν ἐρειδέσθην περὶ νίκης, ἀλλ' ἔτι μᾶλλον

Stronger still grew Hiawatha,
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the Heron, the Shuh-Shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.
"'Tis enough," then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you."
And he vanish'd, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanish'd,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him
And the reeling stars above him.

LONGFELLOW.

ἔνδοθεν ἐν στήθεσσι μένος μέγ' ἀέξατ' Ἰαύθῃ·
ἦμος δ' ἠέλιος κατέδυ, καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἦλθε,
τοῖσι δ' ἐρειδομένοις ἔκλαγξεν ἐρώδιος αἰνῶς,
ὅς ῥά τ' ἐν ειαμενῇ ἕλεος μεγάλου λιγύφωνος
ὀξὺ λάκεν, δηρὸν γὰρ ἐδητύος ἦεν ἄπαστος·
δὴ τότε μιν προσέφη θεοῦ ἄγγελος ἡδὺ γελάσσας·
" Νῦν μὲν παυσώμεσθα παλαισμοσύνης ἀλεγεινῆς
σήμερον· ὕστερον ἂψ ἀνελεύσομαι, ὄφρα κεν ἡμεῖς
χειρῶν πειρώμεσθα καὶ ἐκτελέσωμεν ἄεθλον,
μαρναμένου καταδύντος ἐς αὔριον ἠελίοιο."
Ὣς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀπέβη ἑτέρωσε λιασθείς·
ἀλλά μιν οὔτε ἰδεῖν δύνατ' οὔτε νοῆσαι Ἰαύθης,
ἢ ὁ μὲν οἰχόμενος κατέδυ, ὡς αἰετὸς, αἴην,
ἠὲ θοῶς ἀνέβη μέγαν οὐρανὸν, ἠΰτ' ὀμίχλη·
ὃς μὲν ἔπειτ' ἀπέβη· οἶος δ' ἄπνευστος Ἰαύθης
κεῖτ' ὀλιγηπελέων, κατὰ δ' ὀφθαλμῶν κέχυτ' ἀχλὺς
εἰσορόωντι κάτω λίμνην, ἔκαμον δέ οἱ ὄσσε
ἄλλοτε παπταίνοντι πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα.

H. J., 1857.

MADOC IN AZTLAN.

AFTER a way
Circuitous and long through lonely tracks,
They reach'd the mountains, and amid the shade
Of thickets covering the uncultured slope
Their patient ambush placed. The Chiefs alone
Held on, till, winding in ascent, they reach'd
The heights which o'er the Briton's mountain hold
Impended; there they stood, and by the moon,
Who yet, with undiminish'd lustre, hung
High in the dark blue firmament, from thence
Explored the deep descent. Precipitous
The rock beneath them lay, a sudden cliff
Bare and unbroken; in its midway holes,
Where never hand could reach, or eye intrude,
The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,
Its interrupted crags and ancient woods
Offer'd a difficult way. From crag to crag,
By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or bough,
A painful toil and perilous, they pass'd;
And now, stretch'd out amid the matted shrubs

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not."—SHAKSPERE.

PER devia sola viarum
Emensi tractus et longa silentia campi,
Ad montes veniunt ; illic, qua plurima tectum
Virga dedit nexis ramis in parte supina
Ignota agricolis, patiens et cauta locatur
Insidiata manus. Ductores inde tenebant
Solum iter, obliquisque viis queis itur ad alta
Culmina, ubi subter sedes habuere Britanni
Montanas, scandunt ; constant in vertice summo
Explorant et abhinc declivia montis, ab alto
Integra purpureum dum luna per aëra fulget.
Continuo rupes subito prærupta jacebat
Invia, nuda ; illic media inter saxa, latebras
Ignotas oculis hominum manibusve, latentes
Nidificant aquilæ. Rupes hinc multa vaganti
Longius interrupta viam silvæque vetustæ
Difficilem fecere. E rupibus undique rupes
Carpebant, oris scopulorum et stipite crebra
Longum opus et durum ramo et radice juvantes.
Mox inter frutices cæci latuere per herbam

Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed
The rugged bank, they crouch'd.

By this the stars
Grew dim; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp,
The owls have ceased their night-song. On the top
Of yon magnolia, the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
Now breaks the morning; but as yet no foot
Hath mark'd the dews, nor sound of man is heard.
Then first Ocellopan beheld, where near,
Beneath the shelter of a half-roof'd hut,
A sleeping stranger lay. He pointed him
To Tlalala. The Tyger look'd around;
None else was nigh. "Shall I descend," he said,
"And strike him? here is none to see the deed.
We offer'd to the Gods our mingled blood
Last night; and now, I deem it, they present
An offering which shall more propitiate them,
And omen sure success. I will go down
And kill!"

He said, and, gliding like a snake,
Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.
Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams
Of Britain and the blue-eyed maid he loved.
The Azteca stood over him; he knew
His victim, and the power of vengeance gave

Inplexis ripam qui prima in valle tegebant
Præruptam foliis.

Minuunt jam sidera flammas,
Quemque dedit noctu vermis jam subtrahit ignem ;
Carmina bubonum cessere. E vertice laurus
Cristatæ auditur volucris vox nuncia lucis :
It late sonitus, somnum quæ tessera pellit,
Latius acceptam vocem arbor quæque remittit.
Aurora inlucet, sed adhuc pes gramine nullus
Rorem excussit, adhuc vox nulla silentia rumpit.
Tum demum, tectum qua lapsum ex parte tegebat,
Forte virum insomnem conspexit Ocellopan, inde
Significat Tlalalæ : Tigris circum omnia lustrat ;
Nemo aderat ; "Num descendam, ferroque necati
Abripiam vitam ? nemo hic ; facinusque manebit
Occultum ; hesterna nostrum dis nocte cruorem
Conmixtum dedimus, nunc ipsi munera mittunt
Placati melius queis prospera cuncta facessent :
Ibimus, atque simul mors illi."

Talia fatus,
Anguis uti repit qua jam sua membra quieti
Caradocus dederat. Jucundum nempe soporem
Carpebat ; læta et per somnum somnia visa :
Cara oculis claris virgo, atque Britannica tellus.
Jam stabat supra caput Azteca, victimaque olli
Haud ignota fuit ; vindictæ et grata potestas

Malignant joy. "Once hast thou 'scaped my arm,
But what shall save thee now?" the Tyger thought,
Exulting; and he raised his spear to strike.
That instant o'er the Briton's unseen harp
The gale of morning pass'd, and swept its strings
Into so sweet a harmony, that sure
It seem'd no earthly tone.

The savage man
Suspends his stroke; he looks astonish'd round;
No human hand is near;—and hark! again
The aërial music swells and dies away!
Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear;
He thought that some protecting spirit watch'd
Beside the stranger, and, abash'd, withdrew.
"A God protects him," to Ocellopan,
Whispering, he said. "Didst thou not hear the sound
Which enter'd into me, and fix'd my arm
Powerless above him?"

"Was it not a voice
From thine own Gods to strengthen thee," replied
His sterner comrade, "and make evident
Their pleasure in the deed?"

"Nay!" Tlalala
Rejoin'd; "they speak in darkness and in storms;
The thunder is their voice, that peals through heaven,

Lætitiam sævam fecit. "Tu ludere quondam
Nos poteras; sed quid jam te servare valebit?"
Hæc jactat sub corde ferox, et sustulit hastam
Mortem illi meditans; sed enim tunc aura latentem
Per citharam fluitans e chordis murmura movit,
Ars hominum certe tam dulcia nulla cieret.
Descendens restat gladius, Tlalala omnia lustrat
Attonitus; nemo est; motum sed rursus ab aura
Insolitum turget languetque per æthera murmur.
Tum primum Tlalalæ senserunt corda timorem;
Hospitis ad lectum nam visus numine custos
Stare Deus; retro et trepidus vestigia ducit.
"Illum Di," socio, submissa voce locutus,
"Illum Di," dixit, "servant. Nonne auribus illum
Sensisti sonitum, qui perculit ima pavore
Corda, meamque manum fixit sine viribus illi
Desuper innocuam?"

"Non te magis illa sonabat
Vox acuens," comes hæc respondit sævior, "illo
Acceptum Dis esse tuis opus omine monstrans?"

"In tenebris illi dicunt atrisque procellis,
Per tonitru cælum rumpit quod voce supremum,

Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth rock
In tempest, and destroys the sons of men.
It was no sound of theirs, Ocellopan!
No voice to hearten, for I felt it pass,
Unmanning every limb; yea, it relax'd
The sinews of my soul. Shedder of Blood,
I cannot lift my hand against this man;
Go, if thy heart be stronger!"

SOUTHEY.

Aut subter tortam quatit ad penetralia terram,
Per tempestates, hominesque absumere gestit.
Non horum vox illa Deûm, neque fausta, sed intus
Præteriit miro solvens mea membra timore
Immo animæ solvit nervos. O sanguine gaudens,
Hunc ego non possum violare aut lædere ferro ;
I, tibi si vires, animus si firmior adstat."

O. B., 1858.

BISHOP HATTO.

THE Summer and Autumn had been so wet,
That in Winter the corn was growing yet.
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they shall have food for the Winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor flock flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

Ἴτ', ὦ ταχεῖαι ποίνιμοί τ' Ἐρινύες,
γεύεσθε, μὴ φείδεσθε.—SOPHOCLES.

ÆSTATEM auctumnumque frequens madefecerat imber,
Ipsa inmatura messe virebat hiems;
Jamque putrescebant, visu miserabile, fruges,
Et fallax circum spica jacebat humi.

Quotquot iere dies rabie stipatur edendi
Ante Sacerdotis squalida turba fores,
Condita, sic cecinit vicinia tota, refertas
Illius in cellas ultima messis erat.

Certa dies miserum sedandi est dicta dolorem,
Corda ubi pauperibus pacificanda forent;
Ipse jubet cunctos in magnam adcurrere cellam;
Scilicet in brumam farra daturus, ait.

Undique, per lætas ubi nuntius accidit aures,
Currit ad optatas indiga turba dapes;
Turba frequentarunt cellam, juvenesque senesque,
Multaque cum querula femina prole venit.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats that only consume the corn!"

So then to the palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto ne'er slept again.

In the morning, as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn!"

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be;
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

Dein ubi jam nullos poterant admittere portæ,
Clauditur apposita janua fulta sera.
Frustra supplicibus testantur numina votis:
Funditus admota est cella cremata face.

"Egregie festos," inquit, "succendimus ignes;
Pol! bene de patria me meruisse reor,
Quum tot sustulerim tali in discrimine mures
Qui Cereris parcum nil nisi munus edunt!"

Dixerat: ut petiit redeunte palatia gressu,
Lætus in ostrinis accubuitque toris,
Nox velut insonti placidos dedit illa sopores,
Non iterum somnos nox tulit ulla tamen.

Jamque erat orta dies: subit atria mane Sacerdos,
Suspensa effigies pariete picta fuit:
Sudor obit gelidus præmortua membra, tabellæ
Muribus exesæ nil nisi forma manet.

Ut stetit obtutu fixus, pervenit ab agris
Nuntius, et trepido pallor in ore fuit;
"Nos hodie tua," ait, "reseravimus horrea, mures
Quæ fuit, ederunt, ante coacta Ceres."

Mox pede festino successit nuntius alter,
Marmore pallidior pallidiorque nive;
"I fuge; murum adeunt tibi milia dena, caveto
Ne scelus hesternum puniat ira Dei."

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes;
But soon a scream made him arise.
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd—it was only the cat,
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And up to the tower their way is bent,
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

"Ibimus ad Rhenum : quot habet Germania tutas,
  Tutior in Rheno stat mihi turris," ait,
"Mœnia celsa tenent, prærupta margine ripæ,
  Turbidus undosa volvitur amnis aqua."

Huc cito deproperat trepidans horrore Sacerdos,
  Transiit et nulla flumina Rhena mora ;
Pervenit ad turrim : jubet anxius ipse fenestris
  Et foribus duras adposuisse seras.

Membra toro posuit, clauduntur lumina, frustra ;
  Territus horrifico subsilit inde sono :
Subsilit : en ! gemina rutilantia lumina flamma
  Pulvino instabant : hinc sonus ille fuit.

Audit et adspectat : neque adest nisi territa felis :
  Attamen inde metus pectora major habet :
Illa sedens ululabat enim, formidine demens,
  Ut murum instructam vidit adire manum.

Turbida tranarunt undosi flumina Rheni,
  Culmina præruptæ marginis alta tenent ;
Ardua vallatæ scandunt fastigia turris,
  Ut bene mandatum perficiatur opus.

Non est centurias, non est numerare maniplos,
  Multa venit legio, multa caterva venit :
Tot neque fama refert mures neque prisca vetustas,
  Nec talem pœnam viderat ulla dies.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder, drawing near,
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down through the ceiling, and up from the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

SOUTHEY.

Nec mora ; suppliciter demittere genua Sacerdos,
  Ocius et trepidas fundere voce preces ;
Clarius audit ubi munimina rodere dentes ;
  Et propius rabidum sentit adesse gregem.

Ostia præcipites subeunt subeuntque fenestras,
  Per muros celerem conripiuntque viam,
A fronte a tergo, dextra veniuntque sinistra,
  Perque pavimentum perque lacunar eunt :
Curritur intra extraque simul, sursum atque deorsum :
  Turba Sacerdotem consociata petunt.

Mœnibus exesis acuere in prælia dentes ;
  Jamque Sacerdotem dilacerare juvat,
Omnibus et membris carnem divellere, missos
  Qui trepidum crucient exagitentque reum.

H. J., 1858.

LORD OF THE ISLES

Canto III.

Nigh came the strangers, and more nigh ;—
Still less they pleased the Monarch's eye.
Men were they all of evil mien,
Down-look'd, unwilling to be seen ;
They moved with half-resolved pace,
And bent on earth each gloomy face.
The foremost two were fair array'd
With brogue and bonnet, trews and plaid,
And bore the arms of mountaineers,
Daggers and broadswords, bows and spears.
The three that lagg'd small space behind,
Seem'd serfs of more degraded kind ;
Goat-skins or deer-hides o'er them cast,
Made a rude fence against the blast ;
Their arms and feet and heads were bare,
Matted their beards, unshorn their hair ;
For arms, the caitiffs bore in hand
A club, an axe, a rusty brand.

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

"Whence, and what art thou?"—MILTON.

ΑΣΣΟΝ ἄρ' ἦλθον ξεῖνοι ἔτ' ἀσσοτέρω δὲ ἐπῆλθον,
ἀλλ' ἧσσον θυμὸς γήθησεν ἄνακτος ἰδόντος·
οἵ μὲν ἰδέσθαι ἔσαν πάντες κακοὶ, ὀφθαλμοῖς τε
ἔστιχον οὐκ ὀρθοῖς, ὡς οὐκ ἐθέλοντες ὁρᾶσθαι·
τοῖσι δὲ βαίνουσιν δοιῇ ἐδαΐζετο θυμὸς,
καὶ μάλ' ὕποδρα ἰδὼν τρέπεν ὦπα πέδονδε ἕκαστος.
ἀμφὶ δὲ τοῖν πρωτοῖν καλὰ χροῒ εἵματα ἕστο,
καλὰ πέδιλά τε καὶ κυνέη καὶ ποίκιλος ὤμοις
ἀμφὶ πέπλος καὶ κνημῖδες· μεγάλην δὲ μάχαιραν
καὶ ξίφος ἄμφηκες, καὶ τόξα καὶ ἔγχεα μακρὰ,
τεύχε' Ὀρεσκῴων ἔφερον· τρεῖς δ' οἵτε μετ' αὐτοὺς
οὐ μάλα τῆλ' ἕσποντο, ὀπάονες ἦσαν ἰδέσθαι
λευγάλεοι· τοῖσιν δ' ἀμφ' ὤμοις δέρματα νεβρῶν
ἠδ' αἰγῶν πνοιῆς δυσθαλπέος ἤρκεσε ῥῖγος·
γυμνώθη τε καρὰ, γύμνοι τε βραχίονας ἦσαν
καὶ πόδας, ἦν δὲ κόμη τανάη, λάσιοί τε γένεια·
τοῖσι δὲ πάγχυ κακοῖς ἦν τεύχεα λύγρ' ἐνὶ χερσὶν,
καὶ ῥόπαλος, πέλεκυς, καὶ ἄορ πεπαλαγμένον ἄζῃ.

Onward, still mute, they kept the track,—
"Tell who ye be, or else stand back,"
Said Bruce, "in deserts where they meet,
Men pass not as in peaceful street."
Still, at his stern command, they stood,
And proffer'd greeting brief and rude;
But acted courtesy so ill
As seem'd of fear, and not of will.
"Wanderers are we, as you may be;
Men hither driven by wind and sea,
Who, if you list to taste our cheer,
Will share with you this fallow deer."—
"If from the sea, where lies your bark?"
"Ten fathom deep in ocean dark!
Wreck'd yesternight—but we are men,
Who little sense of peril ken.
The shades come down, the day is shut,
Will you go with us to the hut?"
"Our vessel waits us in the bay;
Thanks for your proffer—have good day."—
"Was that your galley then, that rode
Not far from shore when evening glow'd?"—
"It was."—"Then spare your needless pain,
There will she now be sought in vain.

Οἱ δ᾽ ἔτι σιγῶντες κατὰ δὴ στίβον ἔστιχον αἰὲν—
τοῖσιν ἄρ᾽ ὁ Βρουκὴς ἔπεα πτερόεντα προσηύδα·
"Φράζετε νῦν, ξεῖνοι, τίνες ἔμμεναι εὐχετάασθε,
ἠὲ τάχιστ᾽ ἂψ ἐκτὸς ἀταρπιτοῦ εἴκετε ἔμπης·
οὐχ ὅτ᾽ ἂν ἀλλήλοις ἐν ἐρήμοις ἀντιόωσι
τὼς παρίασι βροτοὶ, ὡς ἡσυχίαις ἐν ἀγυιαῖς."
μῦθον ἀκούοντες χαλεπὸν τόνδ᾽ ἔμπεδοι ἔσταν,
αὐτὰρ ἔπεσσι κακοῖς, ὀλίγοισί τε, δεικανόωντο,
ὡς τρομέοντες μὴν, ἐτύμως δ᾽ οὐκ ἦρα φέροντες·
"'Ημεῖς δ᾽, ὡς χὐμεῖς αὐτοὶ τάχ᾽ ἄρ᾽, ἐσμὲν ἀλῆται,
ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐλαυνόμενοι πνοιῇς καὶ κύμασι πόντου·
δαιτὸς δ᾽, εἴ κ᾽ ἐθέλητε μεθ᾽ ἡμῶν ἀντιβολῆσαι,
βουλόμεθ᾽ ὑμῖν τήνδε νέμεσθαι ποίκιλον ἔλλον."
"Ἤλθετε δ᾽ εἴ γ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ἁλὸς ποῦ νηῦς ῥ᾽ ἕστηκεν ἐΐση;"
"Κεῖται ἄρ᾽ ἐν βυσσοῖς τῆλ᾽ οἴνοπος 'Ωκεάνοιο,
χθιζὰ διαρραισθεῖσ᾽, ἡμεῖς δὲ τοὶ ἐσμὲν ἔτ᾽ οὔπω
κίνδυνον τρομέειν ἀλλ᾽ ἔμμεν ἀταρβέες αἰεί.
ἠέλιός ῥ᾽ ἤδη δύεται καὶ ἐπὶ κνέφας ἵκει—
φράζετέ τ᾽ εἰ νῦν εἰς κλισίην βούλεσθε νέεσθαι;"
"Νηῦς τοι ἐπ᾽ ἐσχατίῃ λιμένος ῥ᾽ ἕστηκεν ἐΐση.
ἀλλὰ χάρις μὲν τῶνδ᾽ ἀντ᾽ ἐστὶν, χαίρετε δ᾽ αὐτοί."
"'Υμετέρη δήπου νηῦς οὐ μάλα τηλόθ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀκτῆς
ἔστη ἐπεὶ ἐπὶ δὴ χρυσόθρονος ἕσπερος ἦλθεν;"
"Ἦ ῥά νυ ἤδ᾽ ἔστη."—"Φείδεσθ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐτώσια κάμνειν,
αὐτοῦ γὰρ κείνην διζήμεναι οὐδὲν ὀνήσει,

We saw her from the mountain head,
When, with St. George's blazon red,
A southern vessel bore in sight,
And yours raised sail, and took to flight."—

"Now, by the rood, unwelcome news!"
Thus with Lord Ronald communed Bruce;
"Nor rests there light enough to show
If this their tale be true or no.
The men seem bred of churlish kind,
Yet mellow nuts have hardest rind;
We will go with them—food and fire
And sheltering roof our wants require.
Sure guard 'gainst treachery will we keep,
And watch by turns our comrades' sleep.—
Good fellows, thanks; your guests we'll be,
And we will pay the courtesy.
Come lead us where your lodgings lie—
Nay, soft! we mix not company.—
Show us the path o'er crag and stone,
And we will follow you—lead on."

SCOTT.

ὡς ἀπὸ μὲν κορυφῆς ὄρεος τήνδ' εἴδομεν αὐτοί·
φαίνετο πορφυρέῳ μὲν σήματι παμφανόωσα
ἐκ νοτοῦ ἐρχομένη γλαφυρὴ νηῦς, ὑμετέρη δὲ
ἵστια λευκὰ πέτασσε, φυγεῖν δὲ μάλ' ἐτράπετ'
αἶψα."

Ὧδε τότ' ὁ Βρουκὴς μύθῳ καὶ ἐπιφρόνι βουλῇ
εἶπεν πρὸς τὸν ἄνακτα, φίλον τετιημένος ἦτορ·
"Ὢ πόποι ἦ μάλα δὴ κλέος ἀργαλέον τόδ'
ἀκούειν,
οὐδὲ μένει νοέειν ἱκανὸν φάος ἠελίοιο,
ἢ νημερτέα ταῦτα λέγουσ' ἢ ψευδέα πάντα·
φαίνονται χαλεποί τε καὶ ἄγριοι ἄνερες οἵδε,
καί τοι ἐγὼ πεπόνων καρύων μάλα τρηχὺν ὄπωπα
πολλάκι φλοιὸν ἔπι· καὶ νῦν τάχ' ἄρ' ἔσσεται
ὡδί·
ξὺν δ' ἴομεν· καὶ γὰρ πυρὸς ἠδὲ ἐδητύος ἡμέας
καὶ στεγέος νῦν χρεῖος ἱκάνεται οὐκέτ' ἀνεκτόν·
καί τοι ἀμειβόμενοι διὰ νύκτα φυλάξομεν αἰὲν
μὴ δόλος ᾖ τις, ἀμειβόμενοί θ' εὑδήσομεν αὐτοί.
ὦ φίλοι, ἀσπάσιοι ξενίης τῆσδ' ἀντιβολῆσαι
ἐρχόμεθ', οὐδ' ὑμῖν ἄρ' ἀπέσσεται ἄξι' ἄποινα·
ἀλλ' ἄγετ' εἰς κλισίην, τάχα δ' ὀτρύνεσθε νέεσθαι·
ἴσχεσθ' οὐ γὰρ δὴ μίσγεσθαι ἐάσομεν ὑμέας,
ἀλλ' ἔρχεσθε πάροιθεν, ὁδὸν κατὰ παιπαλόεσσαν,
ἑσπομένων ἡμῶν ὑμεῖς ἡγήτορες ἔστε."

F. B., 1858.

ARIADNE.

WHERE art thou, Theseus? Theseus! Theseus! where?
Why hast thou stolen thus with earliest dawn
Forth from thy couch—forth from these faithless arms,
That e'en in slumber should have clasp'd thee still?
Truant, ah me! and hast thou learnt to fly
So early from thy Ariadne's love?
Where art thou? Is it well to fright me thus—
To scare me for a moment with the thought
Of one abandon'd? Art thou in the woods
With all that could have told me where thou art?
Cruel! and could'st thou not have left me one
Ere this to have laugh'd away my idle fears?
He could have told thee all—the start, the shriek,
The pallid face with which I found thee gone—
And furnish'd laughter for thy glad return.
But thus to leave me, cruel! thus alone!
There is no sound of horn among the hills,
No shouts that tell they track or bay the boar.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

"Nunc scio quid sit Amor."—VIRGIL.

Quo fugis ah Theseu? Theseu, quo mane recenti
  Te placuit nostro surripuisse toro?
Bracchia liquisti male fido dedita somno;
  In somnis etiam nonne premendus eras?
Inprobe fugisti! jamjam docuitne puellam
  Evitare suam Thesea noster amor?
Quo fugis? an decuit sic, sic me flere relictam,
  Sit tamen hora tuæ quantulacunque fugæ?
Anne manu silvas multa comitante pererras?
  Ferre sat e multis, quo fugis, unus erat.
Idem, quæ metuo, vana et ridenda probasset
  Jam mihi, mox grato te redeunte, tibi.
Omnia dixisset: quæ vox, quæ forma timoris;
  Et quis in absenti te mihi pallor erat.
Hæc quoque risisses; rapto sed sola marito
  Sicine, crudelis, destituenda fui?
Nec tuba per montes neque vox venatica clamat,
  Sive fugit, moriens sive resistit aper.

O fearful stillness! O that one would speak!
O would that I were fronting wolf or pard
But by thy side this moment; so strange fear
Possesses me, O love, apart from thee.
The galley! gone. Ye Gods! it is not gone:
Here by this rock it lay but yesternight.
Gone! through this track its keel slid down the shore;
And I slept calmly as it cleft the sea.
Gone, gone! where gone? That sail! 'tis his—'tis his!
Return, O Theseus! Theseus, love, return!
Thou wilt return? Thou dost but try my love?
Thou wilt return to make my foolish fears
Thy jest? Return! and I will laugh with thee!
Return, return! and canst thou hear my shrieks,
Nor heed my cry? and would'st thou have me weep?
Weep! I that wept white with wild fear the while
Thou slewest the abhorr'd monster. If it be
Thou takest pleasure in these bitter tears,
Come back and I will weep myself away—
A streaming Niobe—to win thy smiles!
O stony heart! why wilt thou wring me thus?
O heart more cold unto my shrilling cries
Than these wild hills that wail to thee "Return,"
Than all these island rocks that shriek "Return."
Come back! Thou seest me rend this blinding hair;
Hast thou not sworn each tress thou didst so prize

O utinam vocem, quæ dira silentia verbis
Rumperet, humano quilibet ore daret!
Sis modo tu præsens vel tigribus obvia fiam!
Sis modo tu præsens, me petat ira lupi.
Nescio qui mira mentem formidine motus
Adripuit, nostro non redeunte viro.
Navis abest? liquit, Di magni, litora navis?
Illa sub hac certe rupe latebat heri.
Sulcatum video litus—secura sopora
Nocte quiescebam. Prora secabat aquas.
Navis ubi fugit? tua væ! tua carbasa cerno!
O Theseu reducem, lux mea, flecte ratem.
At rediturus abis: credo, quæ tentet amorem
Hæc fuga: ridebis, mox rediture, metum.
Ipsaque ridebo, tecum modo: nonne redibis?
Ire potes tali voce vocatus iter?
Anne placent lacrimæ? lacrimas exterrita fudi,
Semibovem dextra pecutiente tua.
Fletus visne meos? redeas, lamenta querellis
Flebilibus Niobes flebiliora dabo:
Scilicet ut risus captem: cur saxea talis
Durities? laceras cur mea corda metu?
Durior heu! montes quam quos resonantibus audis
Præduros scopulis exululare "Redi."
Mene comas etiam nequidquam abscindere fusas!
In pretio crines ante fuere mei;

That sight of home and thy grey father's face
Were less a joy to thee, and lightlier held?
Thy sail! thy sail! O do my watery eyes
Take part with thee so loved to crush me down?
Gone! gone! and wilt thou, wilt thou not return?
Heartless, unfearing the just Gods, wilt thou,
Theseus, my lord, my love, desert me thus?—
Thus leave me stranger in this strange wild land
Friendless, afar from all I left for thee,—
Crete, my old home, and my ancestral halls,
My father's love, and the remember'd haunts
Of childhood—all that knew me, all I knew?
All, all: woe! woe! that I shall know no more.
Why didst thou lure me, craftiest, from my home?
There if, thy love grown cold, thou thus had fled,
I had found comfort in fond words and smiles
Familiar, and the pity of my kin;
Tears wept with mine—tears wept by loving eyes,
That had wash'd out thy traces from my heart,
Perchance in years had given me back to joy.

BENNETT.

Nec tibi tam gratos oculis jurare solebas
    Ægea longævum Cecropiosque Lares.
Ah tua vela vident errantia lumina : fallunt
    Lumina cum falso consociata proco.
Nec mihi te tandem precibus, scelerate, reducam?
    Sicine contemnis numina justa deum?
Nonne tuam puduit, conjunx carissime Theseu,
    Conjugem in ignoto me trepidare solo?
Ut te prosequerer, notas feror impia sedes
    Et Cretam et patrios deseruisse focos.
Quas noram socias, fueram queis nota, reliqui—
    Omnia pro! miseræ non revocanda mihi.
Cur ita duxisti, ne quid solamen adesset,
    De patria cæcis, insidiose, dolis?
Illic infido gratis fugiente marito
    Risibus et verbis cura levata foret.
Illic cognati—miserantia corda dolorem—
    Queis fuerat lacrimis illacrimare meis.
Et fortasse dies abluto tempus amore
    Reddiderat lætos inmemoresque tui.

E. J. M., 1860.

KING JOHN

Act 2, Sc. 1.

CHATILLON. KING PHILIP. KING JOHN.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanche of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceased;
And all the unsettled humours of the land,—

GREEK IAMBICS.

Καὶ φημὶ κἀπόφημι κοὐκ ἔχω τί φῶ.

ΧΑΤ. Ἄγ' οὖν στράτευμα τῆσδε τῆς φαύλης ἀπὸ
πόλεως, ἔγειρέ τ' ἐς τὸ κάλλιόν τι δρᾶν·
σοῖς γὰρ δικαίοις δυσφορῶν Ἄγγλος λόγοις
στείλας ἔχει σφε· πνευμάτων δ' ὑπ' ἀντίων,
ἔμμινον ὧν δὴ παῦλαν, εἴληφεν χρόνον
σχεδόν τι θᾶσσον* ἐκφέρειν λόχους ἐμοῦ.
καὶ πρὸς τόδ' ἄστυ, κοῦφον ἐξάρας πόδα,
στρατὸν κραταιὸν, ἄνδρας εὐψύχους τ' ἄγει.
μήτηρ δ' ἄνασσα τῷδ' ὁμοῦ πορεύεται,
νείκους Ἐρινὺς καὶ φόνου πειστηρία·
ταύτης δ' ὅμαιμος, ἡ 'ξ Ἰβηρίας γυνή·
καὶ τοῦ θανόντος βασιλέως νοθηγενὴς,
πάσης δ' ὅσοιπερ ἐκπεφύκασιν χθονὸς
τρόποις ἀνιδρύτοισιν, ὥστ' ἐρᾶν πλάνης,

* Cf. Eur. Hec. 701.

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence in scath, in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. PHIL. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

AUSTRIA. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.
Let them be welcome then,—we are prepared.

K. JOHN. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our first and lineal entrance to our own!

ἄλλως ἄβουλοι, θούριοι, καὐθαίρετοι,
οἳ παρθενωποί γ' εἰσορᾶν πεφηνότες
δράκοντές εἰσιν, οὐχὶ παρθένοι, φρένας.
οὗτοί γ' ὅσ' εἶχον, ἀργύρου πεπρακότες
κλῆρον πατρῷον χρημάτων, ὑπερφρόνως
ἐν σώμασιν φοροῦσιν οἰκεῖον λάχος
δεῦρ' ἐλπίσαντες χρημάτων κῦρσαι νέων.
χὤπως μὲν ἐν πολλοῖσι παῦρά σοι λέγω,
οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτ' ἄνθος λῷον εὐτόλμων φρενῶν,
ἢ νῦν διῆλθε σέλμασιν Βρεταννικοῖς,
ἔπλευσεν ἤδη ποντίων ἐπ' οἰδμάτων,
ὅπως ἄγοι φέροι τε τὴν οἰκουμένην.
καὶ μὴν ἀτερπεῖς τῶνδε σάλπιγγες σχολὴν
τὴν νῦν γ' ἀπορρηγνῦσιν· εἰσὶ γὰρ πέλας
σπονδὰς φέροντες, ἢ μάχην· δρᾶν οὖν ἀκμή.

ΦΙΛ. Ὅσον γ' ἀπροσδόκητός ἐσθ' ὅδε στόλος.

ΑΥΣ. Ὅσῳ μὲν οὖν δεῦρ' ἔλαθον ἐσβεβλη-
κότες,
πεῖραν τοσούτῳ μᾶλλον ἂν κινεῖν δέοι,
ὅπως ἀποστρέψωμεν εἰσαφιγμένους·
θάρσος γὰρ αἰὲν ἐξισοῦν καιρῷ φιλεῖ·
χαίρειν λέγωμεν οὖν· παρεσκευάσμεθα.

ΙΩ. Ὡς Γαλλίᾳ μὲν δοῖεν εἰρήνην θεοὶ,
εἴπερ κατ' εἰρήνην γε Γαλλία θέλει
κρατεῖν μ' ὅσωνπερ ἐστί μοι δίκη κρατεῖν,
γένους κατ' ἀγχιστεῖα τῶν ὀλωλότων·

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
This proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast underwrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,

εἰ δ' οὖν *, ὃ μὴ γένοιτο, Γαλλίᾳ φόνος
ἔστω· σὺ δ' εἰς Ὄλυμπον, Εἰρήνη, τρέπου,
ἕως ὕβριν μοι, τῷ θεῶν ἀλάστορι,
ὀφλισκάνωσι δυσσεβῆ, πρὸς ὧν σὺ δὴ
ὧδ' εἰς Ὄλυμπον γῆθεν ἐξελήλασαι.

ΦΙΛ. Ἡ δ' Ἀγγλία νῦν θεόθεν εἰρήνης τύχοι,
ἐάν γε πόλεμος, ἐνθάδ' αὖ παλίντροπος,
ἐκεῖ κατ' εἰρηναῖον οἰκήσῃ δόμον.
ἦ γὰρ φιλοῦμεν Ἀγγλίαν· κείνης χάριν
ἱδροῦμεν ὧδε ξὺν βάρει πανοπλίας·
σοί γ' ἂν μέλοι τοιαῦτα, κοὐχ ἡμῖν· σὺ δὲ
τοσοῦτον ἀπέχεις τοῦ Βρεταννίαν φιλεῖν,
ὥστ' ἔννομόν γ' ἄνακτα προὔδωκας κακῶς,
εἶτ' ἐξέωσας τοὺς μεθυστέρους, ὅτων
ἐπαξιοῦσι λαγχάνειν γένους κάτα,
εἶθ' ὡς παρ' οὐδὲν νήπιον τιθεὶς σέβας,
τὴν παρθενείαν ὕβρισας τυραννίδος.
ἰδού· κάρα σοι Γεφρίου βλέπειν πάρα·
κείνου τάδ' ὄμμαθ', οἵδε δ' ὀφρύων κύκλοι
πεπλασμένοι κυροῦσι· τὸ σμικρὸν τόδε
μέγα ξυνίσχει κεῖνο, κοὐκ ἄλλου τινὸς
τοὐν Γεφρίῳ τεθνηκός· ἡ δὲ χεὶρ χρόνου
τὸν τηλικοῦτον ἐς τοσοῦτ' ἂν αὐξάνοι·
ἀλλ' οὖν, κάσις σοὶ (πῶς γὰρ οὔ;) γεραίτερος
γόνῃ 'ξέβλαστε Γέφριος· κείνου δέ που
παῖς ἔσθ' ὅδ'· ἔσχε δ' Ἀγγλίαν ὁ Γέφριος

* Cf. Soph. Ant. 722.

And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

SHAKSPERE.

δίκῃ, δίκῃ δὲ τόνδ'· ἔπειτα, πρὸς θεῶν,
πῶς σοίγε συμβέβηκε κοιράνῳ κλύειν;
ὅθ' αἷμα κροτάφοις τοῖσδε θερμὸν ἅλλεται
οἷσιν προσήκει στεφανὸς οὗ σὺ νῦν κρατεῖς.

R. R., 1860.

DON RODERICK

Book XXI.

The second eve had closed upon their march
Within the Asturian border, and the Moors
Had pitch'd their tents within an open wood
Upon the mountain side. As day grew dim,
Their scatter'd fires shone with distincter light
Among the trees, above whose top the smoke
Diffused itself, and stain'd the evening sky.
Ere long the stir of occupation ceased,
And all the murmur of the busy host,
Subsiding, died away, as through the camp
The crier from the knoll proclaim'd the hour
For prayer appointed, and, with sonorous voice,
Thrice in melodious modulation full
Pronounced the highest name. "There is no God
But God!" he cried, "there is no God but God!
Mohammed is the Prophet of the Lord!
Come ye to prayer, to prayer! The Lord is great!
There is no God but God!" Thus he pronounced
His ritual form, mingling with holiest truth
The audacious name accurst. The multitude

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"Tantæ pietatis imago."—VIRGIL.

JAMQUE dies alterque dies processerat illis
Asturios intra fines, et castra locarant
Mauri illic silvas inter dumetaque montis
In latere. Ut circa lumen crescentibus umbris
Emoritur, rari præclara luce micabant
Ignes per ramos, supraque volumina fumi
Undique fundebant sese, maculisque colorem
Cæruleum cæli fœdabant. Omnibus una
Fit subito requies operum, mox undique turbæ
Conpressum murmur, castrisque silentia regnant,
Dum præco sonitus effundit nuntius altos,
Gramineo e tumulo clamans populoque precari
Imperat, et nomen sanctum ter voce sonora
Exprimit. "Ipse Deus regit orbem numine solus,
Ipse Deus," clamat, "solus Mahumedaque vates
Illi : vosque preces," iterat, "vos tollere pronos
Jam decet ! Ipse Deus regit orbem numine solus."
Talia voce refert solito de more locutus,
Miscuit et sacrum scelerato nomine Verum.
Undique jam circa montano turba lavatur

Made their ablutions in the mountain stream,
Obedient, then their faces to the earth
Bent in formality of easy prayer.

An arrow's flight above that mountain stream
There was a little glade, where, underneath
A long, smooth, mossy stone, a fountain rose.
An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
O'ercanopied the spring: its fretted roots
Emboss'd the bank; and on their tufted bark
Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade—
Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green,
Which bent toward the spring, and, when the wind
Made itself felt, just touch'd with gentle dip
The glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then,
Save when some bubble, rising from the depth,
Burst, and with faintest circles mark'd its place,
Or if an insect skimm'd it with his wing,
Or when in heavier drops the gather'd rain
Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
When, having drank there, he would bound across,
Drew up upon the bank his meeting feet,
And put forth half his force. With silent lapse
From thence through mossy banks the water stole;
Then, murmuring, hasten'd to the glen below.
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest; and, when she stoopt,
Hot from the chase, to drink, well pleased had seen

Flumine, parentes cuncti, tum vota ferebant
Ad Dominum proni, et numen de more vocabant.

Longius haud curvo jaculator spicula cornu
Quam vibrat, supra montani fluminis undas
Saltus erat viridis, qua musco adoperta virenti
Manabant saxo casti spiracula fontis;
Nec procul innexis ilex umbracula ramis
Ardua præbebat, cælata et robora trunci
Gramineam ripam cingebant, cortice plantæ
Creverunt umbram et gelidos potare liquores
Poscentes semper. Rugosis frondibus herbæ
Et filices illic viguerunt, tendere frondes
Consuetæ ad rivi lymphas, quum flamina venti
Lene susurrantis placidi crystallina fontis
Æquora moverunt; non ullo tempore motu
Perturbata prius, nisi surgens bulla profundis
Rumpitur, et latices curvos sinuantur in orbes,
Seu leviter transit quum penna præpete musca,
Altis seu quercus quum ramis decidit imber,
Atque agitant lymphas guttæ. Fera cerva virenti
Adstabat ripæ, quum siccam fonte levarat
Forte sitim, pedibusque illic transire solebat
Conpressis, at non summas contendere vires.
Per ripas illic muscosas lympha silenti
Effugit lapsu, et petiit cum murmure silvam
Quæ suberat viridem. Tam gratis carpere amasset
Ipsa Diana locis somnum, dum vertice Phœbus
Funderet a medio radios, et fessa labore
Venandi latices biberet quum prona coronam

Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
It crown'd, reflected there.

Beside that spring
Count Julian's tent was pitch'd upon the glade.
There his ablutions, Moor-like, he perform'd,
And, Moor-like, knelt in prayer. There was a sound
Of voices at the tent when he arose,
And, lo! with hurried steps, a woman came
Toward him. Rightly then his heart presaged,
And, ere he could discern her countenance,
Florimel knelt, and, with uplifted hands,
Embraced her sire. He raised her from the ground,
Kiss'd her, and clasp'd her to his heart, and said,
"Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child!
Howe'er the inexorable will of Fate
May, in the world which is to come, divide
Our everlasting destinies, in this
Thou wilt not, O my child, abandon me!"
And then with deep and interrupted voice,
Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,
"My blessing be upon thy head," he cried,
"A father's blessing! Though all faiths were false
It should not lose its worth!" She lock'd her hands
Around his neck, and, gazing in his face
Through streaming tears, exclaim'd, "Oh, never more,
Here or hereafter, never let us part!"
And breathing then a prayer in silence forth,
The name of Jesus trembled on her tongue.

SOUTHEY.

Non sine lætitia crescentis fonte coruscam
Vidisset Lunæ, et facies formosior illa
Clara repercusso fulsisset lumine solis.

Stabant hunc juxta comitis tentoria fontem,
In viridi saltu, Maurum qua membra lavabat
Ritu, qua Maurus veluti jam vota ferebat:
Inclinatque caput viridanti in gramine supplex.
Fit sonus, exoritur circa tentoria vocum
Murmur, et en! rapido propius jam femina gressu
Adproperat: ductor veniat quæ femina præscit
Ipse, prius natæ voltus quam cernere possit
Adcumbens genitus flexis Florinda movetur
Ante pedes patris, colloque infusa paterno est.
Oscula quum dederat, lente conplectitur illam
Sublatam, et tali conpellat voce puellam.
"Tu non me miserum liquisti filia tandem!
Fortunas quamvis Parcarum ferrea fata
Venturo æternas secernant tempore nobis,
Dum tibi vita manet non me, mea filia, linques!"
Hæc fracta clamat voce et cohibere cadentum
Non lacrimarum imbrem tentat, "Tibi cuncta precatur
En," inquit, "genitor bona, quamvis omnia falsa
Puraque nulla fides esset, benedicta manerent
Sola inmota patris!" Cervicem bracchia circum
Innectit, lacrimansque suos defigit ocellos
In vultum, et tales effundit pectore voces.
"Distrahat o utinam nosmet nil distrahat unquam!"
Atque precem spirans humilem dedit ore silenti,
Et sanctum in lingua nomen trepidavit Iesu.

J. R., 1861.

FAERIE QUEEN

Book III.

"Like as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flyes away, of her owne feete afeard,
And every leafe that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde her terror hath encreast,
So fledd fayre Florimell from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed;
Nor did she let dull sleepe once to relent
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dred
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

Ἁ δέ τε κώρα
πᾶσας ἀνὰ κράνας, πάντ' ἄλσεα ποσσὶ φορεῖται.
THEOCRITUS.

ΩΣ δ' ὅτε τίς τ' ἀπάτερθ' ἑτάρων κραιπνοῖσι ποδέσσιν
θήριον ἐκφυγέουσ' ἔλαφος θέεν· ἀλλά μιν ἔμπης
αὐτῆς ἐξ ὀνύχων δοῦπον δέος εἷλε κλύουσαν·
φύλλα δ' ὅσ' ἂν σείσῃ Ζεφύρου μαλακή περ ἀϋτμὴ
δένδρεων, οἱ κακὸν αὖτις ἐνὶ φρεσὶ τάρβος ἀέξει·
ὣς τότε δή ῥα τρέσεν Φλοριμήλη δῖα γυναικῶν.
ἀχρεῖον δ' ἤϊσσε, καὶ ἤδη ἀήσυλον ὕβριν
δηρὸν ὑπεκφυγέουσα· τὸ δ' οὐκ ἐνόησε τάλαινα·
ὄψις δ' ἥντιν' ἴδοι καί τε κτύπος ὅντιν' ἀκούσαι
ὥστε διώκοντος φόβον ἀνέρος ἔμβαλε θυμῷ.
Ἑσπερίη δ' ἄρ' ἔβαινεν ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα,
οὐδὲ φυγῆς διὰ νυκτὸς ἐπαύσατο· τῇ δὲ γὰρ ὕπνος
οὔποτε γούνατ' ἀνῆκε καμόντα περ· ἤϊε δ' αἰεὶ
νωλεμέως, ὥστ' ἤδη ἁλωσομένη μετόπισθεν
ἀνδρὸς ἐπεσσυμένου σχεδόθεν κρατέρηφι βίηφιν.
ἤνια δ' ἐκ κούρης χειρῶν ὀλιγηπελεούσης
ἵππος ἔπειθ' ἥρπαξε, φέρεν δ' ὅπη ἤθελε θυμός.

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
  Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
  And carried her beyond all ieopardy.
  But nought that wanteth rest can long aby;
He, having through incessant traveill spent
  His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move: the lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
  A traveiler unwonted to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson, hard and rare,
  That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
  And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traveild, till at length she came
  To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subject to the same,
All cover'd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
  A little smoke, whose vapour, thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky:
  Which cheerefull signe did send unto her sight
  That in the same did wonne some living white.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
  And came at last, in weary wretched plight,
Unto the place to which her hope did guyde,
To find some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

ὄφρα δὲ τῷ πνοιή τε καὶ ἀλκὴ καρτερόθυμος
ἔμπεδον ἐν γναμπτοῖσι τὸ ὃν μένος εἶχε μέλεσσιν,
τόφρα κόρην μάλα ῥεῖα φόρει κακότητα φυγοῦσαν·
ἀλλ' οὐ γάρ τι ζῷον ἐπίσταται αἰὲν ἄϋπνον
χωρεῖν, ὅσσα τε γαῖαν ἔπι πνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει,
τῷ γ' ἐπεὶ ὄψε κίοντι λύθη φίλα γούνατ' ἔνερθεν
δὴν κατατρυχομένῳ σπεύδοντί περ, οὐδὲ κέλευθον
πρήσσειν οὐκέτ' ἄρ' ἔσχεν, ἄφαρ μάλ' ἄκικυς ἔραζε
κεῖτο πεσών· τῇ δ' αὖθι κατεκλάσθη φίλον ἦτορ.
Ἡ δ' ἄρα πεζὸς ἐοῦσ' ἔμολεν κρατερῆς ὑπ' ἀνάγκης,
οὔτι πρὶν εἰωθυῖα· πάρος τε γὰρ οὐκ ἐδέησεν
ἵππων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φορήμεναι ἠδὲ κομίζειν·
ὀχθήσασα δ' ἔειπε πρὸς ὃν ταλασίφρονα θυμόν·
"Ὦ πόποι, εὖ μάλα νῦν τάδ' ἐπίσταμαι· ἦ γὰρ ὁ δαίμων
πάντων κῆρα βροτῶν ἐν ὁμοίοις θῆκε ταλάντοις,
τέρψατο δ' ἀνθρώπων ἐσορῶν γένος οἷα μόγησαν."
Οὕτω δηρὸν ἔβαινε· τέλος δέ οἱ ὄψε φαάνθη
ἄγγος ὑπὸ κρημνοῖς ἐὸν οὔρεος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πολλὴ
φύλλοισιν καθύπερθ' ὕλη κέχυτ' ὑψικόμοισιν·
ὕλης δ' ἐκ πυκινῆς ὑπὲρ ἄκρων ὑψόθι δένδρεων
καπνοῦ σμικροῦ ἐόντος ὑπουράνιον κνέφας ἶκε.
γήθησεν δὲ κόρη· φάτο γάρ τινας ἔνδον ἴουσαν
ἐν δόμῳ εὑρήσειν τυκτῷ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων·
βῆ δ' ὀλιγοδρανέουσ' ἵνα που παύσαιτο φίλον κῆρ
δυσμενέος καμάτου· κάματος δέ μιν αἰνὸς ἵκανεν.

There, in a gloomy hollow glen, she found
  A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around;
  In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
  And wilfull, all careless of her needes;
So choosing solitarie to abide
  Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envíde.

The damzell there arriving, entred in,
  Where sitting on the flore the hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
  Who, soon as she beheld that suddein stound,
  Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke, and hollow, deadly gaze,
  Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze,
But shewd by outward signes that dread her sence did daze.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
  She askt, What devill had her thether brought?
And who she was? and what unwonted path
  Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought?

Εὗρε δ' ἄρ' ἐν βησσῇ κλισίην ὀλίγην τε κακήν τε,
ῥίπεσσιν φρακτὴν δονάκεσσίν τ' οἰσυΐνῃσιν,
οὔ τι περιφραδέως· πηλὸς δέ οἱ ἀμφὶ πέπηκτο.
ἔνθα δὲ ναιετάασκε κακὴ γρηῦς αὐσταλέη τε,
οὐλομένη, τέχνην στυγερὴν καὶ μήδε' ἔχουσα,
ἐν πολλῇ πενίῃ· κακὰ δὲ χροῒ εἵματα ἕστο·
ᾤκει δ' ἤματα πάντα μόνη στέγος, οὐδὲ μετ' ἄλλοις
γείτοσιν, ἀλλ' ἀπάνευθεν ἔουσ' ἀθεμίστια ᾔδει,
ὥστε δόλους λαθέειν ἰδὲ κήδεα μηχανόωσα
πᾶσιν ὅσοις φθονέεσκεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ.
Ἡ δὲ τάχ' εἰνὶ θυρῇς ἐλθοῦσ' ἐστήσατο κουρή·
τῇ τότε γρηῦς ἐκαθῆτ' ἀθεμίστια πόλλ' εἰδυῖα
ἐν δαπέδῳ· τότε δή ῥα κακορραφίῃσι νόοιο
λυγρὴν μῆτιν ὕφαιν', ἄχος ἔμμεναι ἀνθρώποισι.
θάμβησεν δ' ἐσιδοῦσα παρέτρεσε δ', αἶψα δ' ἀνέστη
ῥίμφα μάλ' ἐκ κονίης ὁρμωμένη, ὄμματα δ' αἰνῶς
δηρὸν ἐπάπταινεν, δειλῇ δέ οἱ ἔσχετο φωνὴ,
καὶ μάλα χρὼς ὤχρησεν, ἀμηχανίῃ δ' ἔχε θυμόν.
ἡ δὲ τρόμον παύσασα χολῆς ἐμπλήσατο κεινῆς,
κούρην δὲ προσέειπεν ὀνειδείοις ἐπέεσσιν·
"Τίς ποθεν, ὦ ξείνη, κακῇ αἴσῃ δεῦρο κίουσα
ἀγνώστοισιν ὁδοῖσιν ἱκάνεις ἡμέτερον δῶ;
οὐ γάρ τι κληθεῖσά γ' ἐπέρχεαι, οὔτ' ἐρατεινή."

To which the damzell, full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: "Beldame, be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th."

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowey cheeke; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischiefe, was much moved at so pitteous sight."

SPENSER.

Ὣς ἄρ᾽ ἔφη· κούρῃ δὲ δίχ᾽ ἐν φρεσὶ θυμὸς ὀρώρει·
γρηῦν δ᾽ ἀπαμειβομένη μαλακοῖς ἐπέεσσι προσηύδα·
"Δαιμονίη, τί με ταῦτα διείρεαι, ἠδ᾽ ἐνένιπες
ὧδε χολωσαμένη· σὺν γάρ τινι δαίμον᾽ ἱκάνω
νηπίη, οὐδ᾽ εἰδυῖα τεὸν δόμον οὐδὲ θέλουσα
ἔρχεσθαι· σὲ δέ μοι παῦρον χρόνον ἔνθ᾽ ἱκετεύω
ἀμνηστεῖν καμάτου· μέγα γὰρ κακὸν ἔγγυθεν ἦεν."
Ἦ, καὶ ὑπὲκ βλεφάρων λευκῆς κατὰ δάκρυ παρειᾶς
ἧκα κατειβόμενον χαμαδὶς χέεν, ἀργύρῳ ἶσον,
τυτθὸν ἅμα στενάχουσ᾽ ἐλεεινόν τ᾽, οἷον ἀκούσας
οὔ τίς τοι φρεσὶν ᾗσι σιδήρεος ὧδε τέτυκται
ὃς δὴ τῆς ἄχος οὔ κ᾽ ὀλοφύρατο, πόλλ᾽ ἐλεαίρων.
ἡ δὲ καὶ οὐλομένοισι δόλοις κεχαρημένη αἰὲν
γρηῦς, τοίη περ ἐοῦσ᾽, ἐλέησέ νιν· ἐν δέ οἱ ἦτορ
ἄχνυτ᾽, ἐπεὶ κούρην καλὴν ἴδε δακρυχέουσαν.

E. J. M., 1861.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

The feast was spread in Erchildoune,
  In Learmont's high and ancient hall;
And there were knights of great renown,
  And ladies laced in pall.

Nor lack'd they, while they sat at dine,
  The music nor the tale,
Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
  Nor mantling quaighs of ale.

True Thomas rose, with harp in hand,
  When as the feast was done
(In minstrel strife, in Fairy Land,
  The elfin harp he won).

Hush'd were the throng, both limb and tongue,
  And harpers for envy pale;
And armed lords lean'd on their swords,
  And listen'd to the tale.

LATIN ELEGIACS.

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?"
MILTON.

JAMQUE dapes stratæ, veteres ubi celsa columnas
Sustulit Alcidones Larmadis aula jugis;
Hic vir multus adest, insignibus acer in armis,
Multaque purpurea femina veste nitet.

Nec, dum regifico celebrant convivia luxu,
Fabula deest illis, vox neque grata lyræ:
Plena rubent etiam generosi pocula Bacchi,
In cyathis nectar dum Cereale micat.

Thestylus en! surgens, resonantia fila parabat,
Finitis dapibus, sollicitare manu.
(Sedibus in Dryadum, nitens certamine vatum,
Ante alios positam ceperat ille lyram.)

Conticuere omnes: torpet jam lingua manusque,
Invida sed vatum palluit ira genis;
Armatosque duces, innixos ensibus aures
Fabellæ vacuas adplicuisse juvat.

In numbers high, the witching tale
  The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail
  Those numbers to prolong.

Yet fragments of the lofty strain
  Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
  A parted wreck appears.

He sung King Arthur's Table Round:
  The Warrior of the Lake;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
  And bled for ladies' sake.

But chief in gentle Tristrem's praise,
  The notes melodious swell;
Was none excell'd in Arthur's days,
  The knight of Lionelle.

For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
  A venom'd wound he bore;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
  Upon the Irish shore.

No art the poison might withstand,
  No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
  Had probed the rankling wound.

Thestylus interea, sublimi carmine mentes
  Adliciens, magicum fudit ab ore melos :
Postera nec dabitur rursus per sæcla futuris
  Vatibus ah ! tales ingeminare sonos.

Rara tamen nobis præclari fragmina cantus
  Mobilis annorum, dum fugit, unda refert ;
Qualis ubi rapida navis divulsa procella
  Fluctuat insano quolibet acta mari.

Arturi cecinit socios, mensamque rotundam,
  Factaque, Bellator Dux, tua, nate lacu ;
Ut quoque se cara Geranus pro virgine ferro
  Obtulerit, fortis vulnera dura pati.

Præcipue sedenim comis celebravit honores
  Tristimii, et cantu nobiliore, senex :
Moribus, Arturo dominante, excelluit olim
  Quemque Leonellus, nec minus ense, ducem.

Objiciens sese patrui tutamen inertis,
  Ille venenato vulnere læsus erat ;
Straverat atrocem merita quum cæde Morullum,
  Litora Juvernæ qua maris unda lavat.

Conveniunt medici : tamen exsuperare venenum
  Non ars, non medicus, non medicina valet :
Nil sanare potest ; donec letale decora
  Candida tractarit vulnus Isolda manu.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
  She bore the leech's part;
And while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
  He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween!
  For, doom'd in evil tide,
The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
  His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
  In fairy tissue wove;
Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
  In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
  High rear'd its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
  In all its wonders spread.

Brangwain was there, and Segramore,
  And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye;
Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
  O who could sing but he?

Through many a maze the winning song
  In changeful passion led,
Till bent at length the listening throng
  O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

Leniit ægrotum linguaque manuque vicissim,
  Dum medici partes officiumque tulit;
Sic vigil inpendet, sic custos illa cubili;
  Virginei munus solvit amoris amor.

Scilicet hoc munus, Venus, exitiale dedisti!
  Nam fuerat tristi sponsa puella die;
Inculto regina, nefas! dominabitur agro
  Cornubiæ, pigro consociata proco.

Inde quidem Veneres miscens cæcosque dolores,
  (Fallimur? an magica?) nexuit arte senex.
Plurima qua virgo nituit, qua plurimus heros,
  Et bello validi qua coïere viri.

Quinetiam turris, media inter carmina vatis,
  Sustulit effulgens Garciliana caput:
Et miranda suos Avalonia pandit honores,
  Quæ, quia prodigiis plena, notata fuit.

Illic et Braganus fuit, indomitusque Segramis,
  Merlinis et, furiæ quem peperere, doli.
Dicere quis potuit tantas, nisi Thestylus, artes?
  Quis, precor, infandum conmemorare magum?

Grata per ambages sic musa vagata, doloris
  Rettulit alternas lætitiæque vices,
Donec, Tristimio tandem fugiente sub umbras,
  Adstitit ad mæstum muta caterva torum.

His ancient wounds their scars expand,
With agony his heart is wrung:
O where is Isolde's lily hand,
And where her soothing tongue?

She comes! she comes!—like flash of flame
Can lover's footsteps fly:
She comes! she comes!—she only came
To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die; her latest sigh
Join'd in a kiss his parting breath;
The gentlest pair that Britain bare
United are in death.

There paused the harp—its lingering sound
Died slowly on the ear;
The silent guests still bent around,
For still they seem'd to hear.

Then woe broke forth in murmurs weak:
Nor ladies heaved alone the sigh;
But, half ashamed, the rugged cheek
Did many a gauntlet dry.

On Leader's stream, and Learmont's tower,
The mists of evening close;
In camp, in castle, or in bower,
Each warrior sought repose.

SCOTT.

Vulnera jam retegunt veteris vestigia pugnæ;
  Pectora discruciat lapsus ad ossa dolor.
Candida dilectæ manus ah! ubi fugit Isoldæ?
  O ubinam terris lingua benigna silet?

Advenit illa! venit! nec fulminis ocior ignis,
  Quam quos præcipiti fert amor ipse pede;
Serius at venit; modo nam conspexit amatum
  Tristimium diræ fata subire necis.

Tum moriente viro, gemitu premit illa supremo
  Emoriens labris pallida labra suis.
Vos simul extinctos, patriæ pulcherrima proles,
  Consortes simili mors dicione premit.

Hic lyra conticuit; languentia murmura cantus
  Sensim deficiunt, aure morata diu;
Turba tamen circum vatem stupefacta manebat;—
  Illis nunc etiam visus adesse sonus.

Protinus exoritur dubio cum murmure luctus;
  Nec gemitus crebros femina sola trahit;
Dextera sed totiens rigidas armata, profuso
  Rore, genas tergit, dum pudor ipse vetat.

Ledarium flumen jam sera crepuscula condunt,
  Larmadis et turrim vesperis umbra tegit;
Nescio quas inter latebras, vel castra, vel arces,
  Mollia dux somni munera quisque petit.

J. R. R., 1862.

MACBETH

Act 3, Sc. 4.

MACBETH. ROSSE. LADY MACBETH.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

GREEK IAMBICS.

Οὗτος γὰρ οὐ τέθνηκεν οὐδέ περ θανών.—ÆSCHYLUS.

ΑΝΑΞ. Καὶ μὴν ἂν ἄνθος τῆσδε γῆς ἐγχώριον
ὑπόστεγον λάβοιμεν, εἰ παρὼν τύχοι
τὸ Βαγκυῶνος εὐκλεέστατον κάρα.
ὃν ὡς ἄπιστον μᾶλλον εὐθύνειν θέλω
ἢ ξυμφοράν τιν' ὡς παθόντ' ἐποικτίσαι.

ΡΟ. Ἥμαρτεν, ὦναξ, οὐ παρὼν ὑπέγγυος·
ἀλλ', εἰ τόδ' ἡδὺ, τιμιωτέραν χάριν
πρὸς δαῖτα τήνδε συγκαθήμενος τίθου.

ΑΝ. Οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπου καθῆσθαι.

ΛΕΝ. Πρόσιδε τήνδ', ὦναξ, ἕδραν.

ΑΝ. Τίνα λέγεις;

ΛΕΝ. Τήνδ', ὦ κράτιστε· τί δὲ τὸ κινῆσαν φρένα;

MACB. Which of you have done this?

LORDS. What, my good lord?

MACB. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSSE. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

LADY M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become

ΑΝ. Τίς τόδ' ἤνυσεν;

ΧΟΡ. Τὸ ποῖον; εἴπ', ἐὰν μαθεῖν θέλῃς.

ΑΝ. Οὐκ ἐρεῖς τόδ' ὡς ὅδ' εἰμὶ τοὔργον οὐξειργασμένος·
μηδ' ἐμοὶ 'πίσειε κρατὸς αἱματοσταγῆ κομήν.

ΡΟ. Χρὴ δ' ἀποστατεῖν ἅπαντας· ἔστ' ἐφ' οἷς ἀνὴρ νοσεῖ.

ΑΝΑΣΣΑ. Μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ὦ φίλοι· τοιᾶδε γὰρ
ξυνόντ' ἐγᾦδα τοῦτον ἐκ νέου νόσῳ·
λείψει νιν αὐτίκ' ἐν βραχεῖ· μένοιτ' ἔτι,
πλέον δ' ἐπιστραφέντες ἄλγιον φρεσὶ
κέντρον νοσούσαις αὖθις αὖ προσθήσετε·
καθῆσθε καὶ δειπνεῖτε, μηδ' ὑμῖν μέλοι.
σὺ δ', ὦ τάλαιφρον, ἆρ' ἀνὴρ ὀρθῶς κλύεις;

ΑΝ. Καὶ μὴν θρασύς τις, ὃς τοιαῦτα προσβλέπειν
τλαίην ἂν, οἷα δαίμονες φοβοίατ' ἄν.

ΑΝΑ. Φεῦ τῶν λόγων· φόβος γε ταῦτ', αὐτὸς φόβος
γράφει τὰ δεινά. τοῦτο μὲν ξίφος ποτὲ
ἄγειν σ' ἔλεξας ἐς φόνον τοῦ κοιράνου,
πεδάρσιον φάντασμα. ταῦτα δὴ φόβου
κενοῦ ταράγμαθ', οἷα καὶ παρέστιος

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACB. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too,—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

LADY M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame!

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there would end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murther is.

γυνὴ διεῖπε μητρόθεν δεδεγμένη.
οἴμοι.
τί τοῦτο ; καὶ γὰρ εἰ τὸ πᾶν λελέξεται,
οὐκ ἔστιν ὡς τόνδ' οὐδὲν ἢ θᾶκον βλέπεις.

ΑΝ. Ἔα· τί φωνεῖς ; οὐχ ὁρᾷς ; πρόσλευσσ' ἔτι.
τί δ' αὖ μέλει μοι ; καὶ γὰρ εἰ νεύειν ἔχεις,
ἆρ' οὔ τι φωνεῖς ; ἦν δὲ τοῦ τυμβεύματος
κατασκαφῆς οἴκησις ἐκπέμπειν ἄρα
τοὺς ἐνταφέντας ἐς φάος νεκροὺς ἔχῃ,
γυπῶν ἄριστον ἔντερ' αἱρεῖσθαι τάφους.

ΑΝΑ. Τί τοῦτο μανίας ; ποῖ δ' ἀνανδρίας φέρει ;

ΑΝ. Ὄμνυμ' ἰδών νιν ὧδε.

ΑΝΑ. Φεῦ τῆς μωρίας.

ΑΝ. Καὶ δὴ πάλαι τὸ πρόσθεν αἷμ' ἠκούσαμεν
πόλλ' ἐκχυθῆναι πρίν γε τοὺς ἀνθρωπίνους
νόμους καθεῖρξαι πρευμενεῖ καθάρματι.
φόνους δὲ κἄπειτ' ἢ κλύειν αἰσχίονας
ἔτ' ἐξέπραξαν· ἦν δ' ὅτ' ἐς πέδον μένους
μέλανος ῥέοντος ἔθανεν εἰσάπαξ ἀνὴρ,
τέλος δὲ τοῦτο· νῦν δ' ἀναστάντες πάλιν,
φόνοις βρύοντες μυρίοις καρήατα,
ὠθοῦσιν ἡμᾶς ἐξ ἑδρῶν καθημένους·
μεῖζον δὲ τοῦτο θαῦμα τοιούτου φόνου.

LADY M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down:—give me some wine, fill full;—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

SHAKSPERE.

ΑΝΑ. Ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοὺς παρόντας ὥς ποθοῦσί σε.

ΑΝ. Ἐκλήθομαι γάρ· μή με δῆτ', ὦ φίλτατοι,
μή μ' εἰσορᾶτε· τήνδε τὴν νόσον τρέφω
δεινήν τιν'· ἀλλὰ τοῖς ὁμιλήσασί μοι
τοῖς ἐκ νέου φίλοισι τῶνδ' οὐδὲν μέλει.
θάσσω· δὸς οἶνον καὶ δέπας πληρώσατε·
ὁμιλίᾳ μὲν τῇδε τῶν ξυνδαιτόρων
τῷ δ' οὐ παρόντι Βαγκυῶνι φιλτάτῳ
(ὃν εἴθ' ἴδοιμεν) εὐμενῶς προπίνομεν,
πάντων ἅπαντας δεξιουμένων ἅμα.

E. J. M., 1862.

PARADISE LOST

Book III.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert ; and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sang of Chaos and eternal Night ;
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,

GREEK HEXAMETERS.

Πῶς ἦλθες ὑπὸ ζόφον ἠερόεντα
ζωὸς ἐών; χαλεπὸν δὲ τάδε ζωοῖσιν ὁρᾶσθαι.—HOMER.

ΧΑΙΡΕ, φόως ἁγνὸν, εἴτ᾽ ἆρ γένος οὐρανοῦ ἔπλευ
καλὸν, πρωτόγονον, ἦ καὶ Θεοῦ αἰὲν ἐόντος
αἰὲν ἐοῦσ᾽ αὐγή· μὴ γάρ σ᾽ ἀλίτοιμ᾽ ὀνομάζων·
αὐτὸς ἐπεὶ Θεός ἐστι φόως, καὶ νωλεμὲς αἰεὶ
ἐν σέλαϊ ναίεσκεν, ὅ τ᾽ οὐ δῦναι βροτὸν ἔστι,
σόν γε φόως, ἀρχῆς ἐρικυδέος αἰὲν ἐούσης
ἐκπεφυυῖ᾽ αἴγλη. ἤ που μᾶλλόν σε καλέσσω
χεῦμ᾽ ἁγνὸν, ζάθεον· τοῦ τίς γενεὴν καταλέξει;
ἠελίου πρότερον, πρότερον δὲ καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἦσθα,
καὶ, Θεοῦ αὐδήσαντος, ἄφαρ νέα βένθε᾽ ἐρεμνοῦ
ἠμφιέσας πόντου, φᾶρος ὥς· τὸν δ᾽ ἐσάωσας
ἐκ κενεοῖο βερέθρου, ἀπείρονος, ἠεροείδους.
νῦν δύομαί σ᾽ ἐξαῦτις, ἀλευάμενος Στυγὸς ὕδωρ,
θαρσαλέαις πτερύγεσσι φορούμενος· ἔνθα τ᾽ ἔμεινα
δηθύνων μάλα δηρὸν ἐνὶ δνοφεροῖσι δόμοισιν.
εἵως μέν τ᾽ ἤϊσσον ὑπ᾽ ἐκ ζόφου εὐρώεντος,
ἰθύσας Ἐρέβεσφι, τέως χάος αἰνὸν ἄειδον
νύκτα τ᾽ ἀπειρεσίην, φθογγὴν ἀφιεὶς στονόεσσαν,
οἵην οὐκ Ὀρφῆος ἵει ποτὲ ἠχέτα φόρμιγξ.
οὐδ᾽ ἄρα τοι ἔδδεισα κατ᾽ ἠερόεντα κέλευθα

Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd.

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Teiresias and Phineus, prophets old;
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

MILTON.

ἔρχεσθαι, τάχα δ᾽ αὖ νόστονδε λιλαίετο θυμὸς,
ἀργαλέον περ ἐόντα, θεὰ δέ μοι ἡγεμόνευεν.
σῶς σε πάλιν δύομαι, φυσιζόου ἠελίοιο
τερπόμενος αὐγῇσιν· ὁ δ᾽ οὐχί μοι ὄμματα τέρπει
ἀκτίνεσσιν ἑαῖσιν, ἑλισσόμενα προτὶ πάντα
μὰψ ἠοῦς ποθέοντα φάος· τοίη γὰρ ὑπ᾽ αὐτῶν
ἐκκέχυται νεφέλη τε, κακή τ᾽ ἐπιδέδρομεν ἀχλὺς,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ὧς κρήνας φοιτῶ παρὰ καλλιρεέθρους,
ἄλσεά τε σκιόεντα, περισκέπτους τε κολώνας,
οἰκία μουσάων, τῶν με γλυκὺς ἵμερος αἱρεῖ.
Σῖον, ἀτὰρ μᾶλλον στείχειν ἐπὶ σαῖς κορυφῇσιν
παννύχιος εἴωθα, ῥοὰς ὕπερ ἀνθεμοέσσας,
αἳ περὶ σεῦ ζαθέοιο ῥέουσ᾽ ἑκάτερθε θεμέθλα,
ἡδὺ γελοίωσαι κατὰ πέτρας· οὐδὲ παλαιῶν
λήθομαι,—οὓς μὲν ἐμοὶ ἴση ποτὲ μοῖρ᾽ ἐκίχανεν,
εἰ δὲ μόνον κείνοισιν ἐγὼ κλέος ἶσον ἀροίμην,—
πηροῦ μὲν Θαμύρεω, ἀλαοῖο δὲ Μαιονίδαο,
καὶ Φινῆος ὁμοῦ, καὶ Τειρεσίαο ἄνακτος·
τὰ φρονέων, μοι θυμὸς ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ὄρωρεν,
οἴμας τ᾽ ἐκπροχέει μελιγήρυας· ὡς ὅτε φωνὴν,
θάμνοις ἐν πυκινοῖσι λαθοῦσ᾽, ἔντυνεν ἀηδὼν
νύκτα δι᾽ ὀρφναίην· τὴν δ᾽ οὔ ποτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ὕπνος
ἱκάνει.

F. C. D., 1863.

LAODAMIA.

THE Gods to us are merciful;—and they
  Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
  Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distress'd,
And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's
    breast.

But if thou goest, I follow.—Peace! he said—
  She look'd upon him and was calm'd and cheer'd;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
  In his deportment, shape, and mien, appear'd
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
  In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
  The past unsigh'd for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

Di nobis faciles; concedant forsitan ultro
Plura quidem; sed enim nervorum robora longe
Et magicas artes, queis sol et sidera parent,
Vincit Amor, misero trepidat qui sæpe dolore
Femineo et proprias præsertim in pectore sedes
Obtinuit. Sin ire tamen tibi fixa voluntas
Adsequor.—Ille autem "taceas;" quem deinde locutum
Adspicit, et surgit tranquillo in corde voluptas,
Non jam pallescunt ceu quondam labra; renidet
Per faciem cultumque viri perque ora venustas
Mæsta quidem Elysiis exorta e sedibus; illic
Nec tristes animæ, nec corda oblita laborum.
Nec tacuit, quales animarum cœtus amores
Sentit, ubi puros certo regit ordine cursus
Purior usque dies; lites fugere, timorque
Exulat; exactos nemo desiderat annos
Venturosve timet; necnon heroica dicit
Et studia, et melius versas ad seria mentes,
Quas mage concordes subtilior adligat ordo.

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged here
  In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
  And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter, which hath earn'd
  That privilege by virtue.—Ill, said he,
The end of man's existence I discern'd,
  Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime—day and night;

And while my youthful peers before my eyes,
  Each hero following his peculiar bent,
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
  By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detain'd,
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchain'd.

The wish'd-for wind was given:—I then revolved
  The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And if no worthier led the way, resolved
  That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Si quid habet pulchri tellus, ibi pulchrius esse
Cuique decus; quum sint perlucidiora fluenta,
Largius et tendat cælum, divinior aer,
Prataque purpureæ radiis circumdata lucis;
Qua loca terrestres inter pulcherrimus ignes,
Arbiter ipse poli, non audet visere Titan.
Ast animis, ardens quos vexit ad æthera virtus,
Hæc loca inire datur.—Vitæ mortalibus, inquit,
Heu male proposui finem, qui fallere vana
Lætitia potui tempus, qui ludere turpi
Desidia et cyathis, ubi nos diviserat æquor,
Dum tibi pro ludis lacrimæ noctemque diemque.
Ante oculos comites vegeto jam flore juventæ
Quisque suo ex studio, clara in certamina Martis
Aptant se ludo,—aut proceres cum regibus una
Consilia in castris agitant; quo tempore classis
Aulide devincta est.

Venit expectata Favoni
Aura, favente Deo. Dein mecum oracula Divom
Mente traho; tranquilla silent circum æquora ponti;
Stat mihi certum animo, nisi quis præcedere vellet
Dignior, ut mea prima ratis contingeret oras
Mille rates inter, fususque in litore sanguis
Inficeret noster Trojanam primus arenam.

Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter, was the pang
  When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
  And on the joys we shared in mortal life;—
The paths which we had trod,—these fountains, flowers,—
My new-plann'd cities, and unfinish'd towers.

But, should suspense permit the foe to cry,
  Behold! they tremble!—haughty their array;
Yet of their number no one dares to die?—
  In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurr'd; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
  In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
  Our blest reunion in the shades below;
The invisible world with thee hath sympathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

WORDSWORTH.

Nec minus interea cæci mala tela doloris
Cor ineunt, quotiens mihi, dilectissima conjunx,
Sors tua versata est animo; tua pectus imago
Heu nimis invasit, partitaque gaudia tecum,
Donec vita fuit, quas et lustravimus una
Sæpe vias;—redeunt floresque et flumina, et urbes
Jam designatæ, atque infectis mœnibus arces.
Si fortasse tamen, nostris dubitantibus, inter
Hostiles turmas hic clamor surgeret—ecce!
Ecce! tremunt; satis ampla cohors se jactat; at illic
Nemo audet morti succumbere—dedecus illud
Pectore detersi. Veteres subiere timores;
Vis me animi servat, laudumque inmensa cupido.
Tuque adeo, cui fervet Amor, ratione vacillas
Debilior; mens ipsa suos male temperat æstus;
Quare te moneo, freta ut virtute requiras
Felices renovare faces sub manibus imis;
Invisi tua fata Dei miserantur; amores
Altius exurgant, mens et sublimior adstet.

J. R., 1863.

GUINEVERE.

FEAR not: thou shalt be guarded till my death.
Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies
Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom.
Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,
That I the king should greatly care to live;
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.
Bear with me for the last time, while I show,
Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood-errant of this realm, and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear

GREEK IAMBICS.

Οἷ' ἔργα δράσας, οἷ' ἀμείβεται κακά.—SOPHOCLES.

ΘΑΡΣΕΙ· φύλαξ γὰρ ἔστε δὴ θανούμεθα
σοὶ μὲν παρέσται πιστός· ἀλλ' ὅμως, γύναι,
εἰ μὴ παλαιῶν φροῦδα μαντείων ἔπη
ἐν τῇδε θάνατον οἶδ' ἀπαντήσων ὁδῷ·
οὐ γάρ τι τερπνὸν ἔλαβον ἐκ σέθεν βίον,
ἀνθ' οὗ, τύραννον δεῖ φιλοψυχεῖν ἐμὲ,
ᾧ δὴ βίου σὺ σκοπὸν ἀνατρέψασ' ἔχεις·
ἐπίσχες, ἔστ' ἂν, τοῦ γε σοῦ κέρδους χάριν,
τὸ σὸν πανύστατ' ἐξαμαρτηθὲν λέγω.
ἐξ οὗ στράτευμ' ἐξῆλθε Ῥωμαίων χθονὸς,
ὁδῶν βρυουσῶν ἁρπαγαῖς, φρούδου νόμου,
ἔσθ' οὗ τι χεὶρ ἄτρεστος ἐξεπράξατ' ἂν
τόλμημα δεινὸν παρανόμως εἰργασμένον·
ὅμως δὲ πρῶτος τῶν πρὶν ἀρχηγῶν ἐγὼ
γῆς τῆσδε, πάσης θ', ἧσπερ ἡγούμην, χθονὸς
τὴν πρόσθε πλαγκτὴν ἱππέων ὁμιλίαν
σύνηξα, πάντας μου βραβέως ὑπηκόους,
ἀνδρῶν ἄωτον λαμπρὸν, ἡρώων στάσιν,
τοῖς πᾶσι κλεινῆς δεῖγμ' ἀριστείας βροτοῖς,
ἀρχὴν μὲν οὐκ ἄτιμον αἰῶνος νέου.
οὗτοι δὲ πάντες, ἐγκελεύσαντος χερὶ
ἐνδεξιοῦσθαι χεῖρ' ἐμοῦ, διώμοσαν

To reverence the King, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their
King,
To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
And all this throve until I wedded thee,
Believing " to mine helpmate, one to feel
My purpose and rejoicing in my joy!"

TENNYSON.

τὴν αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ σύνεσιν ὡς ἀρχηγέτην,
ἀρχηγέτην θ', ὡς σύνεσιν ἐν τιμαῖς σέβειν.
ἔθνη κρατεῖν ἄπιστα, τὸν Χριστὸν θεὸν
ἀνέχειν, ἄχη πλάνητας ἰᾶσθαι βροτῶν,
λωβητὰ σιγᾶν οὐδὲ τῶνδ' ἐπαΐειν,
καθαρᾶς τε τρίβειν ἡδὺν ἁγνείας βίον,
μίαν θ' ἕκαστον παρθένον πιστῶς φιλεῖν,
κείνῃ θ' ὑπηρέτημα πολύετες νέμειν
γενναῖα δρῶντα, μέχρις οὗ γάμων τύχοι·
κρείσσων γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἦν ἐμοὶ διδάσκαλος,
ἢ παρθένειος παρθένου φίλης ἔρως,
ὥστ' ἐν φρεσὶν πᾶν αἰσχρὸν ἰπῶσαι κράτει,
νόημά τ' αἰπὺ, φιλοφρόνας θ' ὁμοῦ λόγους
σάφ' ἐκδιδάσκειν, καὶ χάριν, δόξης τ' ἔρον,
ἔργοις δ' ἀληθεύοντά γ' ἀνδρείως φρονεῖν.
ἤνθει δὲ πάντα, πρίν γ' ἔγημά σ' ἀξιῶν
πιστὴν ἔχειν γυναῖκα καὐταρκῆ πάνυ
ἐμαῖς συναλγεῖν ἠδὲ συγχαίρειν φρεσίν.

R. T. R., 1863.

WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.

A MOMENT ends the fervent din,
And all is hush'd without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
When soft, the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground—
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon,
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,—

LATIN ELEGIACS.

"Simplex munditiis."—Horace.

Ocius orantis populi vox fervida cessat ;
  Ocius et tota conticuere domo.
Tranquillo sedenim quamvis nunc ore sacerdos
  Sacratas recinat relligione preces.
Haud ullus tamen attentas sonus advenit aures,
  Ni trepidans murmur qua leve Varva ciet.
At tacite, frondes inter qua semita lucet,
  Mortali dudum non temerata gradu,
Perque fores illas, hederaque incincta tenaci
  Marmora, per sacros qua datur ire locos.
Cerva, velut somno mollis quæ adsurgit imago,
  Molliter, æthereo lumine cincta, venit.
Lilia quo candore nitent, quo lumine cælum,
  Nubibus expulsis, Cynthia sola regit.
Fertur uti navis placido sub sole refulgens,

A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below,
Or a spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamour'd sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—

Et regit æquoreas incomitata plagas.
At vos examines tacito dormite sepulcro !
Conpositos foveat non violanda quies !
Vos simul, o vivi, sanctis insistite curis,
Sedula concordes fundite turba preces !
Nec mihi sit culpæ, mihi si datur unica cura
Quæ corda atque oculos occupet una meos.
Scilicet ille labor sacris bene convenit horis
Tam nitidæ comiti consociare viam.
Incola seu nemorum veniat, seu cælitus ortam
Ostendat terris cura benigna Dei.

Quot varias apte lux alternantque tenebræ,
Cerva viam carpit tot subitura vices.
Magnificæque domus per mœnia lapsa ruina
Devia perpetuos fertque refertque gradus.
Lumina jam reddens, solisque incinctus amore
Pulchrior effulget, qui fuit ante, decor.
Jamque pererranti latebras, levis umbra superne,
Aura velut, muri per tenebrosa cadit.
Nec minus ipsa sua penetrat vaga luce recessus,
Datque novum tenebris participare jubar.

High-ribb'd vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head:
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny loveliness.

But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves, with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchor'd vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

WORDSWORTH.

Splendescunt alti laquearia saxea tecti
  Structaque Dædaleo saxea cella dolo.
Quaque edera increscit, nigris incincta corymbis,
  Quaque locum spinæ bracchia densa fovent.
Non ibi sidereæ penetrat vis vivida flammæ,
  Invida nec flores crescere tecta sinunt.
At tenebras ubicunque petit, præsentia sancto
  Lumine secessus relligiosa tenet.
Reddita mox luci, circa florentibus herbis
  Phœbeo melius spargit ubique jubar.

Ast oculi cervæ tranquillo lumine fulgent;
  Progreditur—gramen vix tetigere pedes.
Jam caput inclinat, liquidoque umore micantis
  Floriferas prati carpere gestit opes.
Pergit at intacta tumulus qua conditur herba;
  Denique, sacrata strata quiete, cubat.
Ut lavat unda suo defessa in litore navem,
  Quum levis æstivo concidit aura mari:
Sic placide tandem, pacata et mente recumbit
  Cerva,—recumbentis pectora conplet Amor.

J. R., 1864.

VIRGIN MARTYR.

Ant. See! she comes:
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven itself than any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our Gods
Are good, or to be fear'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kind; that to maintain
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer heaven.

Sep. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mar. It was his will,
And we were left to serve him, not command him.

Ant. Good sir, be not offended, nor deny

GREEK IAMBICS.

"Inpavidum ferient ruinæ."—HORACE.

ANT. Ἰδοὺ γυνὴ πάρεστιν· ὀμμάτων τ' ἄπο,
ὡς εὐπρόσωπον χἁγνὸν ἐκλάμπει σέβας,
αὐτῷ λέγοιμ' ἂν προσφερεστέραν θεῷ
ἢ τοῖς ὁποῖ' ἂν ἐκ βροτῶν λάβοι θεός·
πρὸς ἐλπίδων ὄμνυμι τῆς ἐκεῖ χαρᾶς
ἀμηχανῶ 'γὼ, κοὐκ ἔτ' εὐπιθὴς τανῦν
ἰδὼν τάδ' ὥσπερ ἐστὶν, οὐδ' ἔχω θεοῖς
τούτοις λατρεύειν, εὐμενεῖς προσεννέπων,
ὅσοιπερ ἐν τοιᾷδε χαίρουσιν σφαγῇ,
αὐτοί θ' ἑαυτῶν ὥστ' ἐπαυξάνειν σθένος
τόδ' οὗπερ ἐλλείπουσι, καὶ θεοί γ' ὅμως,
φθείρουσ' ἄωτον τοῦ γυναικείου γένους.
καὶ μὴν ἄνω βεβῶσα, κἄτ' ἀνωτέρω
στείχουσ' ἀνέρπει πλησιαιτέρα θεοῖς.

ΣΑΠ. Ἥμαρτες ἔξω περιορῶν πλανώμενον.

ΜΑΚ. Οὕτω γὰρ ἤθελ', οὐδ' ἐπήγγειλας βίᾳ
τὸ τοῦδ' ἀνάσσειν, ἀλλὰ θητεύειν, ἄναξ.

ANT. Μηδὲν δι' ὀργῆς· μηδ' ἀπαρνήσῃς τὸ μὴ

My last of pleasures in this happy object,
That I shall e'er be bless'd with.

THEOPH. Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our Gods, tremble to think
It is not in the power thou serv'st to save thee;
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines,
(Mammon's unknown exchequer,) shall redeem thee.
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young: to part with
All pleasures and delights: lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell;
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd apostate to those Gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.

ANT. She smiles!
Unmoved by Mars, as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

THEOPH. Dared too! Despatch, I say.

ὑπάτην μακαιρᾷ τῇδε συγχαίρειν χαρὰν
ἣν οὔποτ' αὖθις οὐδὲ προσβλέψω τάλας.

ΘΕΟ. Σὺ δ' ἡ 'πολακτίσασα πρὸς κόρον φρενὸς
ἡμᾶς, χθονός τε τοὺς πολισσούχους θεούς,
φοβοῦ τόδ' ἐννοοῦσα, καὶ γὰρ οὐ θεῷ
τοιῷδ' ὑπηρετοῦσ' ἂν ἐκ κακῶν φύγοις.
κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σε ποντίων μύχων ποτὲ
ναυαγίοισι πλοῦτος ἐμπληρουμένων
σώσει, μετάλλων τ' οὐκ ἐπισκοπούμενον
πλῆθος, Διὸς θησαυρὸς ἄγνωτος βροτοῖς.
σὺ δ' οὖν φοβοῦ βλέψασα δειλαίᾳ φρενὶ
τί δὴ θανεῖν μέν, τί δὲ νεάζουσαν θανεῖν,
γάνους τ' ἐρήμην παντὸς εἰς Ἅιδου μολεῖν,
ὅπου χλιδαῖσι πάντ' ἐναντιούμενα,
ὀπίσω, πρόσωθε, πάντοθέν τ' Ἐρίνυες·
ταῦτ' οὖν ὀδύρου, κἄτι τῶνδ' ἀλγίονα,
τῆς οὐ βροτείας ἡδονῆς μεμνημένη,
πασῶν θ' ὅσων ἂν ἔσχες εὐσεβὴς χαρῶν
τυχεῖν, ἐκεῖ λαβοῦσα τἀπιτίμια
τοῖς προσπόλοισιν οἷα δωροῦνται θεοί·
καὶ μὴν ξίφος φθάσασα σοί γ' ἀθυμία
φρεσὶν παρείη, τῷδ' ἐπ' ἀλγεινῷ στέγει
πρῶτον στιβούσῃ βῆμα τοῦ κάτω μολεῖν.

ΑΝΤ. Ἰδοῦ· γελᾷ νὴ Ζῆνα· κἄτρεστος γελᾷ·
δοκεῖν ἔοικε θάνατον οὐ φεύκτου χερὸς
ἀμνημονήσειν, ἥν νιν ἰσχυρὰν ἴδῃ.

ΘΕΟ. Ἆρ' ἐγγελᾷ μοι; παῖσον· ἀρκείτω βίος.

DOR. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of;
What is this life to me? Not worth a thought,
Or if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves,
To me, but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, encircled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death, or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat;
Famine nor age have any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe: bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards;
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require an Hercules to get it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve
Laughs at your happy Araby, and the
Elysian shades; for He hath made His bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

MASSINGER.

ΔΟΡ. Ἴω παράφρων, κἀπικομπάζων μάτην
φαύλων ἔχων περ ῥημάτων μ' ἀποστερεῖν
ἑκὼν ἑκοῦσαν, καὶ γὰρ οὔ τί μοι μέλει
τὸ ζῆν, σάφ' ἴσθ' ὅτ', ἢ τὸ μὴ βλέπειν ἔτι,
κεἰ τίμιον πέφυκεν, ἔντιμόν γ' ὅτι
ἐκ τοῦ θανεῖν ἀμείνον' εὑρήσω βίον·
τὸ σὸν γὰρ ἔχθος ἐκφανήσεται μόνον
κλῖμαξ, ἐφ' ἣν μολοῦσα προσγενήσομαι
ὄλβου τοσόνδ' ἐς ἄκρον, ὡς κατόψομαι
ἐπεγγελῶσα σοί τε καὶ πᾶσιν βροτοῖς.
ἐτητύμοις τε χαρμοναῖς περιπτυχὴς
ἐκτὸς χρόνου μόρου τε χαιρήσω φρένα
ὡς ῥᾳδίως λαβοῦσα τήνδε τὴν χαράν·
ἐκεῖ γὰρ αἰὲν ἦρος ἄλληκτος χάρις
γανᾷ, γανᾷ τε σώματος νεανία,
κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως φρικωδὲς ἀλγυνεῖ κρύος
θάλπος τε λιμός τ' ἢ τὸ γηράσκειν ποτὲ,
σὺ δ' οὖν τὰ τέμπη νῦν δι' αἰσχύνης ἔχων
ἀμνημόνει, τὰ πολλά θ' Ἑσπερίας χθονὸς,
ψευδοῦς περ οὔσης, χάρματ' εἰς λήθην βάλε·
τὸ γὰρ δρακόντων αἰὲν ἐντηρουμένων
χρυσήλατον μέλημα, τοῦ καρπὸν λαβεῖν
θεῶν τε κἀνδρῶν Ἡρακλῆς εἶχεν μόνος,
φαῦλον πέφυκε ῥημάτων τ' ἀνάξιον,
πρὸς τὸν περισσον τῆς ἐκεῖ χθονὸς τόκον.
ἐπεγγελᾷ γὰρ οὑμὸς ὃν σέβω θεὸς
χλιδαῖς Ἀραβίας, ὀλβίᾳ θ' Ἅιδου σκιᾷ,
αὐτὸς γὰρ ἕδρας μᾶλλον εὐμόρφους ἔχει,
τῶν νῦν ματαίως ὑμὶν ἐξῃκασμένων.

R. T. R., 1864.

PARADISE REGAINED.

So saying, he caught him up, and without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness, and o'er the plain,
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem
The holy city lifted high her towers
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topp'd with golden spires.
There on the highest pinnacle he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn :—

"There stand if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed ; highest is best ;
Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down ; safely if Son of God ;
For it is written, He will give command
Concerning thee to his angels ; in their hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone."

LATIN HEXAMETERS.

"Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem."—HORACE.

DIXERAT; et Christum rapit, adreptumque per auras
Sustulit æthereas secum, neque sustulit ala
Pegasea, campos super et deserta locorum.
Sub peditas Solyma adparet, pulcherrima rerum,
Urbs sacrata Deo; qua sidera vertice pulsant
Æthereo turres, claraque excelsius arce
Fulget opus templi, montis candentis ad instar,
Culmina cui nectunt auratam mille coronam.
Hic ubi summus apex surgit, te deinde locavit,
Nate Deo, et risu dat talia verba maligno.

"Sta si stare velis; recte non stare valebis
Arte nisi emira; vectum jam patris ad ædem,
In summa pius arce, decet quem summa, locavi,
Ut generis des indicium; sin stare recuses,
Dejice te pronum; Divi si filius audis,
Tutus eris; nonne arcanæ dixere tabellæ
Te superos servare, Dei mandata secutos,
Scilicet ut tollant manibus te forte labantem
Ne gradus offensus procumbat in obvia saxa?"

To whom thus Jesus: "Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God,'" he said and stood;
But Satan smitten with amazement fell.
As when Earth's son Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest) in Irassa strove
With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell;
So after many a fall the tempter proud
Renewing fresh assaults amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.

And as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devour'd,
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;
So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
(Joyless triumphals of his hoped success)
Ruin and desperation and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of angels on full sail of wing flew by,
Who on their plumy oars received him soft
From his uneasy station, and upbore
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
There in a flowery valley set him down

Huic Jesus: "Nonne hæc etiam mandata dederunt
'Ne vires exquire Dei;'" stetit ille locutus:
At subitum horrescens visum, delabitur hostis.
Ac veluti (si parva licet conponere magnis)
Terrigena Antæus Libyca certavit arena
In natum Jovis Alciden; vi sæpe subactus
Sæpe resurgebat, genitrix nam Terra novatas
Addiderat vires; conlecta at sævior ira,
Fortior et lapsu, conexit corpore corpus;
Aere suspensus, faucesque obstrictus ibidem,
Procidit exanimis, vitamque exhalat in auras.
Haud aliter Satanas, Christi vi sæpe subactus,
Sæpe resurgebat, nova non minus acer in arma,
Unde tamen steterat, victorem ut labier alte
Scilicet adspiceret, victus delabitur ipse.
Thebanosque velut pestis Thebana vorabat,
Ambages, sua jussa, nisi exsolvisse valerent;
Mox eadem frendensque ira, frendensque dolore,
Explicito nodo, se præcipitavit in undas,
Sic cecidit motus luctuque metuque vicissim
Lucifer; inde suis jam consiliantibus adfert
(Scilicet optati monumenta haud læta triumphi)
Excidium, spesque amissas, pavidumque timorem,
Adgressus te, Nate Deo; sic ille superbus
Labitur; adspiciunt lapsum, properantque per auras
Remigio alarum superi, flammata corona,
Mollibus ut Christum plumis statione molesta
Extollant; lecto ille velut fluitante recumbens
Aera per vacuum fertur, vallisque recessus

On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits pluck'd from the tree of life,
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink.
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impair'd,
Or thirst, and, as he fed, angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over Temptation and the Tempter proud.

MILTON.

Floriferæ nactus, ripa viridante quiescit.
Hic divina videt strata convivia mensa :
Ambrosios fructus vitæ adcumulaverat arbos,
Fons vitæ ambrosium nectar ; dein ipse vigorem
Hic novat effetum longa esurieque sitique
(Credere si dignum est) ; juxta cælestia cantant
Cælicolæ ; inlecebras victas, victumque superbum
Qui trahere inlecebris Christum speraverat, hostem.

T. S. G., 1865.

TITHONUS.

Aye me! aye me! the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far folded mists, and gleaming halls of Morn.
Alas! for this grey shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And though they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,

GREEK IAMBICS.

"Longa Tithonum minuit senectus."—HORACE.

ΟΙΜΟΙ· φθίνει τὰ φύλλα καὶ πίτνει σαθρὰ,
ἀτμοὶ δὲ δακρύουσιν ἐς πέδον βάρος·
ἄνθρωπος ἐλθὼν γῆν ἀροῖ, κεῖταί τ' ἄρα
νέρθεν· θέρη δὲ πόλλ' ἔχων θνήσκει κύκνος.
μόνον δ' ἔτριψ' ἔμ' ἀμβρότου λώβη βίου·
ἐν ταῖσι γὰρ σαῖς ἀγκάλαις αὐαίνομαι,
ὧδ' ἥσυχον πρὸς τέρμα γῆς ἀλώμενος,
λευκὸν σκιᾶς εἴδωλον ὣς, πρὸς ἀντολῶν
χώρας ἀφώνους, φωσφόρους θ' Ἕω δόμους,
κόλπους θ' ὁμιχλῶν τηλόθεν πεπλεγμένων.
φεῦ τῆσδε λευκῆς νῦν σκιᾶς· τὸ πρὶν γὰρ ἦν
κάλλει τε φαιδρὸς σοί τ' ἀνὴρ ἐξαίρετος,
ὑψηγόροισιν ὡς θεὸς κομπῶν φρεσίν.
ἐγὼ "δὸς εἶναί μ' ἄμβροτον" σ' ᾔτουν· σὺ δὲ
δῶρον γελῶσά μοι κατήνυσας, δίκην
τῶν πλουσίων, οἷς ὧν διδοῦσιν οὐ μέλει.
Ὧραι δὲ δεινὸν ἐξεπίμπλασαν κόρον,
θυμῷ κραταιαὶ, καὶ κατεσποδισμένον
κατέφθισάν με καὶ λελώβηνται κακῶς·
καὶ μὴ σθένουσαί μ' ἐξελεῖν ἀφίεσαν
χωλὸν κατοικεῖν ἄμβροτον πρὸς ἀμβρότου

Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was in ashes.
Can thy love,
Thy beauty make amends, though even now
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift.
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?
A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke arise
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

TENNYSON.

ἥβης γέροντα, τοῦ τε πρὶν κάλλους σποδόν.
ἆρ᾽ οὖν ἄποινάν μοι σέθεν τοὐράσμιον
κάλλος δίδωσιν; ἀργυροῦς δ᾽ ἀστὴρ πέλας
τῶν σῶν τρεμόντων φαίνεται δι᾽ ὀμμάτων,
ἐμοῦ λέγοντος, δακρύοις πεφυρμένων.
ἀνθ᾽ ὧν μεθές με· δῶρον ἀναλαβοῦ τὸ σόν.
τί γὰρ παθών τις διαφέρειν μέρει τινὶ
ἄνθρωπος ὢν βούλοιτ᾽ ἂν ἀνθρώπων γένους,
περᾶν τε τέρμα πρὸς θεῶν εἱμαρμένον,
οὗ χρῆν ἐπισχεῖν πάντας, ὡς πᾶσιν πρέπει;
καὶ μὴν διοίγει πνεῦμα μαλθακὸν νέφος,
στείχει δ᾽ ἀφεγγοῦς ὄψις, ἔνθ᾽ ἔφυν, χθονός.
ἁγνῶν δὲ τῶν σῶν ὀφρύων αὖθις τὸ πρὶν
δεινὸν σέλας μ᾽ ὑπῆλθε, τῆς θ᾽ ἁγνῆς δέρης,
κόλπων τ᾽, ἐν οἷς καινωθὲν ἅλλεται κέαρ.
ἡ δ᾽ αὖ παρειὰ διὰ νεφῶν φοινίσσεται·
τὼ σὼ δὲ βραδέως ὄσσε τοῖν ἐμοῖν πέλας
ἐκλάμπετον νῦν, πρίν γ᾽ ἀποκρύψαι φάος
ἄστρων ἀμαύρων, πρὶν δὲ τοὺς σειραφόρους
τὸ σὸν ζυγὸν ποθοῦντας ἐξελθεῖν λεχῶν·
ἥξουσι γὰρ σείοντες ἐκ χαιτῶν σκότον·
τόν τ᾽ ὄρθρον ἐν σπινθῆρσι θραύοντες πυρός.

H. R. P., 1865.

THE PRINCESS.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk.

Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font,
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danae to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure dwells in height (the shepherd sang),

LATIN ELEGIACS.

Οὐδὲν ποττὸν ἔρωτα πεφύκει φάρμακον ἄλλο
ἢ καὶ Πιερίδες.—THEOCRITUS.

PUNICA jam florum species, jamque alba quiescit,
Perque cupressiferas conticet Aula vias.

Pinna nec auricolor trepidat per marmora fontis ;
Flamma vigil muscæ nos vigilare jubet.

Jam fluit ad terram pavonis candor, ut umbra,
Meque per incertum lumen, ut umbra, subit.

Panditur ad stellas, Danaë velut altera, tellus,
Et tua jam nobis corda reclusa jacent.

Utque nitet tacite lapso de fulgure sulcus,
Sic mea conlucet mens radiata tua.

Nunc et odoriferas concludunt lilia frondes,
Inque lacus repunt undique lapsa sinum ;
Haud aliter venias, clarum velata decorem,
Mersaque cum nostro consociare sinu !

Huc ades, O virgo, montis juga celsa relinquens,
Num qua voluptatem dant juga ? pastor ait.

In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the valley threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with plenty of the maize,
Or red with spurted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in cloven furrow falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow: let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air.
So waste not thou: but come, for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the heath
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.

Num tibi sunt cordi splendentes frigore colles?
Desine cælestes concelebrare plagas.
Neve jubar veluti pinum pete lapsa caducam,
Neu stellans nitida montis in arce sede.
Huc ades ad vallem, Lalage, non celsa jugorum,
Limina sed vallis læta frequentat Amor.
Plurima purpureis spargit vindemia labris,
Copiaque in flavos hunc comitatur agros;
Pampinus aut vulpem condit; neque cornua montis
Mane novo secum Mors super alba rapit,
Nec datur anfractu vafrum laqueare nivali,
Nec freta venari per glaciata vagum,
Qua conferta tument, sulcatis pendula clivis,
Quave tenebroso flumen ab ore vomunt.
I, cito torrentis præceps te torqueat æstus,
Vallibus invenies delituisse deum.
Te sine clamores volucris Jovis effera fundat,
Sola ferens macrum per juga sola caput.
Te sine declivis spargat latera horrida montis
Mille vaporiferis pensilis imber aquis,
Tabeat et, tabent velut inrita vota, per auras;
Hoc cave tu virgo; nec mora, carpe viam.
Te poscunt valles, glaucæ tibi more columnæ
Tollitur a sparcis fumus ubique focis.
Teque vocant pueri, ludoque ego pastor avena,
Nec nisi suaviloquo rura canore sonant.
Dulcis at his præstas, dulci cum murmure quamvis
Gramineam rodant flumina mille viam,
Chaonis et volucris grandæva ploret in ulmo,
Agmen et innumerum lene susurret apum.

G. W. J., 1866.

ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

ALTHÆA. Child, if a man serve law through all
his life,
And with his whole heart worship, him all gods
Praise; but who loves it only with his lips,
And not in heart and deed desiring it,
Hides a perverse will with obsequious words.
Him heaven infatuates, and his twin-born fate
Tracks, and gains on him, scenting sins far off.
Be man at one with equal-minded gods,
So shall he prosper: not through laws torn up,
Violated rule, and a new face of things.
A woman arm'd makes war upon herself,
Unwomanlike, and treads down use and wont,
And the sweet common honour that she hath,
Love, and the cry of children, and the hand
Trothplight, and mutual mouth of marriages.
This doth she, being unloved: whom, if one love,
Not fire or iron, and the wide-mouth'd wars,
Are deadlier than her lips or braided hair.

GREEK IAMBICS.

ΑΛΘ. Ὦ τέκνον, ἥν τις τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν βίον
νόμον φυλάσσῃ κἀμπέδῳ σέβῃ φρενὶ,
Ζεὺς καὶ θεοί νιν πανδίκως ἐπῄνεσαν.
ὃς δ' αὖ πέφυκεν ὡς μόνον γλώσσῃ φιλεῖν
ἔργῳ δὲ θυμῷ τ' οὐκ ἐρῶν, ἦθος τρέφει
ὑφειμένοις αὐθαδὲς ἐν λόγοις ἀεὶ,
τοῦτον θεῶν τις παράκοπον φρενῶν ἄγει,
προσωτέρω τ' ἔπεισι μοῖρα σύμφυτος
κυνηγετοῦσα, τηλόθεν θ' ἁμαρτιῶν
εὖρις· κύνες δέ νιν καθαιροῦσιν μόρου.
ἀλλ' εὐτυχήσει θεῶν ἰσορρόπῳ δίκῃ
ξυναλλαγείς τις, οὐ νόμους ἀναρπάσας,
κόσμον θ' ὑπερβὰς, ἢ μεθαρμόσας νέα.
γυνὴ δ' ἔνοπλος, οὐ γυναικὸς ἐν τρόποις,
αὐτὴ πρὸς αὐτὴν ἐς μάχην ἦλθεν, νόμους
σέβας θ' ὃ κοινὸν εἶχεν ἐν πᾶσιν γλυκὺ,
ἔρον τε, νηπιών τε φθέγμ' ἐλάκτισεν,
χερός τε πίστιν, χὠμόφρον γάμων στόμα.
ἀφίλητος οὖσα δρᾷ τάδ'· ἣν εἴ τις φιλεῖ
οὐ πῦρ σίδηρός τ', οὐδ' Ἄρης εὐρύστομος
γλώσσης γυναικός ἐστ' ὀλεθριώτερον

For of the one comes poison, and a curse
Falls from the other, and burns the lives of men.
But thou, son, be not fill'd with evil dreams,
Nor with desire of these things; for with time
Blind love burns out; but if one feed it full
Till some discolouring stain dyes all his life,
He shall keep nothing praiseworthy, nor die
The sweet wise death of old men honourable,
Who have lived out all the length of all their years
Blameless, and seen well-pleased the face of gods,
And without shame and fear have wrought
Things memorable; and while their days held out,
In sight of all men and the sun's great light
Have gat them glory, and given of their own praise
To the earth that bare them and the day that bred,
Home-friends and far-off hospitalities,
And fill'd with gracious and memorial fame
Lands loved of summer or wash'd by violent seas,
Towns populous and many unfooted ways,
And alien lips and native with their own.
But when white age and venerable death
Mow down their strength and life within their limbs,
Drain out the blood and darken their clear eyes,
Immortal honour is on them, having pass'd
Through splendid life and death desirable
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls,
Lands undiscoverable in the unheard-of west,
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
Rolls without wind for ever, and the snow
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,

τριχῶν τε πλεκτῶν· ἡ μὲν ὡς ἴου γέμει,
θνητούς τε λυγρὰ τῶνδ' ἀρὰ καταιθαλοῖ.
ταῦτ' οὖν ὅπως σὺ φασμάτων πλήρης κακῶν
μή μοι ποθήσεις· σβέννυται γὰρ ἐν χρόνῳ
ἔρως ἄμαυρος· ἀλλ' ὁ βοσκήσας, ἕως
ὅλον μιαίνει τὸν βίον κῆλις, καλὸν
σώζοιτ' ἂν οὐδὲν, οὐδὲ προσπέσοι βίου
ἡδὺν σοφοῦ καμπτῆρ' ἂν, ὡς γεραίτεροι,
ὅσοι γ' ἄμωμον εὖ τελευτῶντες θεοὺς
ἔτερψαν, ἔργα δρῶντες αἰσχύνης ἄνευ
φόβου τ' ἀείμνηστ', ἐν δὲ πᾶσιν ὥστ' ἰδεῖν
εὔκλειαν ἐκτήσαντο κἄδωκαν κλέος
θρεπτήριον γῇ καὶ φάει φυταλμίῳ,
καὶ τοῖς ἐνοικήσασιν ἐν πάτρᾳ φίλοις,
ξένοις τε τηλούροισι, κληδόν' εὐμενῆ
σπείραντες ἐν τόποισιν οὓς θάλπει θέρος,
ἢ κῦμ' ὑβρίζον ἀμπέχει περιρρύτους,
χώραις τε πολυάνδροισι κἀβρότῳ στίβῳ,
ξένων τε γλώσσαις ξύν θ' ὁμοσπόροις βροτῶν·
γῆρας δ' ὅταν λευκανθὲς ἔμφυτον βίου
καὶ μοῖρα σεμνότιμος ἐξαμᾷ σθένος,
τό θ' αἷμ' ἀπαντλῇ, καὶ κορῶν αὐγὰς τὸ πρὶν
φαιδρῶν σκοτώσῃ, κῦδος ἄμβροτον τότε
ὑπέρχεταί νιν ἐκλελοιπότας βίον
εὔδοξον ἐν τῷ κατθανεῖν ἐπιφθόνους·
ψυχῶν δ' ἕδρας νέμουσι, τηλούρους θρόνους,
ἄγνωτος οἴμους Ἑσπέρας ἀνευρέτους,
οὓς ἀμπέχει θάλασσα νηνέμοις ῥοαῖς,
ἁγνῇ τ' ἄημα πᾶν κεκοίμηται χθονί·
λευκόπτερος γὰρ οὐ διηνέμους χίων

Nor thunder nor swift rain saith anything,
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive;
And these, fill'd full of days, divine and dead,
Sages and singers fiery from the god,
And such as loved their land and all things good,
And, best beloved of best men, liberty:
Free lives and lips, free hands of men free-born,
And whatsoever on earth was honourable,
And whosoever of all the ephemeral seed,
Live there a life no liker to the gods,
But nearer than their life of terrene days.
Love thou such life, and look for such a death.

SWINBURNE.

πόδας θοάζει, κοὔτε τοῖς ὠκυδρόμοις
ὄμβροισι βλάπτειν οὔτε τῇ βροντῇ πάρα·
ἀλλ' αὔξεται πάντ' οὐ κεκαυμέν' ἡλίῳ·
οὗτοι παλαιαῖς ἡμέραισιν ἔντροφοι
ᾠδοὶ σοφοί τε θεῖον ἴσχοντες τέλος
καὶ πῦρ θέορτον, οἳ τὰ χρηστὰ προσφιλῶς
εἶχον πάτραν τε καὶ νόμους ἴσους, καλῶν
μέλημα, γλώσσης τ' ἐξ ἐλευθέρας λόγους,
ἐλευθέρων τε χεῖρ' ἐλευθέραν, ὅσα
ὅσοι τε σεμνὸν εἶχον ἐν θνητοῖς κλέος,
βίον θεοῖσιν ἐμφερέστεροι μὲν οὒ
τείνουσι, τοῦ δὲ πρόσθεν ἆσσον οὐρανῷ.
βίου σὺ τοίου τοῖον ἔλπισον τέλος.

M. W. C. M.

APPENDIX

OF

ORIGINAL POEMS IN ENGLISH AND LATIN.

GREECE.

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece, that looks on thee
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Cold is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."

CHILDE HAROLD.

O THOU that erst upon the wide world's throne
In queenly majesty didst reign alone;
That o'er Earth's realms, involved in darkest night,
Didst pour the radiance of thy noontide light;
Whose glory glancing down the stream of time
Still beams as bright as in that glory's prime;
To thee, O Greece, I strike my trembling lyre,
For loftier theme ne'er kindled minstrel's fire.

And shall the muse adventurous dare to raise
Unequal notes of rapture in thy praise?
To sing the clime, beneath whose listening skies
Immortal melodies were wont to rise?
To hang a wreath upon the arch of Fame
Ages have rear'd eternal to thy name?
Oh, clime of climes, within thine every glade
With lingering steps the sacred Nine have stray'd;

Each lonely forest, each enamell'd plain
Has heard the echoes of some minstrel strain ;
Each fertile vale has waked a poet's song,
Each stream, that glides those fertile vales along,
Each mountain glistening in the morning ray
Or crimson'd 'neath the dying flush of day.
Fond Memory calls each scene her own abode,
And musing Fancy hallows every sod.
Queen of the lyre ! thy magic aid bestow !
In rapturous fervour bid the strain to glow !
Assist the muse her soaring flight to wing
And heavenly Poesy's own clime to sing !
When o'er the world primeval Nature smiled
And sought what land to own her fairest child,
In kindly prescience of the future hour
On Greece she pour'd her richest, loveliest dower ;
And every gift to grace the soil combined
Where Art and Science should ere long be shrined.
The verdant landscape with delighted gaze
The rustic viewing glow'd with grateful praise,
And fondly deem'd, so lovely all around,
That there the gods an earthly heaven had found.
The wanderer, forced by cruel need to roam
And seek in foreign climes a kinder home,
View'd the fair shores, and, fill'd with glad surprise,
Forgot his country 'neath the genial skies.
Contented then they prized the humble store
Which Nature gave, nor ask'd nor wish'd for more.
The willing soil supplied their daily need,
And yielded herbage where their flocks might feed.

The eager hunter sought the plains to roam,
And bore the prey exulting to his home;
While his loved craft the fisherman pursued
Beside the stream in tranquil solitude.
To all alike an ample share was given
Of its kind favours by an equal Heaven.
Yet fair though ancient Hellas rose to sight,
Encircled with a crown of peerless light,
Prostrate she bow'd to pagan Error's reign,
And crouch'd a slave beneath the tyrant's chain.
Each scene th' Eternal bounteously had blest,
On each the footprints of His might imprest;
All seem'd a gracious Deity's abode;
All own'd the empire of a present God;
Still could not man to Him his thoughts upraise,
Nor e'er to Him burst forth the song of praise.
Yet noble gods thy children, Hellas, own'd,
On proud Olympus' heights who dwelt enthroned,
Whence, though invisible to mortal sight,
Pavilion'd in the shrines of mystic light,
They moved the springs of Nature's complex plan,
And ruled the destinies of subject man.
The varied acts of the eternal mind
To separate deities were then assign'd.
They saw a God amid the lightning's shine,
In roaring thunders heard a voice divine.
The rippling streams a hallow'd sway confest,
And gales that laugh'd in Evening's glowing breast.
Whirlwinds and storms obey'd their sovereign dread,
And Ocean heaved beneath a monarch's tread.

Travelling in glory through the vaulted sky
The sun was but the car of Deity;
While the lone wanderer blest the virgin queen,
Whose radiance slept upon the nightly scene.
Conscious that all was majesty's abode
Nature they deified instead of God.
Such, clime of glory, was thy pristine state
Far as reverted thought can penetrate;
Such were the simple joys thy sons possest
Endow'd with freedom and with plenty blest.
Too soon, alas! wide o'er that smiling land
The demon war outstretch'd his blood-stain'd hand;
Too soon, ambitious of a foreign sway,
Impetuous Hellas sought the battle fray.
Now sternly gathering for the distant fight
The Grecian chiefs their martial hosts unite;
With foam-wreath'd prows th' Ægean main explore,
And land adventurous on the Trojan shore.
High was the fame and matchless the renown
Those chieftains won before the Phrygian town.
Applauding ages still their deeds rehearse,
Shrined by Mæonia's bard in deathless verse.
Ten years revolving saw that host outspread
Beneath the walls where warriors fought and bled;
Ten years o'er Troy pursued their slow career,
And freedom's banner still was waving there.
But vain each effort, vain each valiant deed,
Proud city, to annul what Heaven decreed.
The deadly lance, the victor's ruthless sword
Avenged at length the wrongs of Sparta's lord;

And mid the blaze, that wrapt thy turrets high
And glow'd reflected on the midnight sky,
Exulting Hellas saw thy glory die.

Years in their rapid circuit onward glide,
And darkly rolls o'er Greece the threatening tide.
See Persia's heralds from their sovereign king
Th' imperious mandate of submission bring.
"And shall proud Greece the monarch's law obey,
Bow to his rule and cringe beneath his sway?
Shall abject Hellas bend before her foes,
And wear the fetters tyrants would impose?
What though the might of Asia's myriad band
May pour its fury on our wasted land,
Shall we for life our liberty forego,
Our rights disown and yield them to the foe?
Heralds, return! tell Persia's haughty lord,
Freedom is ours till conquer'd by the sword;
Grecia with scorn his thraldom will deny,
Triumph in glory or in glory die."
The messengers of war with breathless tread
From West to East the brave defiance spread.
Darius heard—fierce wrath his brow confest,
And deeply vengeance rankled in his breast.
Instant at his command a countless host,
The flower of Asia, seek Cilicia's coast;
Thence sail to crush the nation's daring pride
That Persia's might and Persia's king defied.
And can just Heaven vouchsafe propitious gales?
Or shall gay Victory fill yon snowy sails?

Ah no! Destruction rode upon the breeze
That lured those warriors through the yielding seas;
And grimly hovering round their billowy way,
Impatient Ruin mark'd them for his prey.
Champions of Freedom! glory's best loved race!
Your triumph still glad memory would retrace!
Still your high deeds with Grecia's hallow'd name
Shall live recorded in the rolls of fame!
Never shall fade the conquering wreath ye won
Upon the plains of glorious Marathon!
  And when vindictive Xerxes sought to efface
His country's stern defeat, his sire's disgrace;
When steel-clad millions march'd at his behest,
And millions yet upon their footsteps prest;
When e'en exhausted streams before them fled,
And Famine stalk'd behind their wasting tread;
Again, for Freedom bade her, Hellas rose
And humbled in the dust her baffled foes.
Yet was that far-famed triumph dearly gain'd;
With Valour's blood the victor's crown was stain'd;
Brave Thespia's heroes, Sparta's dauntless band,
Their lives devoted to preserve their land.
To sacred Athens the destroyer came,
And kindled there the devastating flame.
Fierce was the struggle—bright the victory,
For Persia's might was quell'd and Greece was free!
So darkly round th' approaching orb of day
The clouds of night o'erhang in dense array;
So fly those clouds before his rising might,
And Nature triumphs in a flood of light.

Scarce had the lowering tempest roll'd away
Ere conquering Greece beheld intestine fray.
Then Discord hover'd round with withering blight,
And pallid Envy gladden'd at the sight.
Inflamed Revenge exhaled his poison'd breath,
And prompted deeds of cruelty and death.
Sadly the muse would turn th' historic page,
Fain would with brighter themes her song engage,
Nor tell how Athens vainly sought to oppress
Brave Sparta's might and Corinth's haughtiness;
How in unholy contest warriors bled,
And Grecian blood by Grecian sword was shed.
Oh! veil with silence what 'twere grief to tell;
Clasp the recording roll with sorrow's sacred spell.
Long years elapse, long contests intervene,
And time and war alike have changed the scene.
Athenæ's power had reach'd its noonday height,
And fast was merging in the shades of night.
Thebes had confess'd the Macedonian's sway;
On Chæroneia's plains her warriors lay.
E'en Sparta trembled for her cherish'd name;
And freedom flicker'd there with languid flame.
'Twas then, impatient for his destined throne,
A sovereign rose; in might, in fame—alone;
Opposing realms beneath his feet he hurl'd,
And shone a meteor o'er the gazing world.
For him had glory deck'd her richest crown,
For him had strew'd the pathway of renown.
Immortal honour graced his kingly brow,
And dazzled memory looks and wonders now.

Wide o'er the East he raised his mighty hand,
And Asia yielded to his proud command.
In vain luxurious Tyre his sway denied,
Nor wealth could save her, nor empurpled pride.
To Egypt next his fearless troops he led,
And the still desert heard their clanging tread.
Fresh conquests lure him ; e'en on Indus' stream
His distant arms magnificently gleam.
Still burn'd Ambition in his bosom's core,
He gain'd new triumphs and still sigh'd for more.
His hopes to blest Arabia's empire rise,
And gorgeous visions flit before his eyes.
Alas ! the arm of Death his course hath stay'd,
And in the silent tomb the monarch laid.
With him, O Greece, thy latest glory died ;
With him was sepulchred thy lingering pride.
  Empress of Nations ! fallen is thy might ;
Thy sun, alas, hath set in dreary night !
The golden rays that once illumed thy land
Have beam'd on other climes at Heaven's command.
No longer now the shouts of Triumph rise,
Nor lofty pæans fill the echoing skies !
The festal crowd no longer wends its way
Olympia's solemn pageant to survey.
No laurel chaplet binds the victor's brow ;
Applause is hush'd, and all is silent now.
And ye, proud fanes, once bright with votive gold,
Where gods were shrined and heaven's decrees foretold,

Your glory like a dream hath pass'd away ;
Your ruins lie in sad yet stern decay ;
No mystic sounds Dodona's forest sweep,
And brooding stillness reigns on Delphi's steep.
The spoiler Time hath travell'd through that land
With giant footstep and resistless hand.
Fabrics have totter'd at his stern behest,
Fame's noblest monuments his might confest.
The citadel lies prostrate 'neath his tread,
And the proud city silent as the dead.
Time's iron grasp hath crumbled all to nought,
Crush'd all that Art had rear'd or Science wrought,
Erased each impress of that country's name,
Nor spared a token of her ancient fame,
Save where some mossy pillar mouldering lies,
The lonely trophy of his victories.
  Yet, Nature, thou amid the wrecks of Time
Art still as fair as in thine early prime.
The sweeping storm hath levell'd Grecia's pride,
But thou, unhurt, its fury hast defied.
Time cannot shake Olympus' peak, that shrouds
Its awful grandeur in the circling clouds.
Still Sunium's cliff, unscath'd by countless years,
Above the deep its craggy form uprears.
Its beauteous robe yet mantles Tempe's vale ;
Its waving woods yet whisper to the gale.
Still with rich flowers Hymettus' steep is crown'd,
And honied fragrance softly breathes around.
Oh ! while Art's firmest structures are o'erthrown,
Their columns prostrate and their glory gone,

Nature, triumphant o'er the power of Time,
Arrays in loveliness that fallen clime.
The lofty edifice in ruin lies—
The flow'ret still smiles upward to the skies.
Hush'd is the lyre—yet ere its echoes die,
Fond Hope would raise sublimer minstrelsy ;
Would sweep the chords with more congenial lay,
And sing the glories of a happier day.
E'en now, unshackled by the Moslem chain,
See Greece her long-lost liberty regain ;
The haughty Soldan's tyranny is crush'd,
The gleaming crescent trampled in the dust.
And shall imperial Hellas ne'er again
Renew the splendours of her ancient reign ?
The streaks that round her dark horizon play—
Shall they not spread and brighten into day ?
O Greece, awake ! recal thy past renown !
Resume thy sceptre ! claim thy long-lost crown !
Burst through the shadows of surrounding gloom,
And rise majestic from Oblivion's tomb !

T. B., 1844.

PROMETHEUS.

Spirit of Fancy, thou whose magic power
Can lure the soul from out its earthly cell,
To roam with Silence through the midnight hour
In scenes of vision'd beauty loved too well,
Too fondly, wildly; if thy wak'ning spell
Can still as once a mortal breast inspire,
Teach my adventurous Muse with thee to dwell
On scenes like those that hallow'd Hellas' lyre,
When glow'd each thrilling chord fraught with undying fire.

Yes, for 'twas there that musing Fancy stray'd,
And woke her more than mortal melody,
Seized on ethereal raptures, and display'd
Those deathless visions of an age gone by.
Fain would I linger o'er that Poesy,
Till echo died into a dream;—but no,—
Far other scenes now claim the passing sigh,
Where Scythia's rocks frown through their veils of snow,
And matchless Caucasus looks down on all below.

Turn ye and gaze: yon mountain's hoary crest
Supports a god upon its icy throne;
Tempests have mantled fiercely round his breast,
Till Terror crouch'd "to mark what deeds were done;"
Yet would he still undaunted smile upon
The storm, and view a spirit in the blast,
Sublime, unbridled, mighty as his own;
And woo the lightnings as they quiver'd past,
To rive the chains that bound his tortured body fast.

Silent he stands; words, tears are far too weak
To tell the burning grief that rankles there;
Yet shall Prometheus never bend to seek
A tyrant's pardon by a coward's prayer;
Years have beheld him fetter'd, yet Despair
Hath writ no line upon that haughty brow,
Undimm'd by suffering, and untamed by care;
Here stern Defiance flashes but to show
How bright, how fierce the soul that burns unquench'd below.

Still oft perchance would pensive Memory sigh
To live the hours of bygone joy again;
Yet all unmoved the calmness of his eye,
Albeit his heart more keenly felt the pain:

His was subjection's triumph; every vein
Throbb'd with his mighty woes, yet there alone
He stood majestic;—from his eye disdain,
Flashing o'er all, would every sigh disown
Which burst his tortured heart, enforcing groan on groan.

Dreary and lonesome is that rocky crest;
No kindly spring-winds meet the captive's brow,
Nor hath a mortal footstep ever press'd
Those giant heights of ever-during snow,
Which frown defiance on the plain below.
Hark! mountain torrents through the deep defile
Rush on with endless thunderings, till they flow
To where old Ocean round the rocky pile
In frantic fury breaks, nor keeps his wonted smile.

Noblest of gods, most glorious in thy fall,
Prometheus! more than conqueror art thou!
Since not unanswer'd was oppression's call,
Defeat hath wreathed a glory round thy brow,
Which bay-crown'd Victory would in vain bestow.
Though captive now more honour'd shalt thou be
Than Heaven's dread tyrant—if before him bow
Immortals, 'tis in slavery—to thee
Shall future ages pay their unbought fealty*.

* Prometheus was worshipped by the Colchians as a deity; and had a temple and high place called Typhænia Petra upon mount Caucasus.—*Bryant's Mythology.*

For thou didst love mankind; they were to thee
As friends whom suffering strove in vain to part:
Helpless, deserted, oh thou could'st not see
Them pine in loneliness, each bosom smart
Beneath Neglect's cold frown, but beat thine heart
With love to be the champion of their woes:
With liberal hand thou gav'st them every art;
Lo! new-born Knowledge triumph'd o'er her foes,
And on the darkling night the morn of Science rose.

Glorious it rose, but oh! its earliest ray
Shone but too plainly on thy glory's fall;
And as it brighten'd into radiant day,
Beheld thee bound beneath a tyrant's thrall
In adamantine chains; could these appal
The heaven-born sternness of thy Titan heart?
Nay, noble spirit, nor would'st thou recal
One deed of thine that made thee what thou art,
For all the joys that Heaven and Freedom could impart.

And yet the end is not, for o'er his head
Ages shall roll, yet roll, alas! in vain;
He lives immortal, nor shall Time e'er shed
His hoary honours round that brow, nor train
Reluctant thought to smile on endless pain;
Yet for no crime but love does he atone:
Yes! 'twas Love's self that forged the fatal chain
That binds to earth her own, her favourite son,
And keeps him there a captive, time-doom'd, and alone.

Alone! but where is man? will he not turn,
And dare for thee what thou hast borne for him?
He knows it not, nay more, has yet to learn
Thy love to him has been thine only crime;
For this fell Vengeance claims her due, till Time
O'er all the world his reckless ocean sweeps:
Behold him captive where no step can climb,
A lonesome watch o'er coming years he keeps,
Whilst Hope, his own fair child*, turns from her
sire, and weeps.

Too noble soul, is such thy joyless fate?
Exiled, and fetter'd to this sea-girt steep,
With nought to oppose but an immortal hate
To a stern tyrant's vengeance;—round thee
sweep
Whirlwinds, and tempests, whilst the roaring deep
Foams on beneath thee in its wild career;
And thou dost love them, though perchance may
creep
A feeling o'er thee, yet apart from fear,
Which makes thee wish thy lot, and dwelling-place
less drear.

Yet shalt thou rise anon; thy day of woe,
Though slowly, wanes: Fate murmurs "Thou
shalt rise
And see thy fallen once triumphant foe
No longer lord it o'er the prostrate skies;

* Τύφλας ἐν αὐτοῖς ἐλπίδας κατῴκισα.—Prom. Vinct.

His throne yet totters, and beneath him lies
A giant band, which, doom'd by his decree,
From Hell's abyss in vaunting thunder cries
Aloud for vengeance, and shall yet be free—
Heaven's best, and noblest kings have fallen, shall not he?"

Yes, sovereign Zeus shall fall, (albeit he bears
Supreme his sway,) if but thy breast contain
The mystic secret, which alone declares
His empire's death-doom and declining reign.
Yet must thou steel thine heart to bear the pain
His vengeful hand prepares, without a groan;
Thine only chance to free thee from thy chain:
Thrice hath he ask'd, and thrice thy silence shown
The cold disdain that tells far more than words can own.

But hark! what distant moaning strikes the ear!
The mountain breeze dies fitfully and fast,
(Death-fraught the stillness) it but hovers near
To gain fresh terrors for the coming blast.
Ocean is startled, and in silence glass'd
Hath lain his billows, whilst a sable pall
Hangs o'er the earth, as though it deem'd the last
Fell throe would rise anon to scatter all,
Man, Ocean, Earth, and Heaven, blent in one mighty fall.

But now the lightning cleaves its lurid path,
In flashing vengeance through the sable stole
That curtains day from earth; in sleepless wrath,
Booming from crag to crag, with hollow knoll
Echoes the thunder. Hark! to ocean's roll,—
Midst terror terrible! the heaving main
Foams on in darkness, nor can find a goal.
Rocks echo dread to rocks that peal again,
And all save he alone bend to Destruction's reign.

Louder and clearer grows the tempest's peal,
The vollied thunder rolls amain, the flash
Of wreathed lightning plays, but to reveal,
O Heaven! that godlike form. The last dread crash
Hath hurl'd him headlong: how the flint rocks gash
His tortured limbs; but now a crag has caught
In rough embrace his form! though wildly gnash
His frenzied teeth, the secret's still untaught;
He hurls to Heaven his curse, unmoved, unawed by aught.

"Tyrant of Heaven, thrice cursed be she who bore thee,
And cursed be all who own thy despot sway;
Cowards and slaves may basely still adore thee,
That will I never: let thy lightnings play,

Hurl thy tremendous bolts—thou canst not slay !
Cursed be thy throne, and cursed thy seat of bliss,
And doubly cursed thyself. This fatal day
Has seal'd thy doom ; now welcome dread abyss !
Ye Winds, and Sun, and Earth, and Ocean, see ye this ?"

My harp hath ceased, but Fancy still would trace.
Each shadowy outline, ere its echoes die,
And lift the veil which heightens every grace,
And lends a sweeter charm to Poesy.
Forbear, fond Fancy ! nor to mortal eye
Reveal those visions not for mortal gaze ;
Still Isis' charms in cherish'd mystery lie,
Nor would I that one thought of mine should raise
The veil unraised by man, the boast of ancient days.

Still may we view thee, Titan as thou art,
The type of constancy, and heavenly love ;
The bodied vision of some yearning heart
To mould Perfection's image, as it strove
To raise frail man to Heaven ; thyself dost prove
A brave, unflinching champion to the end ;
Thus Earth shall look for succour from above.
Vishnu * hath shown that Heaven with Earth may blend,
And Heaven still finds for Man a Saviour and a Friend.

H. A. J., 1846.

* Vishnu, the principal Idol of the Hindoos, said to have been nine times incarnate.

CARTHAGE.

Ἔσσεται ἦμαρ ὅταν ποτ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρὴ,
καὶ Πρίαμος, καὶ λαὸς ἐϋμμελίω Πριάμοιο.—HOMER.

THY beauty gone, thy glory in the grave,
Mourn, widow'd daughter of the eastern wave!
Where now thy pennon flutt'ring to the breeze,
As some blithe gull that dances o'er the seas?
Where now the grove whose twilight bowers of green
Veil'd the dread charms of heaven's immortal queen *?
Where the bright towers that girdled it below,
Like emerald gem, enshrined in virgin snow?
No more thy galleys speed them o'er the deep;
No more on Cothon's † bay their shadows sleep;
The leaf has wither'd from the sacred shade,
The saintly holm, the laurel bower decay'd:
The vest of beauty now no more can vie
With the rich splendours of ethereal dye,

* Virg. Æn. i. 441 sqq.

† The harbour of Carthage; so called from an island of that name at its mouth.

When on old Atlas' head in crimson hues
The god of gladness sheds his mute adieus.
The shepherd's tent looks meekly at the sky,
His lonely flocks in mournful silence lie,
Where many a hall and many a proud arcade,
With wealth of Araby and Ind array'd,
Full back to heaven the sun's bright glances flung,
And wreaths of fragrance on the breezes hung :
Where oft erewhile the slumb'ring echoes woke
To the soft music of the boatman's stroke,
Who, speeding nightly on his homeward way,
Sang to the silent moon his joyous roundelay.

Love's fairy Queen, sweet Peri of the sky,
Peeping, oh ! loveliest, with half-shut eye
'Tween the cloud-curtains of the mazy west,
The spangled mantle of the day-king's rest—
Oft hast thou seen along thine own blue tide
Carchedon's fearless barks all lonely ride ;
Oft tempest-toss'd 'mid pathless seas afar
Carchedon's sons have hail'd thy beacon star,
When wing'd with speed they sought our island home *,
Woo'd onward by "the wild-bird's wish to roam."
Proud sight it was and glorious, to survey,
As time roll'd on, and lustres stream'd away,

* The Phœnicians, according to Strabo, sailed to the Cassiterides, now the Scilly Islands, and the coast of Cornwall ; bringing thence tin ore, and keeping their voyage from Gades a secret from all other nations.

Thine own loved city *, Beauty's nursling, rise
'Neath the bright heaven that smiled in Dido's
eyes —
Ah ! lovelorn Dido, like the widow'd dove,
Self-doom'd to die †—and know no second love—
To mark her stretch the iv'ry sceptre o'er
Numidia's wastes, Hispania's golden shore ;
Grasp the twin portals of the western main,
And reap the fruitage of th' Hesperian plain ;
Wed the fresh sweets of Grecia's humbler flowers
To the proud scent of Yemen's spicy bowers ;
And teach rude Europe's homely dames to glow
In Tyrian robes of hyacinthine flow.—
'Twas Carthage held the gorgeous East in fee,
And Carthage sway'd the chiefdom of the sea :
For her the Orient shed, like snow-flakes, down
The fleecy ‡ tribute from her forests strown ;
The fairy spinster of Kathay § still drew
Its silken gossamer of golden hue ;
Cashmerian skies rain'd rose of loveliest bloom,
That breathed aloft the Atar-Gul's perfume ;

* From Augustin we learn that Carthage was one of the favourite haunts of Venus.

† The writer has followed the story of Dido as related by Justin, in preference to Virgil's ingenious fiction : the former says that Iarbas, King of Getulia, having sought her hand, she, to avoid a detested alliance, ascending a funeral pile, with her own hand effectually forbad the banns.

‡ "Nemora Æthiopum molli canentia lana."—*Virg.*

§ China.

Each fragrant balm of Araby the blest
Wept tears of frankincense at her behest;
Oman * with pearl bedropp'd her glist'ning shore,
And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore:—
Sofala pregnant by the yellow ray,
With which the new-born Emperor of day
Greets his own clime, and smiles its night away.

The hills have donn'd their verdant robes again,
The virgin lea resumed its gladsome reign!
Nor princely hall is found, nor pillar'd fane,
Unblest intruders on the fair domain,
But grass-grown blocks, and prostrate shrines that seem
The last faint relics of a splendid dream;
Where now Tunisia's budding bosom † woos
Th' embrace of Ocean with her sun-bright hues—
With hues as bright as when in days of yore,
She, whom e'en yet Tunisia's maids adore ‡,
That augury with pious rapture hail'd,
Strange firstling boon by Libya's soil unveil'd—

* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called.

† The coast of Tunis consists of a low plain of the greatest fertility, which here and there swells into graceful eminences, and presents from the sea-side a most enchanting spectacle. —*Morier's Travels.*

‡ The love, the misfortunes, and the death of Elissa, still form the theme of one of the most plaintive songs of the Moorish maids; and the "Anna Perenna" of Ovid still lives under the more musical name of Ayadû in the mouth of many a daughter of the sun. —*D'Herbelot.*

The head of warrior steed *—prophetic sign!
Portentous bodement of the powers divine,
That thus Carchedon's fiery sons should be
The pride and flower of Afric's chivalry!
Nor did her sword, her sceptre's haughty sway,
Forswear the promise of her elder day:
Ne'er valour fail'd in bold relief to show
Each airy sketch Ambition's pencil drew;
Her fondest, wildest dreams to realize
Of conquest, fame, and lofty enterprise.
Bear witness, Rome, thy shield's oft-tarnish'd sheen
Attest it, Trebia, Cannæ, Thrasymene;
Lo! Carthage pours her stranger myriads forth,—
The South commingling with the grisly North—
Here Vandal, Visigoth, and fiery Hun;
There Æthiop's child, Numidia's swarthy son:
And every race, and every hue unite
In one dark confluence of angry might.
But who the chief that sways this lawless train—
The master-spirit they oppose in vain—
That spells the crowd, and with commanding skill
Moulds their fierce tempers to his sovereign will?
Hark! a loud note peals forth the trump of fame,
And wond'ring ages echo back thy name,
'Mid peers still peerless! glorious in thy fall!
Spoilt child of vict'ry! deathless Hannibal!
So torrents streaming from a thousand hills,
The monster progeny of countless rills,

* Virg. Æn. i. 442 sqq.

Their various waters blend at length in one
Black yeasty gulf—a boiling Phlegethon.
With wrangling brawl the sable masses meet,
With welcome stern the sable masses greet;
The plunging surge still spurns the foamy rein,
And champs the bit, and shakes its bristling mane:
So curbs their rage the all-prevailing tide,
Bends their wild stream, and shapes their course of
pride;
Till on at length the mingled columns sweep
In one broad flood careering through the deep.

"Hark! heard ye not the baying dogs of war?
Flares not on high his blood-red meteor star?
Beheld ye not his dragons' reeking breath
Tinge earth's pure veins with gory hues of death *?
Aye! well may havoc whet his thirsty steel!
For many a life his fellest throes must feel,
When Carthage' warriors eye with fierce disdain
The Roman eagle brooding o'er the plain
From tall Saguntum's hill—the massy throne
Of conscious strength congealed into stone."
Through fair Italia's glades such whispers ran,
As portents darken'd 'neath the augur's scan;
And horror curdled in each lab'ring breast,
To view pale woe in Myst'ry's mantle drest.
Nor vain those fears:—too soon the locust band
Flings its dread shadow o'er the death-doom'd land;

* *Vid.* Livy *passim*, for an account of the prodigies that ushered in the Punic invasion.

And conquest beck'ning from th' Helvetian steep,
Waves his red plumes in blazon broad and deep.
Now on for Rome! for Rome and glory on!
For fame or death, Hamilcar's warrior son!
By that great, vengeful oath thy childhood swore;
By all those vows on Gades' holy shore *;
When late thy manhood, at that giant shrine,
In which the sun-god † holds his rights divine,
The sacred pledge with triple ardour seal'd;
Which Rome shall rue in many a crimson field.
E'en now resistless down each Alpine cleft
Descend the armed floods in lauwine-drift,
And shroud amain the laughing scene beneath
With Murder's scowl, and Rapine's smoky wreath....
Twin sisters curst of Vict'ry! handmaids dire!
To glut revenge, and flesh the conqu'ror's ire.
Still victor, still the Carthaginian horde
Waves the red flag, and wields the reeking sword:
How starts yon pine-clad Apennine to see
On Thrasymene's cheek all glassedly
The Southron armour gleam! How shades he now
With cloud on cloud his winter-scathed brow
Against the scene of blood ‡! Imperial Rome
Sits hopeless, nerveless, 'neath Bellona's dome:

* "Hannibal Gades profectus, vota Herculi exsolvit."—*Livy.*

† The Phœnician Hercules, usually identified with Baal or Bel, the god of the universe, of light, and of strength, among all the Eastern nations of antiquity.

‡ Livy, l. xxii. c. 4, 5.

Forlorn, the Eagle in his lonely lair
Unquell'd, undaunted, broods in haught * despair.
Say, Carthage, thou, whom Nature's ice-mail'd wall
Repell'd in vain, nor danger could appal;
Say wherefore now repose thy victor crest
Enervate, lull'd, on Capua's downy breast.
Strange—that where Death's e'en deadliest terrors fail,
Ease gently wins, and Pleasure's lures avail.

The scene is changed:—lo! Fortune's fitful gale
Now fans the Eagle, wafting fatal bale
To Libya's hapless strand. The bolt of war †,
All-conqu'ring Scipio, levin-like from far
Ploughs his red track on Zama's sanguine field,
And Valour's self to sterner fate must yield.
Farewell to Carthage: o'er her sable bier
There moan'd a hero, stream'd a warrior's tear ‡;
And Virtue to the last could smile to see
In the death-pyre a balm for slavery §.
Enough—nor foeman's steel, nor fate, could quell
Her lion soul, till from itself it fell,

* "The *haught* Northumberland."—*Hen. VI.* Act 3.

† ". . . . . . geminos, duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ . . . ." *Virg. Æn.* vi. 843-4.

‡ Scipio is said to have wept over the ruins of the city, repeating from Homer the couplet that stands at the head of this piece.

§ When all hope of safety was gone, the wife of Hasdrubal, collecting her matrons around her, lighted a funeral pile in the temple of Æsculapius, and perished, cursing the treachery of her husband and his faction.

Mesh'd by suspicion and proverbial wile,
Self-tangled in the labyrinth of guile.

Farewell, we sigh'd—a sad but short farewell:
Like some tall palm, which (Eastern stories tell *)
Primeval youth from yet warm ashes claims,
And dates its birth amid funereal flames,—
Like some tall palm her spring-tide hopes revive,
And glories past with future prospects strive.
A few short summers o'er her ruins slept,
A few short winters o'er her ruins wept,
A few short years . . . her starry trine anon,
Its brief parenthesis † of darkness gone,
Ascendant gleams: not, as in days flown by,
With lustre all its own, in majesty;
But twinkling shyly round yon central sun,
Of all its galaxy the fairest one;
Too glad perchance to catch one passing ray,
One spark of splendour that hath lost its way.
What? though her second youth no laurels grace,
Refinement clasps her in its soft embrace;
About her brow, see, peaceful honours twine,
As Wealth pays homage to the gentle Nine;

* The Phœnicians gave the name of Phœnix to the palm-tree, because when burnt down to the root, it rises again, like that bird, fairer than ever.

† The writer has taken the liberty of appropriating this bold expression from Storer—

". . . . . . The short parenthesis of life was shor but sweet."—*Life and Death of Wolsey.*

And, latest ling'rer, Truth's own vested ray
Wreaths a bright halo flick'ring round decay * ;
So link'd with thousand saints her name shall shine,
Scroll'd 'mid the records of a hand divine †.

E. W. H., 1848.

* "A gilded halo hovering round decay."—*Byron.*

† Carthage became the head-quarters of the Christian Church in Africa, which reckoned in its ranks, among many others of eminent piety and stedfast faith in persecution, the names of Cyprian and Augustine; and under the blighting influence of barbarian rule, still fostered to the last its band of the Faithful.—*See Milner's Church Hist.* vol. i. 14, 15.

THE PRAISE OF LABOUR.

> "Praise to the sturdy plough,
> And patient spade: praise to the simple crook,
> And ponderous loom!"—WORDSWORTH.

VOICES on the sounding ocean,
  Voices on the leaflet's breast,
Breathes it not in every motion
  That old truth—it cannot rest?
Angel-choristers in glory,
  Coral-isles in purple seas,
Rising tell the self-same story
  To the music of the breeze.
Life is Labour! Life is Labour!
  Not the lust of fame, of gold,
Not the might of sword and sabre,
  Not the battle, as of old,
But to live that neither sorrow
  Vex us nor exceeding mirth,
That the sun of every morrow
  Rise upon a better earth!
Onward, onward! Egypt beckons
  Through the myriad mists of time,

Points to Sphinx and temple—reckons
How she labour'd at her prime:
Memory's moonlight wanders o'er me,
Memory, like the breathing* shell,
Still around me, still before me,
Breathes a retrospective knell:
Shapes of crumbling fane and temple,
Shapes of hoary pyramid
Rise, where Nile with many a dimple
Creeps, by reeds and rushes hid,
Rise, and rising in their glory,
Softly, gently, seem to say,
They too singing Labour's story,
"Toil shall never pass away:
Stone may crumble, man may perish,
Every trace may die away,
Yet the smile of Eld will cherish
Memory's halo round decay!"

Sleepless as the march of ages,
Fruitful as the wealthy soil,
Like the hope that youth presages,
Sanguine ever—such is Toil!

* "I have seen
A curious child who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell:
To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
Listen'd intensely: and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy: for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its native sea."—*Wordsworth.*

Toil—the leading star of nations,
  Toil—the birthright of the world,
Leading on through all temptations,
  Earthy fogs around us curl'd,
Onward over many a river,
  Onward over forest-glade,
Where for ever and for ever
  Gleams the greenwood-colonnade,
Where the untasted spring is welling,
  Where amid o'ershading trees
Unknown birds are fondly telling
  Unheard secrets to the breeze:
Learn, thou old untrodden mountain,
  Learn, thou ancient, moss-grown soil,
Verdant valley, crystal fountain,
  The nobility of Toil!

Leave to spear and leave to sabre
  Wasted lands and cities sack'd,
Labour spans the rivers—Labour
  Bridges o'er the cataract!
Through the dark of forests olden,
  By the Saxon's hatchet true,
Labour bids—in splendour golden
  Heaven's blue eye peeps brightly through.

By the steam-ship onward dashing,
  By the hundred-handed mill,
By the magic engine flashing
  Every motion of the will,

Labour weans us from disunion,
Welds the nations into one,
Flashes mankind into union,
Union glorious as the sun:
Vainly mountain, vainly river,
Vainly oceans intervene,
Let the rivers roll for ever,
Let the mountains rise between,
Labour rises o'er the mountains,
Travels dryshod o'er the seas,
Tracks the rivers to their fountains
In the far Antipodes.

"Semper eadem" in all ages,
Changing not in changing clime,
Summer's heat and "Winter's ranges,"
Labour triumphs over Time:
Not destruction but creation—
Labour links with silver span
Nation closely unto nation,
And man closely unto man:
Not destruction but creation—
Thine are not the steps of War
Levelling in annihilation
Every thing that was before—
Trampling out with fiery traces
Footsteps of preceding toil,
As the ocean-wave effaces
Footprints on a sandy soil;

Other footsteps Labour leaveth,
And the soil where she hath trod,
(As the step of fairy weaveth
Brighter verdure in the sod,)
Many a fane and palace raiseth—
While in shadowy array,
Many a "column'd vista" traceth
Lines of dimness far away:
There the high Cathedral springeth,
There the dim Cathedral-aisle,
With the stately chancel, ringeth
To the organ's note the while:
There through mountain and o'er valley
Darts the lightning-caravan,
Bearing to each crowded alley
News of peace with fellow-man:
There the steam-ship swiftly dashes,
There the wonder-working wire
On its lightning-pinion flashes
Swiftly—softly, words of fire:
There the earth to man is yielding,
And, where sand with sand had met,
Gleams a "wilderness of building,"
Tower and spire and minaret.

Such the footsteps Labour traceth—
Poets, ye have sung too long
How the scourge of war effaceth
Tracks of Labour—change your song!

Sing not now in warlike seeming
  Blood-stain'd glories of the fight,
Brightly, as the levin, beaming,
  Transient, as the levin's light!
Sing, ye poets, tell, ye sages,
  How in grandeur unconfined
To eternity of ages
  Last the triumphs of the mind:
And, ye great of every nation,
  Labour's scions spurn not now
Ye are great by man's creation:
  Nobler circlet decks *their* brow:
Hands that sun and toil embrowneth—
  Hands of toil despise not ye:
For the wreath of virtue crowneth
  Nature's aristocracy!

* * * * *
* * * * *

Not a breath of air on ocean:
  Breezes all have sunk to sleep—
They that erst with scarce a motion
  Trembling wander'd o'er the deep,—
Gentle as a wind at even,
  Hark!—perchance some angel-tone
Straying from the gate of heaven
  Sends earth music, not her own:
Voices, as of angels—voices
  Softly sink and gently swell,
And old Ocean's wave rejoices
  At the sound he loves so well:

Nearer steals the music—nearer:
  Hark! it strikes upon the ear:
Nations, Labour speaketh! hear her!
  "I am coming! I am here!
I have been where golden rivers
  Gleaming roll o'er golden sand:
I have been where ocean severs
  Man from man and land from land:
Wandering on through forest-alleys
  And the shadowy greenwood-aisle,
I have sped o'er Europe's valleys,
  Cross'd the desert, track'd the Nile—
Asia opes her portals to me—
  China is untrod no more—
Through Siberia's deserts gloomy
  Pass I on to Labrador.
And the New World lies before me,
  Track I on through forest trees
And a sound comes floating o'er me
  With the whisper of the breeze:
'Tis the sound of Labour! slowly
  Sweeps the axe with measured blow,
And the stricken tree bends lowly—
  Boweth lower—falleth low!
Cheerly then spake I: 'Ye nations,
  Hither! lay at Labour's shrine
Choicest works and best oblations
  From the mountain and the mine!'"

* * * * *

Vanish'd that resplendent vision,
  But the tones that o'er me stole,
Like a voice from vales Elysian,
  Still re-echo to my soul;
And that peaceful proclamation,
  Like the fiery cross of War,
Echoed on through many a nation,
  Roused mankind anear—afar:
And they built a temple gleaming
  Brilliant as Aladdin's hall,
Where the sunlight inward streaming
  Pierced through each crystal wall;
Where the light in rainbow gushes
  Revels down the sun-lit nave,
And below the great world rushes,
  And above the banners wave;
And from many a golden river,
  And from many a fruitful vale,
Many a city, where for ever
  Whitens far the ocean-sail,
Brought they choicest, best oblations,
  Gems of price from far Peru,
And around were met the nations
  Swarthy Turk and slim Hindoo:
Proudly flashes column, proudly
  Over head the banners float,
While each stately vista loudly
  Echoes far the organ-note:
And the kindreds of the nations
  In one vast, consentient throng,

With their thousand acclamations
  Chorus up to Heaven the song;
"Life is Labour! Life is Labour!
  Not the lust of fame, of gold,
Not the might of sword and sabre,
  Not the battle, as of old,
But to live that neither sorrow
  Vex us nor exceeding mirth,
That the sun of every morrow
  Rise upon a better earth!"

W. L. N., 1852.

BELISARIUS.

"And grief became
A solemn scorn of ills."—TENNYSON.

A BEGGAR begging in the public streets—
A blind man sitting in the market-place—
Well; there are many beggars, many blind;
But one blind beggar, Belisarius.
Then said a young man to his fellow-youth—
"Who is this beggar? though his state be mean,
His spirit seems above his misery;
And ever and anon he mumbles forth,
From the gapp'd circlet of his ruin'd teeth,
'I bide my time, I wait the latter days;
All men must perish, but I know the end.'"
To whom his comrades answer'd with a laugh:
"Oh! he is brimm'd with stirring history,
Unequal conflicts, glorious victories,
And kings that quail'd before his hero might
When the blind beggar was a general.
But ask himself, for he will tell you all."
Then ask'd the young man of the aged one,
"Old man, who art thou? tell me all thy tale,

And thy life history."—And the old man smiled:
As some faint meteor in the pale-starr'd even
Gleams from the heavens on a joyless tract,—
A tract of wide waste lands, and solitary,
Save beasts that howl beneath a cloud-wrapt night,
And reddens for a moment, and is gone;
And the wind moans, and the far bittern booms,
And the reeds shiver, and the marsh-fed willows
Sway their lank arms awhile, and all is still:
So gleam'd a smile across his haggard face,
A smile that only lit his desolation.
Smiling, he sigh'd; "So soon, so soon forgot?
Yet not for ever, for I know the end.
But I will tell thee all things from the first—

"As erst the many-fountain'd vaults of heaven
Burst open on a world of giant sin,
So from far frost-bound regions of the North
Rush'd the barbarians on the Roman world,
Came wolfish Vandal, came cold-stunted Hun,
Came Alaric, scourge of God, scourging a land
Of Roman majesty and Roman crime:
And that great ancient Empire of the West
Fell—and the Eastern rock'd upon its base—
Till I arose, a Saviour in the land,
Warrior by nature, peasant monarch-sought:
I saved my country—and I beg my bread.
Thrace was my birth-place—champaign heaven-blest,
Rich in broad water, rich in swelling crag,

And lustrous bank of forest precipice.
Oft when in youth, on sunlit mountain lawns,
All eagle-eyed I pierced the boundless blue,
Or, tranced beside the ever roaring sea,
Gazed on the wind-born sheets of ragged foam —
I felt my great soul struggle in my breast
And pulse me onward unto larger deeds,
And slowly shoot into the perfect man.
But when I read of heroes, Homer-sung,
God-men, who far on plains of Pergamus
Strode, triple arm'd in panoply all gold,
Nor fear'd to cope with warrior deities,
But drove them bleeding to the splendrous heights
Of many-peak'd Olympus whence they came—
I too, I said, will be a warrior chief,
And marshal hosts to death or victory,
And will be great among the sons of men.

"So I arose, and girt myself for fight,
And was a soldier of the Emperor.
Then step and step I rose through great exploits,
Until men hail'd me General of the East.
Then when on Dara rush'd the Persian host,
Elate in pride of fancied victory,
I met them, warden of the city gates—
I fought, I conquer'd; I deserved my honour—
Not less than they who strove in days of old
Along far foam-girt Marathonian fields,
And check'd the march of Eastern despotism,
And drove back Xerxes to his paradise,

And wrought themselves an everlasting name,
When all the corse-piled plain was pale with death—
Or they who, martyrs to their fatherland,
Champions of Europe, glory of old Greece,
Fail'd from the battle-shout at Salamis,
Sank in the shadows of Thermopylæ.

"Then, when a strife arose in Africa,
And, red in battle first-fruits, leapt the war,
And great Justinian sent his choicest troops,
And me, his choicest General,—I went,
I fought, I conquer'd; I deserved my honour—
Not less than he who once upon a time,
In those dim years of the great-storied past,
Stept on the surge-struck Carthaginian shores,
And drew her soul from the Phœnician queen,
And left her weltering on a funeral pyre,
And rooted out the pristine Latian tribes,
And was the founder of a royal race;
A race whose deeds shall sound throughout the world,
While the sun flames and the great waters roll,
And the wind roars from unknown solitudes,
And the strong mountains on their base endure;
Or he who, lusty in the lusty prime
Of Roman valour, razed the city gates
And blotted Carthage from the nation-roll,
And wrought for Rome a priceless victory.

"I, conqueror on the throne of Africa,

Dealt victor-justice to a humbled race,
And crush'd the yet rebelling Gelimer,
And sail'd triumphant to Byzantium ;
And I was great among the sons of men.
Consul—a year sole Consul—every land
Knew me, and cringed an all-submissive neck
To the god-might of Belisarius.
Then, when Italia lay a wilderness,
Bared by the hurricane of civil war,
I cross'd in hope the Adriatic blue,
Where emerald isles, inlaid in sapphire sea,
Gleam on the mariner, beach'd with rippled sand.
I cross'd in hope, and I return'd in glory ;
For under the walls of old Parthenope
I fought, and, heralded by victory,
I carved a way to sometime royal Rome,
And, marching glorious to the Capitol,
Gave her once more a place among the nations.
Pent in the city by the unanimous might
Of fierce barbarians, with my own right hand
I wrought deliverance, wrought victory,
As he who, joying in his youth divine,
Strode all victorious to the farthest Ind,
And made the peoples know his sovereignty,
And was the monarch of the ringing world.

"How shall I tell of her, my pilot star,
Glorious adulteress, vile as beautiful,
Who not alone in plenitude of peace
Love-soften'd all this rugged warrior-heart,

But, ministrant on clamorous battle-plains,
Sated my spirit with a strange delight.
She, leagued in love with the Empress-courtezan,
Who sway'd the counsels of a glutted spouse,
Whelm'd me in irredeemable disgrace,
And foul'd the lustre of untarnish'd act,
And summon'd me from conquest to despair.
Long years I crept through shame unmerited,
Humbled in peace, all glorious in war,—
And mighty only on the battle-field.
At last, when all barbarian multitudes
Rallied upon the Eastern capital,
Justinian call'd me forth from obloquy,
Like that crisp-pated Quintus from the plough,
And bade me save my country ; and I went
And chased their armies to the wilderness,
And wrought a strong redemption for the land.
He crown'd me with all-noble recompense—
He met slight merit with benign reward—
He blinded me, and cast me forth to beg—
Poor fool !—or little recking future fame.

"Though slowly staggering in the vale of years,
I shudder not at that all-victor Death,
Nor quail at fathomless eternity.
No storied tomb, uprear'd on hero-bones,
No great memorial of greater dead,
Shall signal ruin'd Belisarius.
Yet much I joy, seeing my backward years
Loom deep into the dead mist of the Past,

That I repent not aught which I have done.
I have not work'd my fall, but Destiny
And that serene pre-eminence of God.
Yet this I know, and with calamity
Grows trust, and all unshaken confidence,
That though men hold me poor, and blind, and mean,
Cast down from honour, hopeless, desolate;
Yet, in those generations far to come,
When they that spurn me from their palaces
Shall slumber with the unremember'd dead,
My fame shall broaden in the stream of time,
Wide-circling from my death-plunge, and a rumour,
And glorious memory of glorious deeds—
My deeds—my deeds—shall ring through after time."

F. M., 1858.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

The day was come: its earliest morn had brought
His true disciples to the teacher's cell,
Who, gathering round the master of their thought,
Wept him they loved so well.

Yea, moving blindly in much heaviness,
And left amid perplexities alone,
They mourn'd as men, in a great wilderness,
Mourn when their guide is gone.

Remembering how, without reward or praise,
That temperate truth had drawn the hope of Greece,
Leading to wisdom,—pleasant are her ways,
And all her paths are peace:

But sternly sent the arrogant to school,
And on false-seeming set the brand of shame;
Looking beyond the pomp of petty rule,
To whence true honour came.

So men arraign'd the saint of blasphemy ;
The sage arraign'd they of corrupting youth ;
Arraign'd the saint whose life was purity—
The sage whose speech was truth.

But rather in that chance he did rejoice,
Yea, set to blessings that calamity ;
And, doubting nothing, made heroic choice—
As he had lived—to die.

Nor bated aught of blameless innocence,
Nor courted any pity of the strong ;
But, dauntless ever in a great defence,
He cried against the wrong.

Nor might he not foreshadow One to be,
Dragg'd downward by the race He came to save,
Through bitterer scorn, unjuster contumely,
Down to a nobler grave.

Or as that cloud of faithful witnesses
March'd cheerfully on torture and on sword,
Expecting after any agonies
The coming of the Lord :

So look'd he on his judges, witting well
Their sorest penalty must bring release
In such an end as theirs who nobly fell
Before the gates of Greece.

Who pass'd in blood without applause or crown,
From that loud day to where we cannot see :
Such loss their gain, and such defeat renown,
Such death their victory.

Likewise even now did his own peace rebuke
In prison his moved friends for fruitless fears ;
Then spake the sage, when that accustom'd look
Had set a truce to tears :—

" Upon their death the silver swans rejoice,
Meeting that God to whom their lives belong,
And pour the glory of their treasured voice
In floods of jubilant song :

" Shall I not too be glad, who pass to range
In some best place with the great dead, my peers,
Proceeding through all form of nobler change
Down unimagined years?

" For I believe I am not wholly dust,
But somewhere, somewhere, with diviner powers,
They greatly live, the spirits of the just,
A larger life than ours.

" For we abiding in infirmity,
In fleshly tabernacles groan forlorn,
Expecting, till on this mortality
It break, the perfect morn.

"Yea, as the ocean-monsters, leagues from land,
Of upper splendours live unwittingly,
Wallowing a black bulk over boundless sand,
Deep in the gloom of sea;

"We to the blessed gods are such as they;
In doubt and consternation draw we breath,
Sorrow our joy, and darkness is our day,
Yea, and our life is death.

"But when, at length, release from flesh is given,
From doubt and folly, and desire and fears,
Then shall the voiceful presences of heaven
Ring on bewilder'd ears;

"Then shall the true earth open on our sight,
And the true firmament above us shine,
And dwelling ever in that perfect light
We too shall be divine."

He spake as babes who know not what they say;
But if of men, O Lord, be good or bad,
Then (for he did desire to see Thy day)
He seeth, and is glad.

He ceased, nor wept; he drank the cup, nor quail'd;
The jailor stern stood soften'd at his side;
Then, as the force within him slowly fail'd,
He laid him down and died.

Nor did he at the last at all recoil,
  Nor rail'd at all upon malignant foes,
But cheerfully seem'd passing from long toil
  To some serene repose.

And o'er his death a smile stole silently,
  Telling of constant calm, of holy trust;
For who shall wait with purer heart than he
  The rising of the just?

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

Not any builded shrine, since breath began,
  Was half so sacred, stranger, as this sod;
For underneath is the most righteous man
  That ever knew not God.

F. M., 1860.

THE SACK OF ROME BY ALARIC.

"O marvailous great change!
Rome living was the world's sole ornament,
And dead is now the world's sole moniment!"—SPENSER.

ALAS for Rome, the Rome that is no more,
The dauntless soul, the ever-ready hand,
The patriot heart, that held it sweet to pour
Its dearest life-blood for its native land,
The fire of high ambition, conquest-fann'd,
The iron will that nought could turn away
From strictest duty, matchless to command,
Matchless to suffer, matchless to obey,
The consuls, and their legions, and the band
Of hoary-bearded Fathers, where are they?
Gone all, and gone for ever. Never more
The long triumphal pomp shall slowly wend
With snowy victims on the Sacred Way,
With priceless spoils and captives as of yore,
Nor see on high the old Tarpeian blaze
With glittering roof, all-golden, nor ascend
The steep of marble as in other days:
For all thy triumphs now, alas! are o'er
For ever, and thy glory hath an end!

Shades of Camillus, Marius, Scipio,
  Were ye not wrung with anguish and with shame,
  When up the long Flaminian Way he came,—
Alaric, Scourge of God—with endless flow
  Of barbarous hosts, the Goth, whom none can
    tame,
And fiend-begotten Hun? How fiercely glow
Their wolfish eyes, and still they turn to Rome!
O that some handful of brave souls would come
  Of Romans, the old Romans, streaming out
From yonder portals, all athirst for fame
And glorious death for Fatherland and home,
  And drive this rabble host in headlong rout
Back to the Scythian deserts whence they came!

Where are the legions, and their general—where?
  O where is Stilicho, who thrice did save
The city in the hour of her despair?
  Despair! a hollow echo from the grave
  Mutters "Despair." See you by yonder tomb
A tall pale figure standing silent there,
  A ghastly spectre upright in the gloom,
Motionless, awful? This is he, the true,
The brave, the noble, star of all the earth,
Stilicho, your deliverer, whom ye slew,
  Basely ye slew with treachery and lies!
  O ingrates, madmen! Dreadful are his eyes,
And his white lips are wreath'd in ghastly mirth,
  For well he wots ere morrow's sun can rise
  All Rome shall reek to grace his obsequies.

But as a gloomy bastion'd thunder-cloud,
Driven by the raging tempest, sweeps along,
To where some hoary monster peak doth shroud
His giant shoulders, and the murky throng
Press on to burst in thunders echoing loud;
So moved the Goth, and led the barbarous crowd,
And that strange fever raging in his breast,
Which spurr'd him on like madness through the long
Disastrous years of struggle and unrest,
Goading him still to Rome, is yet as strong
As when he burst in deluge upon Greece,
And left her desert. Yea, when all was lost,
Even then it burn'd as though it ne'er would cease,
Driving him on, till once again a host
Innumerable served him, and his name
Sounded abroad; but that old enemy cross'd
His path of destiny, and dimm'd his fame,
And rescued Rome, and marr'd his hope of peace.

But Stilicho low lieth in the tomb,
And who shall save the city? See, they come
Host upon host, and Alaric leads them on,
And that fire burneth till the goal is won.
O holy hermit, cease, thy words are vain,
Nor prayer, nor bitter curse, nor threaten'd hell
Can check the loosen'd torrent, or restrain
The smoking avalanche! Think not thou to quell

That strange mysterious power, which makes the
thought
Of curse, and pang, and hell, and all beside as
nought.

But all is dark along the tombèd way,
Darkness and silence, nor doth any come
In Roman arms their onward march to stay;
And right behind the queenly moon hath
clomb
Through gauzy sheen of mists in bright array,
To glitter on the palaces of Rome.
And from the barbarous host upbursts a cheer
To see that now indeed the promised spoil is near.

'Tis midnight, and the Eternal City seemeth
A quiet image of eternal sleep;
Through shadowy groves the breathing zephyrs
creep,
And from a duskier heaven the starlight beameth,
And wide beneath the moon the city dreameth.
And sculptured arch and column'd temple keep
An universal slumber still and deep,
Save where a level flood of splendour streameth
From some high palace hall where revellers
steep,
In glowing streams of purp'e wine,
Their mellow hearts amid the shine
Of incense-breathing lamps, that pour
A golden flood of glory o'er

The ivory fretwork of the roof
Of carven cedar, and explore
The marvels of the enamell'd floor,
And couches soft of Tyrian woof.
Where languid forms at ease recline
With random limbs, and glitter by
On citron table cups of gold,
Crystal, and myrrhine, work divine,
Inwrought with fabled heroes old,
Or richly boss'd in quaint design,
Thick-set with sparkling jewelry,
That flashes to the roof, where high
Aloft the marble columns twine
Their wreaths of ivy and cluster'd vine.
And all are hush'd and listening mute
To music of the warbling lute,
And, breathing soft voluptuous fire,
The melting murmurs of the lyre,
And sweetly plaintive Lydian flute,
Whose soul-dissolving tones conspire
From vocal stops and trembling strings,
And swells the music fuller, higher,
And falls, and swells again, and floats
In melting bliss of liquid notes
Through charmèd air on tremulous wings,
Through shadowy moonlight colonnade,
And far adown the umbrageous gloom,
The verdurous gloom of platane shade,
To bowery depths and dark recesses
Of trailer-woven wildernesses,

Where all the rifled tropics bloom,
And all that clustereth loveliest,
From balmy East to emerald West,
In crystal laves its flowery tresses,
And there the night-bird hath her nest,
And odorous blossoms droop in rest.

The music faints, dissolved in ecstasies;
The music droops its languid wings and dies;
But Heaven above, with all his myriad eyes,
Glitters in breathless silence, and around
In moonlit calm the shadowy city lies,
The charmèd city sleeps without a sound.

But through the stillness, sudden, wild, and high,
From Gothic trumpet peals an awful blare,
And echoes shrilly through the shuddering air,
With barbarous yells and shrieks of them that die,
And far and wide the direful torches flare,
With crash of ruins falling thunderously;
And reddening far into the troubled sky
From blazing cedar gleams a ghastly glare;
And from the city swells an echoing cry,—
A shriek of multitudinous agony,
A wail of terror, anguish, and despair!

Even as a sailor in the northern night,
When all the waves are hush'd in silver sleep,
Lying becalm'd upon the moonlit deep,
Sees far away a giant iceberg shine

With glittering peaks and spires of rainbow light,
But deep beneath the warm waves undermine
The aërial mountain, till it topples o'er,
And down with lightning flash and awful roar
Dash its wild crags and headlong precipices,
And high the foam in sheeted torrents hisses,
And circling round and round in wild affright,
Darkening the moon, the screaming wild-fowl soar,
And their harsh clamour all the ocean o'er
Shrills upward echoing through the silent night, —
So fell the imperial city. Statue, bust,
Column and sculptured frieze, that wont to dart
The flame which wrought them through the gazer's heart,
Palace, and arch, and bath, and portico,
And those old walls that echoed Cicero
A thousand times, with many a barbarous blow
And many a yell from off their basements thrust,
Are dash'd to thousand atoms in the gory dust.

But though the Forum lies a ruin'd heap,
Mock'd by a stately column here and there,
And though the owl hoots, and the rank weeds creep
From stone to stone upon the Palatine,
Where dwelt the Emperor, and creepers twine
The Coliseum's broken arches, where
The full-faced moon through ivy's tangled hair
Gazes on desolation, let us spare

To mourn for these in joy for what remains,—
Lucretius' muse, and Virgil's graceful strains,
And Tully's burning eloquence, and all
That wondrous code by which, despite her fall,
E'en now she reigns a Queen imperial;
For though her palaces in ruins lie,
And though her sons are sunk in slavery,
Rome is a light to all eternity!

J. H. B., 1866.

CLEOPATRA.

"Deliberata morte ferocior."—Horace.

Errat ubi ingenti devexus flumine Nilus,
Multiplicesque moras, tacitoque volumina lapsu
Longa trahit, vasto metuens se infundere ponto;
Regius en! cælum sublata fronte Canopus
Suspicit: at juxta risu vocat amnis amico
In gremium Icario vexatam gurgite puppim.

Nec procul in media sedes gratissima silva
Panditur, adsiduo saliens ubi plurimus imber
Vestit vere solum, et late discriminat hortos:
Turifera hinc arbos, illinc peregrina virescunt
Pulchra quot Eoæ submittunt munera terræ;
Indica Niliacis lacrimantur balsama campis.
Hic quoque versicolor totum sua regna per annum
Flora tenet, Floræ Zephyrus furatus odores
Ebrius invalidam subito conpescuit alam.

Ecce autem, amplexu nemorum et florentibus umbris
Semisepulta latent nitidi fastigia tecti;

Stat Pario perfecta domus de marmore—marmor
Leve solum subter, supra laquearia marmor :
Prodiga regificas ostendit copia gazas.

Scilicet hunc colit ipsa locum, sata sanguine regum,
Emathis * Isiaci præses Cleopatra Canopi ;
Illa rosam specie fertur superasse, salutat
Siqua diem, roresque bibit, seque explicat ultro ;
Replenturque auræ forma, replentur odore.
Est quoque dos illi (perhibent), uberrima linguæ,
Seu liquidos ciet illa modos, seu voce canora
Mobilis insolitas conprendit lingua loquellas :
Non sic nescio qua patriis dulcedine in arvis
Mystica Phœbeos mulcet lyra Memnonis ortus.
Dispositi sine lege fluunt, nitida unda, capilli,
Perfunduntque humeros, et circum tempora, circum
Ridentes oculos, tremulo molimine ludunt.
Stella velut Veneris, solito formosior, ignes
Hesperio accendit cælo, sublustris ad instar
Lampadis, et levibus cingens sua nubibus ora
Semiadoperta micat, nitidas hebetatque sorores.

Hei mihi ! quanta virum decepit corda puella !
Te quoque, te ante omnes, infelicissime fato !
Antoni ! Pellax—nescis heu perdite !——Siren
Fascinat amentem : non hæc circum oscula pendens
Terrueras trepidos victori Marte Philippos :

* Cleopatra was the last of the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt.

Nulla hac degeneri succrescit laurea silva,—
Laurea, qua felix olim Victoria ferrum
Cingit ovans, monstratque viam, quæ tendat in astra.

Jamque tenet mediam comitum regina coronam ;
Sed frons læta parum, et visu tristissima nubes
Ora supervolitat, spargitque infusa decoras
Imbre genas * : largo signantur lumina fletu,
Multaque purpureis pellucet gutta latebris.
Qualis nocturno, dum flet dea roscida, ramo
Nigrantis myrtus aut funereæ cuparissi
Vitrea gemma tremit, rorantque adspergine frondes.

Hæc adeo illa mihi quondam pulcherrima frustra,
Conjugio et dignata ducum ? quam maxima Roma,
Quam reges Asiæ, Libycæ quam litora terræ
Certatim coluere prius : cui copia pleno
Fundebatque dapes cornu, Siculaque saporem
Arte laboratum, et liquefactæ pocula bacæ.
Illane quam, pictas fluvio mirante carinas
Purpureosque sinus velorum, et murmura læta,
Jam nuper Cydnus studiis accepit ovantem ?
Eheu ! talis erat, talique superbiit olim
Luxuria et demens animos æquabat Olympo :
Nunc trahit ingratam cultu sine femina vitam,
Unum quod superest. Amissa classe, perempto
Indecori de morte † viro, furialiter hostis,

* Vid. Soph. Antig. 528—530.

† Antony committed suicide at Alexandria on hearing that all was lost.

Jam victor, patriaque umbratus tempora lauro,
Ingruit, et pœnas inimico a sanguine poscit.
Prælia quanta virum, Leucata! Et quanta videbas
Funera! quasque fugas! rabido maria Actia bello
Quum fervere procul, totumque incanduit æquor
Æratis trabibus spumanti et cæde virorum.
Hinc patria Augustus secum tulit agmina Cæsar:
Illinc purpuream tunicis ac vana tumentem
Reginam adspiceres. Mox en! ubi fervere Martem
Sensit, et infensis misceri classibus undam,
Vela dedit furibunda metu, dominoque fideque
Abjectis, timuitque leves tremefacta Liburnas.

Jamque adeo scelerum furiis agitata volutat
Ancipitemque vicem secum conversaque fata;
Huc illuc rapit usque animum, seque ipsa fatigat.
Emoritur spes victa metu; metus, horrida forma,
Inportunus adest, semperque ea limina servat.
Conscia nox longas audit, quam longa, querellas;
Scilicet in somnis decepti conjugis ora
Frustra tendentisque manus ac dira precantis
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat, miseranda per umbram
Stat juxta pallens, volnusque ostentat imago,
Pectore trajecto conspecta, et cæde recenti,
Atque eadem sic visa loqui. "Sic, pessima rerum,
Sicine ego de te merui? te propter amator
Projeci thalamosque pios, mea regnaque, meque
Tu mihi conjugium, tu spes, tu regna fuisti.
Adfuit iste dies: bellavi:—cætera, fallax,
Heu nimium! scis ipsa—mali scis conscia causa."

Tum vero exululans, vigilique insana dolore
Persentit stimulos irarum, et corpora versat
Inrequieta toro. Per noctem exæstuat ira,
Cumque die redeunte redit, majorque resurgit.
Nec mora, nec requies. "Quo nunc, quo perfida, clamat,
Præsidiumve petam, veniamve, viamve salutis?
An fictis confisa dolis et conscia formæ
Blanditiis hostem adgrediar, dulcedine molles
Tentatura aditus, et cæcæ semina flammæ,
Siqua abstrusa latent gelido sub corde, fovebo?
Illum etiam, ceu tot quondam, male perdita perdam?
Quid loquar? aut quid ago? quam me mea fata fatigant!
Vanas, heu nimium! vanas, spes aucupor exspes.
Et quorum furiis toties malefida fefelli
Exagitata feror, deludor et ipsa vicissim.
At nunquam victoris heri captiva triumphos
Perpetiar; nunquam, quæ sim prius ipsa minata
Servitura meo Capitolia celsa Canopo
Hæc eadem, infelix, humilis, derisa subibo,
Digna indigna pati. Prius oppetiisse juvabit."

Sic tonat ore, feras acuens furialiter iras.
En! liquidæ rivi flammæ per tempora currunt
Turgida, vix trepidæ conprendere flumina venæ
Sufficiunt. Virtus se accendit conscia vultu,
Magnanimumque patrum surgit sub pectore sanguis.
Exigit ergo animo tempus secum ipsa modumque

Certa mori, optatam quæritque per omnia mortem.
Copia nulla datur miseræ; seraque trahuntur
Fata mora. Famulæ calathis vaccinia plenis
Forte ferunt—flores, tristi solatia menti.
Dulce ministerium! At mediis latet, adspice, sertis
Luridus, ore minax, in nodum tortilis anguis;
Hunc videt illa simul, simul hunc avidissima læta
Occupat inde manu: tum sic moritura profatur.
"Dulce mihi munus! seræ via sera salutis!
Tu mihi confugium, requies tu certa dolorum,
Solamenque mali. Vosque, o carissima turba,
Æquævæ comites, huc, huc mihi ferte coronam
Regalem, trabeamque simul, teretesque lapillos:
Sceptra ferenda manu, tortum date crinibus aurum,
Et digitis gemmas, niveoque monilia collo.
Munus inane quidem! talem tamen ire sub umbras,
Et specie tali Cleopatram obiisse decebit.
Sic quoque, sic nomen certe haud ignobile patrum
Manibus hoc referam, patriis neque laudibus inpar.
Jamque valete omnes." Gremio simul admovet anguem.
Purpuream bibit ille animam, letale venenum
Injiciens venis. Subito per languida membra
Insinuans, toto descendit corpore pestis.
Labitur exsanguis. Trepidant, frustraque ruentem
Suscipiunt famulæ, frustra medicamine curant.
Sic semel inmiti demessum pollice florem
Nequicquam lenta reparant dulcedine rores.

E. W. H., 1848.

IPHIGENIA.

Vix ubi finitimas Euripus flumine terras
Distinet, angustoque errans interluit æstu,
Late Aulis placidum præbet contermina portum;
Silva prope his oris, castæ sacrata Dianæ,
Luxuriat; viridi circum loca vestit amictu
Rivulus, inriguamque bibit flos plurimus undam:
Qua soliti Aonii, soliti qua rite nepotes
Ferre sacra, et proprium Divæ persolvere honorem.
Quid vero hic cœtus, quidve hæ voluere catervæ?
Undique congressi Danai totum agmine denso
Conplevere locum, juxtaque altaria Calchas
Fronte parum læta stabat, ferrumque tenebat.
Qui tibi erant sensus misero, rex inclyte Achivum?
Cogeris inmitem nata placare Dianam;
Nec valuere preces, neque quod spes omnis in unam
Congesta est illam, neque quod te prima lacertis
Inplicuit blandis, patrio et te nomine dixit!

Namque ubi, Trojanam jurati exscindere gentem,
Conlecti Danai (nec fama obscurior annis);
Pœnam cepissent celerem nisi marmora ponti
Invia fecissent auræ, cursumque negassent.

At Danai sortem increpitant, et murmura miscent
Seditiosa, suo et jactant convicia regi.
Ille petit dubius Phœbi Calchanta ministrum,
Calchanta, Argolicæ quo non prudentior alter
Gentis erat, ventura olim quid volveret ætas.
Qui tandem invito invitus sic incipit ore—
"Te propter tumuere undæ, te propter eundem
Detinuit naves tellus Bœotia nostras—
Magna luis conmissa, tibi has nunc denique pœnas
Suscitat, amissaque furit Latonia cerva.
Forte tui hanc quondam, vestigia certa secuti,
Excivere canes; studio fallente laborem
Insequeris, læsum et distringis arundine corpus.
Prona cadit, nemora et lacrimosis vocibus inplet;
Effundensque sonum querulum, similemque roganti,
Etsi non dixit, potuit dixisse videri,
Orasse et vitam; certe de tigride natus,
Flectere ne duram possent hæc omnia mentem.
Nescius at flecti rumpis præcordia telo
Intima, et illa suam fundit cum sanguine vitam.
Hæc tibi causa moræ, hæc stabunt jam vulnera magno;
Nec prius optatam dabitur tibi cernere Trojam,
Quam Dea virgineo fuerit placata cruore,
Solverit et pœnas cæsa Iphigenia paternas.
Sic Dea sic tribuet veniam, sic denique victor
Pergamea Argolica subvertes mœnia dextra."—

At subito in curam Atrides diducitur omnem;
Rexque paterque diu pugnant; pudor inpedit illud,

Hoc pietas; unam rapiunt duo nomina mentem.
Sic rapitur cumba, instabili jactata saburra,
Quam diversa trahunt venti, et contrarius æstus;
Illa viæ dubia est, momentaque sumit utroque.
Vertitur ante oculos sæva emoritura securi
Filia; et incœpto certus desistere bello.
Mens aliud suadet, laudumque adrecta cupido.
Vix tandem hæc dubiæ sedit sententia menti:
Nec mora; facundum subito præmittit Ulixem,
Fœdera causatus, magni et conubia Achillis,
Ut natæ ferat hæc, ipsamque ad litora ducat.

Jam miseras pensura, nec ob sua crimina, pœnas,
Tristis adest, tristi ducta Iphigenia parenti.
Succiduis primum genibus, passuque trementi,
Incedit, sanguisque animusque relinquit euntem.
Quum vero ante aram et Danaos stetit, ora notavit
Casta rubor subitus, rursumque evanuit ultro,
Et vera incessu patuit regina; repente
Conscia magnanimo fervet sub pectore virtus;
Sedit in ore dolor, sed quod dolor ipse decebat.
At pater interea se vix bene continet amens;
Deficiunt ad cœpta animi; natæ oscula figit
Non repetenda suæ, et singultibus ilia pulsat.
Fletum at conripiens, sic Iphigenia profatur—
"Cur, pater, hæ lacrimæ, cur hæc suspiria, quantum,
Heu! quantum hic demens Agamemnone distat ab illo,
Qui quondam validas ipso quoque nomine gentes
Terruit, egregiis notus super æthera factis.

Haud invita trahor; stetit hæc mihi certa voluntas.
Namque tuo potui circumdare bracchia collo,
Lugenti similis; potui moritura videri,
Heu moritura quidem! lacrimansque exposcere vitam.—
Non, si Threicii vatis blandissima cantu,
Flectere ego possem scopulos, silvasque sequentes,
Supplicibus cuperem vitare hæc funera verbis.
Troja subit mentem, tumidæque injuria Trojæ,
Perjurusque Paris; morte hæc si denique nostra
Conruet, ingentemque trahet labefacta ruinam;
Mene moram timide tantis decet addere rebus?
Si spe, magnanimo Danai si pectore, bellum
Præsumunt, petere et cupidi per vulnera mortem;
Solane ego fugiam, sola hanc effundere vitam
Pro te, pro patria dubitem? pro! dedecus ingens!
Ergo inpune Paris, gremioque in pellicis hærens
Gestiet Argivæ, pendensque hæc oscula circum
Securus Veneris potietur munere iniquæ?
Ipsa dabo potius latum documenta per orbem,
Femina quid patriæ possit, quid conscia virtus.
Usque adeone mori miserum est? timor omnis abesto,
Haud Agamemnoniam tanget timor usque puellam.
Non ita me mater, magnorum oblita parentum,
Erudiit; bene emi credo hæc jam præmia vita.
Namque etsi tumulo lateam, cinis ater, in imo,
Semper honos, laudesque meæ, nomenque manebit.
Quid mihi si moriar, primoque extinguar in ævo?
Quid mihi, si natis caream, si conjuge? semper

Hæc nati, hæc conjunx; multa hæc per sæcula vivent,
Illa sed angusti excipiet modo terminus ævi.
At, pater, offensæ factum hoc lætabile Divæ
Vaticinor moriens, et erunt sua præmia laudi.
Nunc quoque nescio quæ pertentat corda voluptas,
Pertentat sensus, sortis præsaga futuræ.
Namque mihi ad thalamum, curis quo fessa diurnis
Pectora somnus habet, durique oblivia luctus,
Aut stetit aut visa est, placido Latonia vultu;
'Surge,' ait 'Iphigenia, omnem seclude timorem;
Nostra eris (hæc tibi fata canunt) nostrumque sacerdos
Casta coles templum; qua cælo emissa benigno,
Effigies latas servat mea numine terras.
Ast invita moror; multa heu! mihi funera passim,
Et multus maculat fœdata altaria sanguis:
Hic tibi fraternos dabitur cognoscere vultus;
Non vidisse voles; heu! dira pericula cerno!
Frater sanguineas stat jam moriturus ad aras!
Tantaleam hic iterum generosa tuebere gentem,
Hic iterum claram tolles ad sidera laudem.
Nec satis, at nostræ tibi erit reverentia famæ;
Effigiem eripies penetralem ex ædibus imis,
Fratris et auxilio ereptam, sociique fidelis,
Ad patrium tandem duces lætissima regnum.
Redditaque his primum terris, inmania pones
Templa mihi, gratæ æternum monumenta salutis.
Hanc colere hanc ædem templis magis omnibus unam

Cordi erit ; hic longam nostro sub numine vitam
Nescia curarum deges, hic nescia luctus.'—
Sic Dea ; quid sperem ignoro, at sperare fatebor.
Jamque vale pater, heu ! miserum est hoc dicere verbum ;
Fata jubent ; minuit mortis mihi gaudia mater,
Difficile est matrem, parvumque relinquere Orestem.
O faveas, nostroque adsis, Latonia, cœpto ! "
Tum patris amplexu paullum colloque pependit,
Triste ministerium, tum pectora casta retexit ;
Congemuere omnes, flens invitusque sacerdos
Rite mola sparsit, Divisque in vota vocatis,
Extulit et strictum penitus corde abdidit ensem.
Tum dea facta potens promissi, iramque remisit ;
Et nubes piceo circumvolitavit amictu,
Eripuitque diem ; quum vero oblata facultas,
Undique vestigant Danai, quæruntque puellam.
Ipsa oculis erepta erat, et, mirabile visu,
Cervam exhalantem cernunt sub vulnere vitam.

W. R. S., 1849.

COLUMBUS.

"Venient annis
Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Pateat tellus, Tiphysque novos
Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
Ultima Thule."—SENECA, MEDEA.

PANDE Granatiaci longa atria pande palati!
Flore fores, auro niteant laquearia! fontes
Exsiliant tremuli *, defletaque regia Mauris
Aurato reducem excipiat splendore Columbum!
Scilicet ille redux: ubi laus tamen aut ubi fama?
Non reduces illæ. Frustra æquora nescia veli
Transierat: frustra fulsit Nova Terra, novæque
Alpes, Pactolique novi, Tempe altera frustra:
Frustra dimidio depulsa fugavit ab orbe
Nubila, Circæosque excussit numine somnos,
Janitor Hesperii clarus maris Hesperiæque:
Talia quid prosunt? Si quæras præmia facti,
Adspice deflexum corpus, canosque capillos
Adspice, quassantique sonantia † vincula passu.

* The Alhambra in Granada, where Isabella received Columbus on his return from his third voyage.

† Those chains which, imposed by Bobadilla, Columbus swore he would wear into the Queen's presence.

Talis adit nitidas ædes soliumque coruscum,
Conjuge ubi torvo comitata Isabella sedebat:
It subitum cœtu murmur: concedit eunti
Turba viam, et partes sulco se findit in ambas:
Vincula dant sonitum. Indignans non pertulit ultra
Regina, at lacrimis maduit gena pallida crebris.
Tum vero Oceani quem non discrimina vasti,
Visaque ter nitidi nocturna cubilia Phœbi,
Non Boreæ rabies exterruit, una benigno
Gutta cadens oculo domuit. Flens acrius ipse
Sternitur ante pedes, cupientem et dicere multa
Præpediunt lacrimæ. Frustra regina levabat
A terra jussitque loqui. Suspiria voci
Crebra obstant clausæ; tandem excipit ira dolorem:
Tum circumspiciens, "Aurum abripe! cur mihi vincto
Tanta paras?" clamat; "cithara non consona vincla.
En! ego captivus! vos, numina cara juventæ,
Cur, quotiens nitidi spectarem marmora ponti,
Hesperias* monstrastis aquas? cur Hesperus omni
Exstabat stella dilectior, ipseque magnes
Hesperium petiit cælum? cur, unda, ferebas
Avulsas pinus, miraque cadavera veste,
Tuque per occiduos, surgebas†, insula, fluctus

* "His Genius signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand
Till a new world sprang up."—*Sir Aubrey de Vere.*

† The mysterious island of Brandan, seen far in the west by the imaginative inhabitants of the Canaries.

Mystica? cur nostræ tanta inritamina mentis?
Vos ignominiæ causa, hæc vos vincula membris
Injicitis nostris! an nusquam litora, nusquam
Saxa, ubi turbatis possem periisse sub undis?
Cur aderat*, remo quum vita pependit ab uno,
Remus semianimi? felix, ante omnia felix,
Qui, patria agresti proscindens jugera aratro,
Sorte colit Cererem, Neptuni nescius! illum
Semina, flava seges, messis, plena horrea ditant,
Lætum, quamquam oculis Novus haud inluxerit Orbis!

"Sed quid ego hæc? Vixi: non ævum ignobile vixi:
Est aliquid famæ jam nunc meminisse prioris.
Lux subit illa animum, qua, vela inflantibus Austris,
Hispana invalidæ abscondebant litora naves:
Jam mihi præcelsæ puppes, jam signa corusca,
Malique, antennæque, albentiaque æquore vela
Ante oculos fulgent. Puppi ipse elatus in alta
Pectora mulcebam curarum oblita priorum,
Oblita erroris, reges quo ambire solebam
Invitos, aureis ubi serpit Tagus arenis,
Aut ubi regales attollit Corduba muros.
Undique jam pontus, cælum undique. Conspicit unda
Miraturque rates pictas, miratur Atlantis

* In a sea-fight between the Genoese and the Venetians, Columbus was saved from drowning by supporting himself on an oar.

Insula, mersa mari, dum ternæ rite carinæ
Labuntur delubra super turresque domosque,
Ancoraque incurvo premit aurea culmina rostro,
Solis et occasum * cantus ortumque salutant
Memnonio ritu. Me non ignara carinæ
Æquora, torpenti non stagna natantia fuco,
Non † Arcto infidus lapis, insanusve movebat
Nautarum furor—heu ! turbata dirior unda,
Dirior et Borea, et cælesti fulminis ictu,
Seditio ! quotiens mihi mors instabat, et ægrum
Ridens terrorem quotiens, 'Ignava caterva !'
Clamavi, 'quibus almus ager, non æquor, arandus ;
Grex quibus, et molles Lunæ sub luce choreæ
Conveniunt !' Quin ipse polus me lusit, et ipsa
Tellurem nubes simulavit subdola—Frustra !
Unde per æquoreos fertur ‡ frons aurea fluctus ?
Unde odor et fructus nitidi craterque coruscus ?
Iverat attonitas § 'Salve, regina' per undas,
Quum subito tremere et luce effulgere rubenti
Scintilla—o terræ signum fatale propinquæ !
Postera lux oritur ; silvæ collesque supini,
Arbor et ignotos submittens plurima fœtus,
Litoraque æquorea, et, Zephyro contenta colono,
Arva, ubi fulmineos direxit parvula cursus

* The matin and vesper hymns were sung morning and evening by the crews.

† The variation of the compass.

‡ A branch of fresh berries and a carved cup floated past them on the evening before the discovery of land.

§ The Vesper Hymn.

Ales*, concentuve loquax† avis omnia rauco
Inplevit nemora, aut scintillam‡ musca volantem
Clara dabat, fluctu surgebant. Sic ego divam
Crediderim Cypriam spuma exsiluisse marina.
Quin aderant ipsi. Mirantes vela ratesque,
Me nave egressum, optatæ dantem oscula terræ
Aureis placabant donis, natumque vocabant
Solis. Ego Hispanæ pandens§ viridantia terræ
Signa, tuo ignotas gentes sub jure redegi.
Ah utinam ignotæ semper! tum flumina fœdo
Sanguine, tum campi, tum silvæ cæde carerent!
Ast, age, luctus, abi! Te lætior, aurea terra,
Vox decet! Innumeris tranavi consita terris
Æquora, Nereidum qua maxima turba sororum,
Cyclades occiduæ, tollunt capita alta per undas,
Cuba virens silvis, alioque|| Hispania cælo,
Auraque Panchæos spirat super æquor odores.
O merito Elysium læto mihi terra vocata!
Heu! linquenda tamen¶! socii fuga perfida cari
Naufragiumque ratis, quæ, Matris nomine sancta,
Fida per ignotas, Argo altera, vexerat undas,
Suadebant reditus. Redeuntibus invida, classi
Unda instat: tamen unda meæ** præconia laudis

* The Humming-bird.

† The Parrot. ‡ The Firefly.

§ "Green-cross standards."—*Ferdinando Columbus.*

|| Hispaniola.

¶ Columbus feared that his fellow-voyager Pinzon would anticipate him by reaching Spain before him.

** The description of the discoveries of Columbus, which he placed in a cask and threw into the sea.

Accipit in gremium, et, famæ jam nuntia nostræ,
Fert, inmane fremens. Sed et hinc me numina salvum
Ad Lusitanæ vexerunt litora terræ,
Inque tuos tandem labor*, Palosia, portus,
Dum vaga lætitiæ cantus vehit aura, sonatque
'Salve,' per pelagus, per litora conscia 'Salve!'
Quin subit ille dies, quo me alta palatia cantu
Læto exceperunt, quum vidit plurima turba
Prima novæ, stupuitque videns, miracula terræ,
Armaque cultoresque ipsos volucresque coruscos.
Tunc et in ignotas deduci Hispana juventus
Tellures petiit: mittit fulgentia Gades
Agmina: silvicolæ silvas, agrestis aratrum,
Pastor oves linquit. Fervebant æquora classe,
Bisque novem placido duplicantur marmore puppes,
Bisque novem pictæ sulcant maria alta carinæ,—
Quid moror hæc memorans? Quid mille pericula ponti,
Quid referam Australemve viam terrasve ferosve
Cultores? quid captam† arcem, et dispersa ruina
Mœnia, et errores longos, fratremque receptum?
Quanta aurique sitis, cædesque, feroxque rapina!
Concentus avium excipiunt suspiria: silvas
Corpora cæsorum conplent, fulgentiaque ære
Arma repercutiunt infecti sanguine rivi.
Hispanas iterum revehor reus æger in oras.

* Palos de Moguer, a small sea-port of Spain, which Columbus chose as the scene both of his departure and return.

† Navidad.

Nec frustra: senis emensus navibus æquor
Jura priora tuli. Quid profuit addere notis
Ignota, Hesperio et* meliorem pandere cælo
Europam? currus scandis navemque fugacem,
Cura velut, livor: totum tu amplecteris orbem.
Cætera quis nescit? Fluctu jactatus eodem,
Isdem sub stellis, terram petii æger eandem.
Ipse alius: triplices cohibebant membra catenæ,
Quas fore perpetuas juro. Tu, regia princeps,
Cui tribui ingratæ nova regna novamque coronam,
His oneras vinclis. I, largo munere dites
Mauri victorem: misero da vincla Columbo!
Præmia virtutum quæ sunt? aconita, catenæ.

"Hactenus acta loquor: tibi jam ventura patebunt.
Me non Dodonæ quercus, non Delphica rupes
Fata docent, Delosve, atrove Trophonius antro,
Attamen haud frustra Hesperiæ† convivia gentis
Fatidicis sonuere modis, haud carmina vulgi
Frustra aut Hesperium cecinere oracula Divum.
'Audax' (sic referunt), 'quem non sex mille per annos
Æquora clausa homini terrent, jam præmia discas!
Te quater occiduos ausum temerare carina

* It was upon his third voyage that Columbus first discovered the *continent* of America.

† Peter Martyr speaks of "a prophecy handed down from the ancestors of the Indians and sung at their solemn feasts, that the land would be laid waste by strangers from the rising of the sun;" also of an oracle to the same effect.

Oceanos, sævis ultricia numina pœnis
Adficient: te fluctus aqua, te fulmine cælum,
Te livore prement homines, regina catenis!
Nec tibi mors fesso requiem dabit*, aurea quamquam
Busta tegent, eademque manus, quæ debita vivo
Vix dedit, insculptas describet marmore laudes:
Non aderit requies†: sedem ossibus æqua negabunt
Numina, et huc illuc vastum rapiere per orbem,
Trans pelagus rapiere! Dabis, dabis, inprobe, pœnas,
Externusque‡ tuæ faciet sua nomina terræ!'
Sic memorant, urgentque minis, oracula Divum.
Spes mihi sed superest. Non hæc patiemur inulti
Vincula. Nam nostris ultrix ex ossibus, ultrix
Hispanis veniet§ gens formidanda colonis,
Pace armisque potens: facilis Natura favebit:
Aurum amnes, aurum montana cacumina proment:
Pingue solum, largæ segetes, ager almus aranti.
Huc servus veniet, veniet miser exsul, eritque
Tutus: ages lætas mihi||, Lusitania, grates

* Ferdinand raised a magnificent monument over him at Seville.

† The remains of Columbus were transferred from Spain to St. Domingo, from St. Domingo to Cuba.

‡ Amerigo Vespucci.

§ The Anglo-Saxons of North America, whose attacks on Mexico and Cuba are matters of history.

|| The house of Braganza sought a refuge in South America.

Ante quidem spreto: veniet Rex ipse petetque
(Nec frustra) effugium: tantique ego muneris auctor.
Tum canar, et fidei primus signa aurea veræ
Sacratamque crucem Hesperias pandisse per auras
Dicar ego, et*, nati si quid præconia possint,
Laude ferar populi: tuque haud indicta peribis,
O clara exiguo quamvis, Palosia, portu,
O Aulis, nullo natæ temerata cruore!"

Dixerat: et tacitus cœtumque domosque reliquit.

W. L. N., 1852.

* Fernando Columbus, who wrote a history of his father's exploits.

NICOLAI, RUSSORUM REGIS, OBITUS.

"But yesterday a King,
And armed with Kings to strive."—BYRON.

PANDIT Hyperboreas Petrinia regia portas;
Conticuere viæ; glacie riget undique Neva:
Flet circum populus, tacitique in pectore mussant.
Quis dolor hic? miseramne dies tulit altera cladem,
Et novus Alma undas devolvit sanguine rubras?
Ast ubi Rex? ubi qui crudelem militis iram
Barbarici, atque animos deleniit ore feroces?
Rex ubi, quem non ille dies * non horrida telum
Terruit instructorum acies? metuitne quietos
Quos antea vultu perfregerit ipse rebelles?
Cur iterum plorat geminatis turba querellis?
Adspice! ad extremum prodit de limine cœtum,
Mærentesque inter populos et longa feretrum
Agmina portatur: taciti in tellure repostis
Inlacrimant oculis, questusque ad sidera tollunt.
Prodit ab extrema miles comitante caterva,

* The day of his accession, when the soldiers rebelled.

Emeritus, cani cui cingunt ora capilli,
Tempora cui frontem rugis et dura notavit
Militia, et faciem vulnus designat honestum.
Inde manu feretrum tangens sic talia fatur:
"Quin ululate omnes? Lacrimis ne parcite crebris
Quîs perit, ecce! parens: tanto tamen ipsa dolori
Flumina deficiant: iramne accendere verbis
Possumus et lacrimis? si possumus, usque furorem
Exacuemus," ait. "Quid, si exultaverit hostis?
Quid, si dedecoret nomen? perjuria tanta
Insimulent verbis, et crimina ficta perempti
In cineres: 'Nostrum est pacem laudare sedentes
Ille armis in regna ruit: quid cogimus ultra
Consilium?'—Periit sane: decorabit honore
Patria.—At insultant verbis, et crimine lædunt,
Infernisque vovent.—Voveant, precor, attamen illi
Nænia flumen erit *; tumulus monumentaque muri;
Æternæque nives, funebria lintea, cingent.
Sed cecidit: num bella canam, num prœlia primum
Eloquar, an pacem?—rursusne levabit in armis
Persa caput, tantam qui cladem † acceperit hostis,
Tranaritque atro spumantem sanguine Araxem?
Vidi ego ut armatæ steterant denso agmine turmæ,
Ætheraque inplebant vasto clamore rebelles,
Quos neque delenire duces, neque flectere aruspex
Voce feros poterat, clamantes undique 'Regem

* "And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."—SCOTT.

† At the battle of Elisabethpol: when the Persian commander escaped with his life over the Aras.

Poscimus en! Regem:' tandem venit: inde nec arma
Nec vis ulla manet: cedunt—timor excipit iram,
Et veniam orantes palmas ad sidera tendunt.
Vidi egomet valido vibrantem hastile lacerto
Terque metu cessisse virum: ter numen ab ipsis
Effulsit præsens oculis, aderatque periclo.
Nunc periit, pallentque genæ, atque exsanguia frigent
Membra, et in æternum clauduntur lumina somnum!
Quid moror hæc celebrans? num quæ movet impius arma,
Bellaque perjura pro stirpe inmiscuit hostis
Sunt memoranda mihi? Tulerit si inglorius Almam,
Fana Deum dextris spoliataque templa profanis
Non inpune tulit. Testis mihi sanguine multo
Pingue solum campi, funestaque cæde virorum
Victorum vallis *, sunt stantia mœnia testes!
Accedunt quæ vana ferunt: 'Ruit altera fato
Troja.' At enim sera cadat, oro, nostra ruina,
Scilicet, ad decimumque Deus produxerit annum,
Romaque in ultrices se erexerit altera turres!
Adspice! pallentes videor mihi cernere Manes
Illius, ante oculos feretro consurgere ab ipso:
'Ite' ait 'armati telis occurrite ad undas
Æquoreas, patriaque externos pellite terra;
Quid? referetne ævo clades celeberrima nostro

* Balaklava: Tennyson's "Valley of Death."

Dedecus haud delendum unquam? revolubilis ætas
Pristina fata dabit, victricia sæcula, Turcis?
Mœnia * num frustra nondum devicta ferocem
Sustinuere hostem, et quæ toto turbida cælo
Tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber?
Suntne etiam frustra mersæ † tot in æquore naves?
Tot magni periere animi? tot corpora terra
Fusa jacent—frustra? rapuerunt limine in ipso
Me fera fata—esto! Solum rapuere Philippum ‡,
Restat Alexander sacram qui vindicet urbem!'
Quas meruit pietas laudes! quæ gloria tantis
Illius æquabit meritis? cui, præmia facti,
In cælo æternas atque inter sidera sedes
Donat habere Deus, supraque in vertice sacro
Flamma § micat, lambens æterno lumine crines!
Hei mihi! quando parem, bellove aut pace serena
Inveniemus" ait; lacrimisque effusus ab alto
Decedit feretro. Fertur muliebriaque inter
Agmina, et ingenti longe comitante tumultu
Ad tumulum. Rigidi || pulsant pede flumina Nevæ,
Et vates puerumque chori miseraque puellæ
Voce canunt. Celebrat sollemnia more Sacerdos
Carmina, dumque inplent clamoribus aëra vastis

* Sebastopol.

† At the entrance of the harbour.

‡ Nicholas has been called the Philip of modern times.

§ He is already *St.* Nicholas.

|| Cf. Æn. xi. 659. "Quales Threïciæ cum flumina Thermodontis pulsant." Nicholas was buried in the winter; the Neva was frozen.

Turba, "Tibi æternam," clamat, "dent numina pacem,
Æternumque vale!" Valeat! nunc parvula tanti
Quod superest tegit urna! ubi nunc decus, aut ubi fama?
Deperiit sane—periit quem maxima turba,
Quem lacrimæ ad tumulum et suspiria longa secuta;
Illum multus honos ingensque ad sidera luctus
Mandat humo, clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.
Longi prætereant anni!—Num sæcula famæ
Illius ulla ferent oblivia dulcia duræ?
Num vidua a lacrimis, num desinet orba querellis?
Hei mihi! famoso rapiunt te sæcula cursu,
Et Furiæ tanquam toto sectantur in orbe.
Quîs te gens hominum sequitur precibusque fatigat
Cælicolas diris?—æternæ oblivia Lethes
Anteferenda forent! "Semperne inpune sinebant
Fallere et inmeritam perfundere sanguine terram
Infandum Superi?—periistine, inprobe, demum?
Ultimus o utinam periisses filius Orci!"
Vidi ego Caucasias * petere agmina longa columnas
Et nova devictis succedere corpora turmis:
Quæ rabies tam dira tulit,—quæ insania mentem
Tanta tuam rapuit?—vasto pinguescere campos
Funere nequidquam, et miseranda cæde virorum,
Tu tanti sceleris tu solus causa fuisti.

* The Pylæ Caucasiæ on the great road Dariel. v. Mayne, p. 46.

Sperastine unquam justis devincere in armis
Monticolam * te posse virum? Quem fausta tuentur
Numina, cui stimulis haud mollibus injicit iras
Dulcis amor patriæ, ultoremque in prælia dura
Bellatorem urget? Non illum gloria belli,
Non illum imperium, neque vilis suscitat auri
Sacra fames, neque fama vocat, sed pura per ipsas
Libertas ardet venas, servantque per arma
Indebellatumque juvant loca tesqua jugorum.
Anne tibi prodest etiamsi Hyrcania † vastas
Suspicit unda Pylas? Virtus sublimior ipsum
Se levat ad cælum, pennisque adsurgit in astra!
Vidi ego cærulei se volvere flumina Ponti
Sanguinolenta, undas ubi dimovet alta Sinope:
Heu! quantus sanguis, quot funera vasta sub imo
Delituere mari! Sedet atra in vertice summo
Et procul haud dubio signo Mors indicat æquor:
"Hæc mea Regna," inquit: "fluctus fugit ecce cruentos
Aversata, retroque trahit Victoria gressum."
Num tibi Phasis ‡ erit—num laus erit ulla Sinope?
Ultima in excelsas ubi Taurica surgit ab undis
Æquoreis arces, hominum strepit undique murmur
Et vario circum fulgentia signa colore

* Schamyl.

† The Caspian faces the gates of Derbend: "Pylæ Albaniæ." v. Alison for a description of these passes, Dariel and Derbend. Derbend forms the Russian stronghold on the Russian side.

‡ Put for the Caucasus, from which it flows.

Luce cadente micant: illic victricia miles
Exuit arma: illic terram diffusa per omnem
Corpora multa jacent; ceu quando inopinus in altam
Inruerit Boreas silvam, rauca inde procella
Sternit humi frondes, et dejicit undique ramos.
Cynthia dat miseris lucem mortalibus almam,
Et furor armorum cessat: quis tantus in aures
Perfertur gemitus? nonne hanc, Dea Lucida, cædem
Aversata vides? adopertis tanta virorum
Funera nonne oculis cernes? nocturna maligno
En! pede Mors sævit, campoque incedit aperto.
Vos animæ fortes, quos in certamen iniquum
Misit amor patriæ, et crudelia fata vocarunt,
Quos hostis prostravit humi, quos dextera terra
Barbarica positos inhonesto vulnere fodit—
Vos, mea si tantas in strages lenior unquam
Ira fuit, tenui tamen oro ignoscite musæ*!
Vidi ego, quos† antea duro in certamine fatum
Miscuerat, paribusque odiis qui cominus æquo
Marte olim steterant—vidi certare sub isdem
Vexillis una, sociisque resistere in armis.
Dic, precor, in tantum quid conciliavit amorem?
Adlicit Alma animos—conjunctis dira periclis
Firmat amicitiam vallis, sociique labores!
O! utinam pulchros cingat Pax læta triumphos!

* "Pardon me, thou gentle piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and lowly with these butchers."—JUL. CÆS.

† The (now) Allies.

Quid Pacem memoro? Perculso fugit ab orbe
Et sedet in cælo! quando unquam in nostra redibit
Limina? quando unquam redeuntibus æthera pennis
Pulsabit veniens? nostris ne semper ab oris
Fugerit! Heu! miserum mala quæ tulit hostis in orbem!
Nunc jacet in tumulo: cur inrita jurgia jactant
Et vanis homines precibus sine fine fatigant
Numina? Quid tanta hæc fundunt convicia? vivum
Pertimuere illum: nunc quum legit ossa sepulcrum
Dedecorant: "Scelerisque ultrix erit, inprobe, tanti."
Mors erat ipsa ultrix! esto! sedet unus ad urnam
Adspice! cælicolum, et suspiria tristia ducens
"In cineres sileamus:" ait: "Deus arbiter ipse."

L. A. W., 1855.

INDIA RECUPERATA.

"Male creditis hosti."—OVID.

Nox ruit, in castris tranquilla silentia regnant,
Non vox, non sonitus, nisi qua data tessera signo
Auditur vigilum solito, clarum æthera rumpit,
Nox ruit,—at nullum fert nox tranquilla soporem
Militibus: quid enim cœtus, quid pignore vota
Arcano firmata, quid edita verba silentes
Talia significant demissa voce per umbras?
"Num fugit illa semel sacratæ pristina virtus
Gentis *, et hospitibus cessabit victa superbis
Relligio, longos et tradita sacra per annos?
Nonne satis, patriam sæva ditione teneri
Externorum hominum, nos ipsos regna tueri
Nostra, nec invitos alienis tradere prædam?
Cognatæ populos stirpis †, terrasque feraces
Fraude doloque capi sævo patiemur inulti?
Dura quidem! sed tempus adest jam tempus agendi,

* The high-caste Brahmins, who were the chief instigators of revolt.

† The annexation of Oude, whatever be the real state of the case, was looked upon in this light by all the natives.

Nunc o! nunc auferte moras! dum numina votis
Prosunt læsa, graves jure indignata dolores!
Otia securos, immo et timor, occupat hostes,
Vix hostes equidem, si congrediamur, habemus:
Nos quid enim contra vires nostrasque valebunt?
Nos primi ferrum tingamus sanguine, primis
Funditus externam gladio igne evertere gentem
Sit nobis; patriæ damna ulciscamur iniqua!
Cur metus, o comites, cur vanus pectora terror
Occupat? en! cuncti strages bellumque reposcunt:
Cuncta furit tellus, justa surrexit et ira,
Omnibus idem animus, pugnæ furor omnibus idem est.
Voti igitur memores, memores virtutis et iræ
Surgamus! justæ cædes: Di talia poscunt!"

Sanguine terra madet; flagrantes ignibus ædes
Fumant, perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
Corpora perque domos; regnat gravis undique luctus.
Inmani miles furit undique barbarus ira,
Fas omne abrumpit, dominos obtruncat inermes,
Oblitus fidei sanctæ: fugientibus instant;
Morte premunt crudeli. It tristis ad æthera clamor
Bellantum juvenum, atque horrenda morte cadentum.
Nec mors insano jam sufficit ipsa furori,
Sævis nam furiis ardentes, ne quid inausum
Aut intractatum sceleris sit, corpora longa,
Tormento cruciata gravi, sic morte trucidant.

Matronis, pariter mors ipsa negata puellis;
Quid gemitus, quid verba valent? quæ vota, pre-
cesque
Oblatæ possint infandum avertere fatum?
Quinetiam infantes mactant, gaudentque tuentes
Sanguineos artus et membra fluentia tabo—
Talia quid dicam, quæ corda referre recusat?
Undique enim clades eadem, rabiesque cruenta,
Ira eadem, et sanguis, tecta et flagrantia passim:
Undique per terram questus, et lugubris horror:
Undique matronæ pavidæ, raptæque puellæ:
Quisque fuga, modo sors faveat, festinat in agros
Præpropera, trepidus; noctemque diemque latentes
Semianimes alii, fessique labore fameque,
Incolumes intra muros servantur amicos,
Capti alii sæva conatus morte rependunt.
Nam velut armentis subito quum tabida pestis
Conrupto cæli tractu venit omnia morbo
Inficiens, miseranda lues, gliscitque tegendo,
Dira per incautum serpunt contagia vulgus,
Haud aliter cunctas infecit sæva cohortes
Seditio, et late jurata per agmina serpit.
Oppida vi capiunt et cinctas mœnibus urbes
Expugnant, victas tuto munimine firmant.
Cuncta favent cœptis; inpar ea pugna videri
Jamdudum, misera sorte exitiosa Britannis.
Non numero certant æquo, non viribus æquis
Non vis, non virtus, non arma evincere possunt
Fortia barbaricas turbas, et militis iram
Innumeri, accensasque superstitione catervas.

Sed tamen intrepidos intra munimina tute
Hostibus in mediis servat Lucnovia cives;
Quid facere indomitæ contra tot milia vires
Quid potuit virtus, quid mens invicta labore,
Consiliumque ducis *, testes turbæque fugatæ
Huc illuc, clausis intactaque mœnia portis,
Testis rara manus media de morte recepta.
Nec minus interea validos Caunporia firmat
Præsidiis muros, infidi militis iram
Et tunc rite cavens, extremam ausura laborem:
Opportuna quidem! Subitus nam nocte per urbem
Fit clamor: tela arripiunt, incendia tectis
Vi jactant equites, rapida fugiuntque caterva.
Nec mora, quin totos conjunctis undique muros
Agminibus premat, et sæve circumsonet armis
Perfidus ipse, Deis invisus Nana supremis,
Signaque bina †, levi pendentia jactet in aura.
At fessus tandem, tot prælia vana, fugatos
Incassum toties cuneos, trepidumque suorum
Terrorem metuens, quæ perfecisse nequivit
Bellum atque hostiles acies, quod tela, quod ira,
Perfidia peragit fallax, et fraude nefanda.
Ergo omnes pariter festinant, fœdere pacto,
Scandere quisque ratem, et fidis incumbere remis,
Quum subito, infandum! visu miserabile, cuncti

* Sir H. Lawrence, was *one of the first* who showed himself competent to grapple with the overwhelming difficulties then surrounding him.

† Though Brahmin himself, he hoisted both Hindu and Mahometan standards in his camp.—"Red Pamphlet," vol. ii. p. 133.

Pacis conpositæ et firmati fœderis hostes
Inmemores, signum dant, adgrediuntur inermem
Turbam, vi cædunt ; mersantur in æquore naves,
Sanguineoque rubent spumantia flumina tabo !
Claro igitur victor tali pro cæde triumpho
Incedit, pompa celebrantur et arma superba,
Virtuti nempe egregiæ victoria ridet !
Quare igitur subitus terror? quæ signa, tubæque
Quæ voces ? "Properate viri, quid statis ? ad arma,
En hostes, hostes metuendi, cominus instant !
Nec fuga, nec requies nobis ; adeunda pericla,
Mors adeunda semel ! pariter veniamque precesque
Spernatis timidas, extrema audere parati.
Quo ruitis pavidi ? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus ?" At frustra voces : dant terga per agros
Pulverulenta fuga, aut crudeli morte nefanda
Crimina, nequitiamque infamem sanguine pendunt.
Advenit auxilium obsessis ! Sub mœnia tendunt
Ipsa Britannorum turbæ, notæque phalanges.
Ecce ! invicta cohors, infensa per arva, per hostes,
Innumeros, per aquas, per tot discrimina tandem
Per varios casus, sub sole calentis iniquo
Cæli perrumpit, funestam pervenit urbem !
Ipse inter primos * ductor conspectus in armis,
Voce manuque inter metuenda pericula clarus,
Hortatur socios, firmasque recludere portas
Præcipites jubet, obsessos educere cives.
Olli continuo properant nec jussa morantur :
Læti ineunt urbem ; sed vasta silentia passim,

* Sir H. Havelock.

Desertasque vias circa, (mirabile dictu !)
Atque domos hominum vacuas, terramque cruentam
Attoniti horrescunt, coit in præcordia sanguis.
Quum subito ante oculos *, demens macieque suprema
Confectus, dira inluvie, squalensque capillos
Inmissam barbam incomptus, vultuque pavente
Vir properat supplex, ac talia ad æthera fundit;
"Verane ego video infelix, an fallit imago,
Arma Britannorum? patriæque insignia cara
Amissæ adspicio, verine adstatis amici?
Credo equidem fidos (nisi me dementia ludat),
Auxilio vos victores succurrere forti:
Serius! heu! miseris (pro talia verba) venitis!
Unus ego testor de tot solusque superstes,
Arte mea et Divum servatus sorte secunda:
Testantur vacuæ sedesque, viæque silentes,
Testaturque domus sanie taboque cruento
Horrendum ecce! madens, lacerataque corpora passim
Strata puellarum, saturati sanguine muri!
Testatur puteus, cumulatis funera acervis,
Artus disjecti, non enarrabile fatum!
Hei mihi! cur lucem video? cur talia vobis
Mentem perculsus trepidantem dicere cogor?
At comites! dio sic mens mea præscia rerum
Numine prædicit, jam jam datur horrida pœnis

* "As the troops moved on, a dark-looking man, apparently half mad with terror, rushed towards them, and announced himself to be the *sole survivor* of the Cawnpore massacre."—"Red Pamphlet," vol. ii., p. 159.

Æquis ulcisci vestrorum funera ferri.
Tempus adest! properate citi, jam pergite porro,
Ne mora sit, fessos quamvis, vos Delvia poscit
Barbarus infensis quam mœnibus occupat hostis.
Delvia Eöarum pulcherrima, maxima rerum
Hosti præda jacet, miscentur cuncta tumultu.
Sedes arboribus viridantes, turribus aureis
Templa Deum pariter, dira polluta ruina.
Delvia vos poscit, jam jam properate vocati,
Ipsa caput belli *, miseri regna ipsa tyranni;
Pergite, virtuti, vestrisque potentibus armis
Subjicient longos post menses colla triumpho
Barbara devictis animis vasta agmina vestro:
Omnia jam vobis cedent—victoria tandem
Armis ridebit, victusque fatebitur Indus
Indomitum imperium, surget recidiva potestas.
Pergite nunc fortes, tuque o fortissime ductor
Perge libens, primus! quamvis te fata tulerunt
Officio functum, morti succumbere honestæ;
Perge libens, clari remanet te gloria leti,
Te remanent gemitus mæsti, lacrimæque decoræ
Te grates patriæ; juste dicentur honores
Tempus in omne tui; vulgataque fama per orbem
Nominis æterni, volvunt dum sæcla, vigebit."

F. B., 1858.

* A wretched resemblance of royal power was, for some time, kept up in Delhi.

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